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WINTER

Bill STERN'S SPORTS BOOK

Edited By BILL STERN

ZIFF-DAVIS COMIC GROUP

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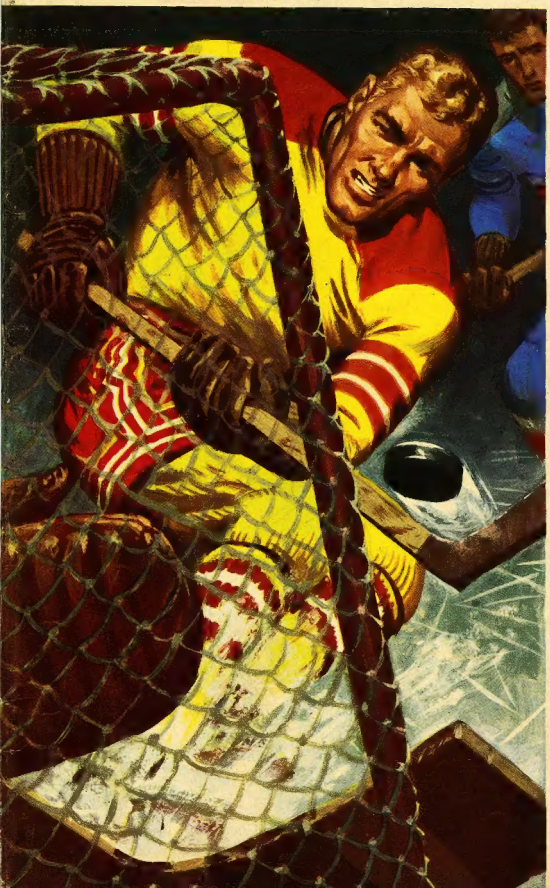

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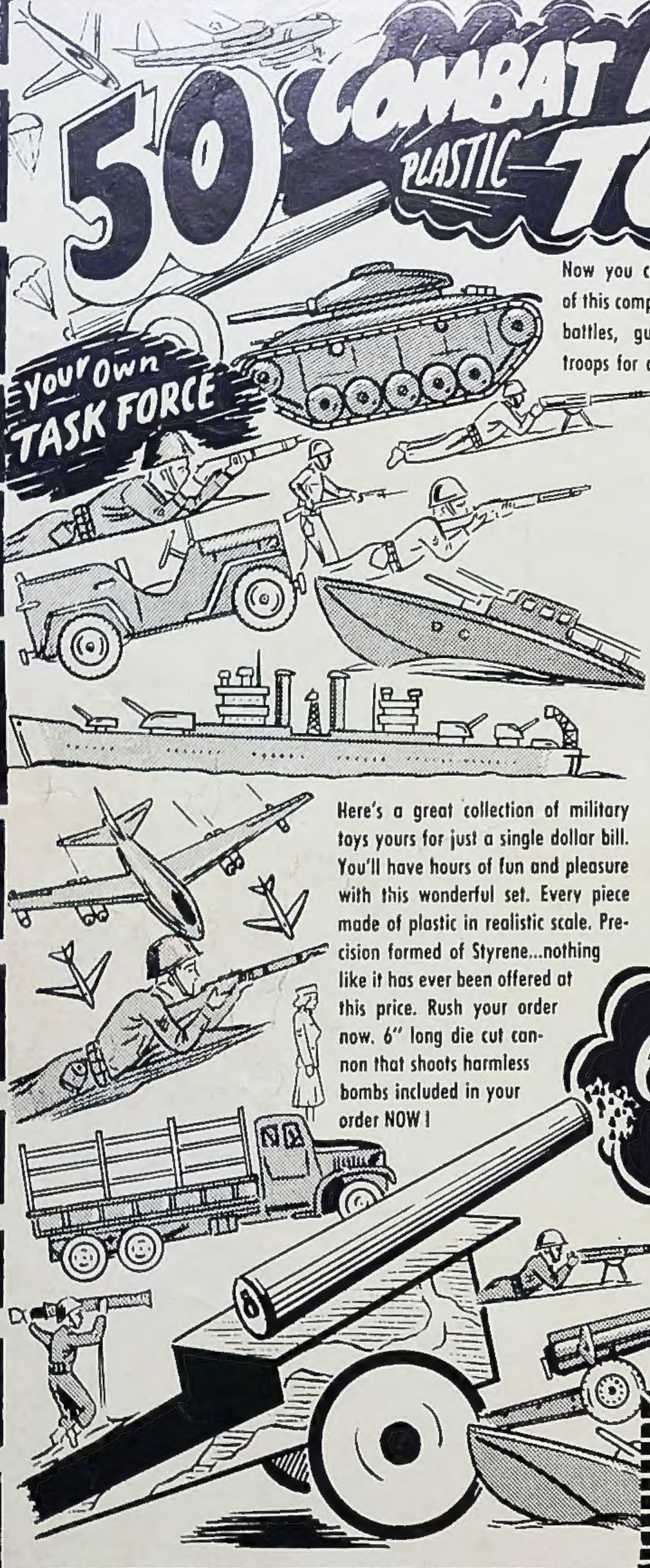

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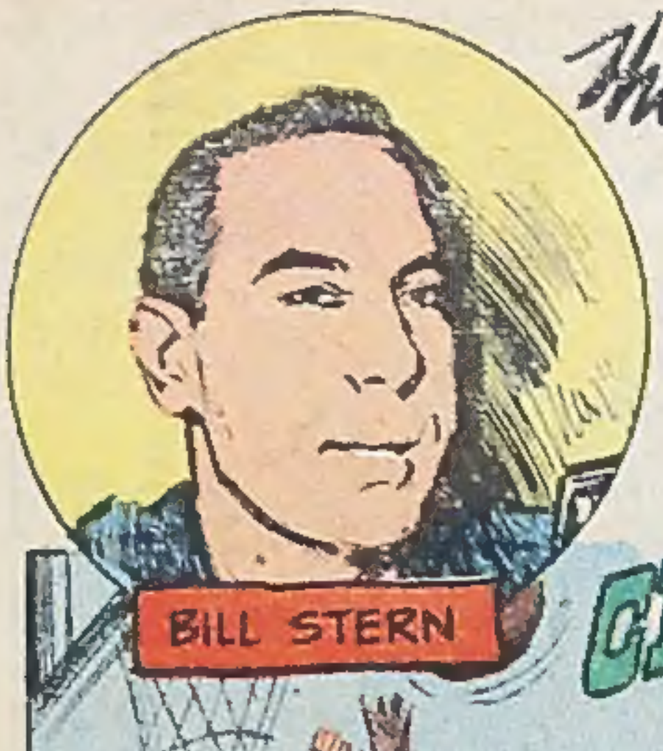
The HARLEM GLOBE TROTTERS — CLOWN PRINCES of BASKETBALL



"FOR A QUARTER OF A CENTURY ABE SAPERSTEIN'S FABULOUS HARLEM GLOBE TROTTERS HAVE BEEN SINKING BASKETS, SETTING RECORDS AND ENTERTAINING FANS EVERYWHERE WITH THEIR INIMITABLE ANTICS. THE GLOBE TROTTERS OF TODAY FIGURE THEIR RECEIPTS, AS WELL AS THEIR FRIENDS AND FANS, IN THE MILLIONS. AND THEIRS IS A STORY OF GRIT, DETERMINATION AND AMERICAN INGENUITY. IT STARTED BACK IN 1927 IN CHICAGO. ABE SAPERSTEIN HAD BEEN COACHING A BASKETBALL TEAM SPONSORED BY THE SAVOY DANCE HALL. AS OUR STORY OPENS, THE BOSS OF THE SAVOY HAS JUST GIVEN ABE SOME BAD NEWS..."

EUGENE HAMILTON KINSTLER

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YOU GUYS JUST MADE A DEAL! WE'LL CALL OURSELVES THE ***HARLEM GLOBE TROTTERS!*** HARLEM, SO PEOPLE WILL KNOW WE'RE A NEGRO TEAM! AND GLOBE TROTTERS, SO THEY'LL THINK WE'VE BEEN AROUND!... WE'RE IN BUSINESS, GANG!

BOYS

"ABE LOST NO TIME IN BOOKING A SERIES OF ONE-NIGHT STANDS IN SEVERAL SMALL TOWNS WEST OF CHICAGO. THE ONLY TRANS-PORTATION AVAILABLE TO THE FINANCIALLY EMBARRASSED TROTTERS WAS ABE'S JALOPY..."

HOLD ON TO YOUR DERBIES, FELLAS! THE GLOBE TROTTERS ARE ON THEIR WAY!

JUST LIKE I ALWAYS SAID, MR. SAPERSTEIN! THERE'S NOTHIN' LIKE TRAVELIN' ***FIRST CLASS!***

"ONE OF THEIR FIRST GAMES WAS HELD ON A MAKESHIFT COURT IN A LARGE HAYLOFT. EARLY IN THE FIRST QUARTER WILLIE OLIVER BROKE FOR THE BASKET...

PASS IT, HARRY! I'M CLEAR!

HEY, SLOW DOWN, FELLER! THAT FLOOR'S KINDA WEAK, AND...

THAR HE GOES!

CRACK!

GET ME OUT OF THIS PIG-PEN --- ***PLEASE!*** WHEW!

"THUS, 'SWEET' WILLIE OLIVER, WHO WAS LATER TO BE-COME A TROTTER IMMORTAL, GAINED A NICK-NAME THAT CLUNG TO HIM FOR THE REST OF HIS PLAYING DAYS..."

WOW! GET A WHIFF OF THIS, GUY! HE SURE SMELLS ***SWEET!***

DROP HIM BACK DOWN THERE, QUICK! "SWEET" WILLIE -- WHEW!

"WHILE 'SWEET' WILLIE WENT TO THE SHOWERS THE GLOBE TROTTERS' **ONLY SUBSTI-TUTE** WENT INTO ACTION-- OWNER, MANAGER, TRAINER, PUBLICIST, ABE SAPERSTEIN..."

TAKE A SHOT, MR. S.!

'ATTA BOY, BOSS!

OKAY, GANG, LET'S GET SOME POINTS!

"DESPITE THE HAZARDOUS PLAYING CONDITIONS THE TROTTERS RACKED UP AN EASY WIN. BUT WINNING GAMES IN THOSE SMALL WESTERN TOWNS WAS OFTEN EASIER THAN FINDING SLEEPING QUARTERS.."

WAL, NOW THAR AIN'T NO HOTELS, BUT THE SHERIFF HERE IS A RIGHT NICE MAN AND THE JAIL-HOUSE DON'T GET MUCH USE THESE DAYS...

SOUNDS OKAY TO ME!

MAN, I'M BEAT! I COULD SLEEP **ANYWHERE** TONIGHT!

SQUARE DANCE T'NITE

♫ SWEET SUE, JES' YOU-

"THE NEXT MORNING..."

WHAT DID WE DO AT THE BOX OFFICE LAST NIGHT, MR. S.?

FIVE DOLLARS! ENOUGH FOR COFFEE, DONUTS AND A TANK FULL OF GAS FOR THE OL' TIN LIZZY! WE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO GET BACK TO CHICAGO SO WE'LL KEEP GOING WEST! **LET'S GO, GANG!**

"THE BOYS PLAYED THEIR WAY FROM TOWN TO TOWN, PICKING UP GAMES WHEREVER THEY COULD. THEIR ULTIMATE DESTINATION WAS SHELBY, MONTANA, WHERE ABE HAD LINED UP A FAIRLY LUCRATIVE GAME..."

BASKET BALL

"BUT BEFORE THEY REACHED SHELBY THEY WERE CAUGHT IN A BLINDING SNOW-STORM. SUDDENLY HARRY RUSAN CALLED OUT..."

SAY, BOYS — THERE'S A LIGHT OVER THERE! MUST BE A SHACK!

WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR? LET'S GO!

"THE SHACK WAS OWNED BY A FRIENDLY SHEEPHERDER..."

'TAIN'T MUCH BUT WE CALL IT HOME! YOU BOYS ARE WELCOME TO SHARE IT WITH US!

GANG-WAY! LET ME IN!

BRRR! IT'S FREEZIN' OUT HERE!

"FOR THE NEXT 48 HOURS THE GLOBE TROTTERS FOUND SANCTUARY FROM THE STORM IN THE TINY SHACK..."

HEY, BOSS! Y'KNOW SOMETHIN'? WE SHOULDA BOUGHT ROLLER SKATES AND STAYED IN CHICAGO! DON'T LIKE TO BE IMPERLITE, BUT THESE SHEEP DON'T SMELL RIGHT!

MAYBE STAYIN' OUT THERE IN THE STORM AND FREEZING TO DEATH WASN'T SUCH A BAD IDEA AFTER ALL, HARRY!

BAA! BAA!

"AT LAST THE BOYS REACHED SHELBY..."

GOSH, I THOUGHT WE'D NEVER MAKE IT!

REAL FRIENDLY GREETING, ISN'T IT, BOSS?

"LATER, AS THE BOYS WERE CHANGING, A 'FRIENDLY' DELEGATION DROPPED IN FOR A FEW WORDS..."

LISTEN, HERE, SHORT STUFF! WE DON'T CARE HOW MANY POINTS YOU ALL SCORE—BUT THE HOME TEAM ***BETTER WIN*** THIS GAME—OR WE'LL HAVE TO SHIP YOU FELLAS HOME IN PINE BOXES! SEE?

P-POINT THAT THING THE OTHER WAY, WILL YA, MISTER?

"THE FIRST DELEGATION HAD HARDLY DISAPPEARED WHEN ANOTHER ONE STORMED INTO THE DRESSING ROOM..."

WE GOT A PILE O' GOLD DUST BET ON THE ***TROTTERS TO WIN!*** IF'N YOU COYOTES HAPP'N 'TO LOSE, THE VULTURES ARE GONNA HAVE A FEAST IN THE MORNIN'! JEST SOME NEIGHBORLY ADVICE!

NOW AIN'T ***THAT*** NICE AND SIMPLE? IF ***WE WIN*** WE GET KILLED—IF ***WE LOSE*** WE GET MURDERED!

BOYS, IF WE ***GOTTA GO,*** WE'LL GO ***WINNING!***

CHECK! WE'RE WITH YA BOSS!

"LED BY STOUT ABE, THE TROTTERS DUNKED IN ELEVEN STRAIGHT BASKETS AND SEWED UP THE CONTEST..."

"THEN WITHOUT WAITING TO FIND OUT WHAT THEY HAD EARNED AT THE BOX OFFICE, THE BOYS PILED INTO 'TIN LIZZY' AND FLED OUT OF TOWN ON THE DOUBLE..."

GIVE HER THE GAS, BOSS!

SPLUT! CHUG!

"ALTHOUGH 1927, THEIR FIRST YEAR, WAS A FINANCIAL FLOP, THE HARLEM GLOBE TROTTERS COMPILED AN AMAZING RECORD. THEY WON **101 OF 107** GAMES PLAYED! DESPITE THE TRIBULATIONS OF THEIR INITIAL SEASON, ABE WAS SURE HIS BOYS HAD SOMETHING..."

CANADA
WASH.
MONTANA
OREGON
N

"BACK IN CHICAGO AT LAST, ABE HAD NEW IDEAS FOR THE '28 SEASON..."

LET'S FACE FACTS, BOYS! BECAUSE WE'RE A NEGRO TEAM IT'S TOUGH TO GET A BREAK IN SOME TOWNS! BUT IF WE HAD ***SOMETHING DIFFERENT TO OFFER,*** PEOPLE WOULD COME PURELY OUT OF CURIOSITY! ONCE WE GET THEM INSIDE TO WATCH US, HALF THE BATTLE IS WON! ANY OF YOU GUYS KNOW ANY FANCY TRICKS? SOMETHING REAL SHOWY!

"TEDDY STRONG GRABBED THE BALL AND BOUNCED IT OFF HIS HEAD..."

HERE'S AN OLD SOCCER SHOT, MR. S.! IT'S REAL EASY ONCE YOU GET THE KNACK!

"THE BALL COMPLETED A PERFECT ARC AND DROPPED THROUGH THE BASKET..."

"RUNT PULLINS SAT DOWN AND DEMONSTRATED HIS 'EASY-CHAIR' SHOT..."

HOW'S **THIS** FOR STYLE?

GREAT! ANY OTHERS?

HERE'S ONE THAT'S SHOWY, BOSS! YOU BALANCE THE BALL ON THE INDEX FINGER AND SPIN IT AROUND LIKE A TOP!

HEY! THAT'S A CINCH! BEEN DOIN' THAT SINCE I WAS A KID!

WONDERFUL! WONDERFUL ... I'VE GOT THE BEST BUNCH OF SHOWMEN IN THE BUSINESS!

"THEN 'SWEET' WILLIE CAME UP WITH ONE FOR THE BOOKS..."

ALWAYS DID WANT TO BE A FOOTBALL HEE-RO! WATCH THIS FIELD GOAL!

"FOR WEEKS THE BOYS PRACTICED THEIR NEW TRICKS, THEN..."

OKAY, BOYS, I THINK WE'RE READY TO HIT THE ROAD AGAIN! BUT REMEMBER THIS, ***WE MUST ALWAYS WIN THE GAME WITH STRAIGHT BALL FIRST***--THEN WE GO INTO THE ACT! NEVER FORGET THAT WE'RE ***BASKETBALL PLAYERS!***

GLOBETROTTERS SCHEDULE

"THE TROTTERS WASTED LITTLE TIME IN GOING INTO THEIR ACT, AND THE OPPOSITION WAS FLABBERGASTED..."

"AND THE FANS..."

I'M TELLING YOU, JED, THIS IS THE GREATEST SHOW I EVER SAW!

MORE FUN THAN A BARREL OF MONKEYS! AN' THESE FELLAS CAN ***PLAY***, TOO!

"THE SPECTATORS WERE IN FOR AN UNSCHEDULED LAUGH THAT NIGHT WHEN TOOTS WRIGHT CHARGED IN FOR A DRIVING LAYUP SHOT. HE MADE IT, AND CAME DOWN SQUARELY ON THE LOCAL HEATING SYSTEM..."

OWWWW!

"TOOTS TOOK OFF LIKE A FLAMING COMET AND HEADED FOR THE SHOWER ROOM..."

BOSS, CATCHIN' ON FIRE AIN'T IN THE CONTRACT!

YEAH, BUT YOU'RE THE *HOTTEST* PLAYER I'VE HAD SINCE WE STARTED! HERE'S A $50 BONUS, TOOTS!

"PAY NIGHTS CAME MORE FREQUENTLY FOR THE REJUVENATED TROTTERS. AT THE END OF THE '28--'29 SEASON THEY HAD 145 WINS AGAINST 13 LOSSES. THEN INMAN JACKSON JOINED THE TROTTERS..."

I'M GLAD TO HAVE YOU WITH US, INMAN! I HEAR YOU KNOW A LOT OF TRICKS!

MR.S., I'VE GOT SO MUCH DIPSY-DOO IN ME I DOUBT IF I CAN EVER PLAY STRAIGHT BALL!

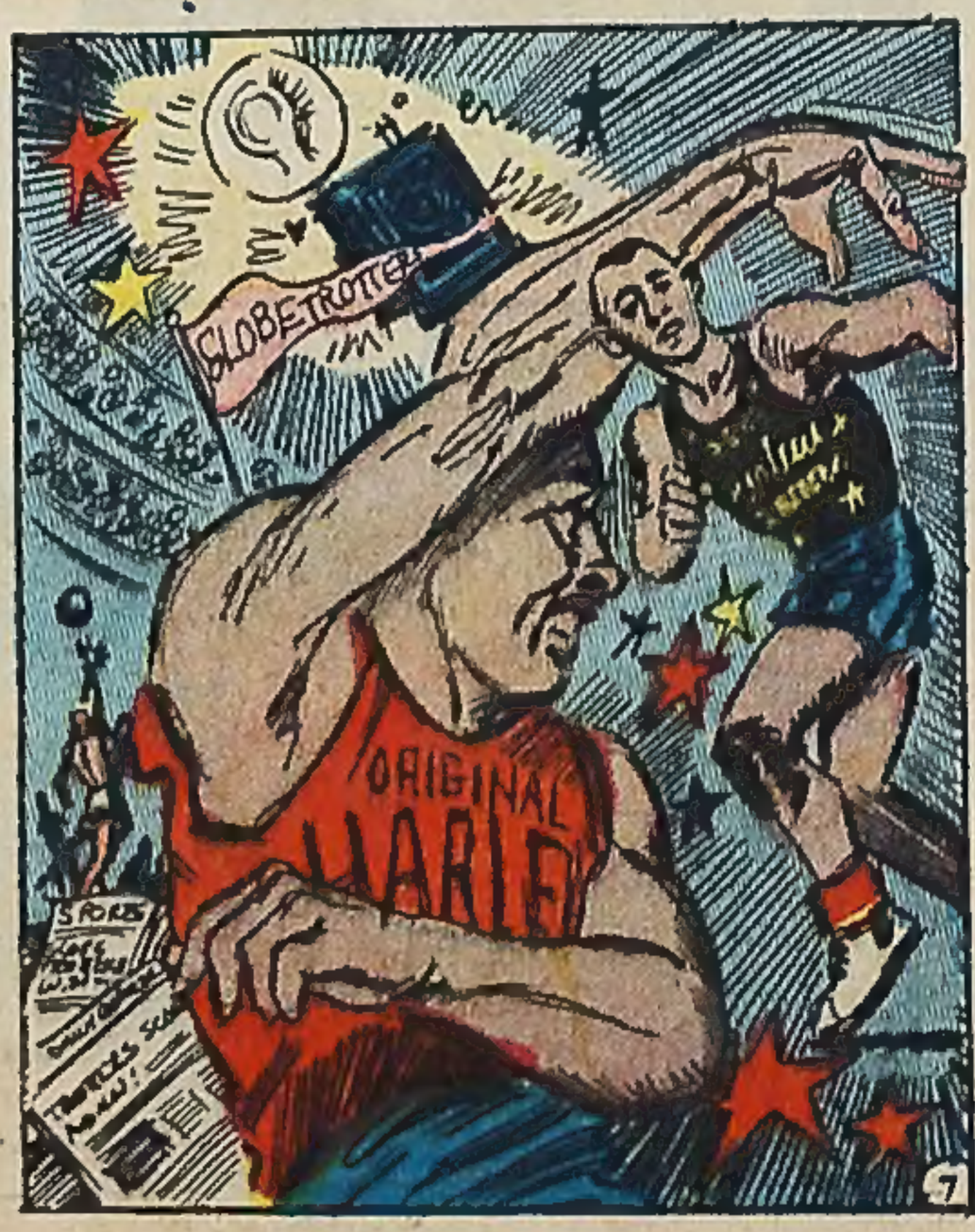
"INMAN WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR MANY OF THE TRICKS IN THE TROTTERS' REPERTOIRE, AND HE PROVED AN ABLE TEACHER..."

NOW YOU SEE IT— NOW YOU DON'T! REMEMBER, GUYS, THE HAND IS QUICKER THAN THE EYE! JUST KEEP THE BALL ON THE MOVE!

MAN, I'M GLAD HE'S ON *OUR* SIDE!

"JACKSON PROVED TO BE ONE OF THE GREATEST SET-SHOT ARTISTS OF ALL TIME. HE COULD STAND IN MID-COURT AND SINK 20 CONSECUTIVE FIELD GOALS..."

"DURING THE NEXT FOUR YEARS, THE GREATEST NEGRO STARS IN THE COUNTRY JOINED THE SAPERSTEIN CREW. ROCK ANDERSON, FATS LONG, ZACK CLAYTON, TED STRONG, RAZOR FRAZIER, SAM SHARPE, SONNY BOSWELL. THE WIN-LOSS COLUMN RE-FLECTED THE ABILITY OF THESE PLAYERS.
'29-'30: 151-13
'30-'31: 137-14
'31-'32: 145-11
'32-'33: 147-10
THE TROTTERS ROLLED ON..."



"'33-34 WAS ONE OF THEIR GREATEST SEASONS. THEY WON 152 GAMES AND LOST BUT 2 FOR AN AVERAGE OF .987. WHILE IN CANADA DURING THIS GALA SEASON, THEY OUTDID THEMSELVES..."

THESE TROTTERS MAKE A TRAVESTY OF THE GAME! THIS ISN'T BASKETBALL!

PRESS

YOU'RE RIGHT! THEY COULDN'T WIN ANY OTHER WAY! AND I'M GOING TO SAY SO IN MY COLUMN!

CHICAGO 1934

"THE FOLLOWING DAY..."

SO THEY THINK WE CAN'T PLAY BASKETBALL, HUH? WE'LL SHOW THEM! LISTEN, BOYS, WE'RE PLAYING THEM AGAIN TONIGHT! I WANT YOU TO GO OUT THERE AND SWAMP THOSE CANADIAN ALL-STARS! NO FUNNY STUFF! JUST POUR IT ON WITH STRAIGHT BASKETBALL! UNDERSTAND?

WE SURE DO!

YEAH, MAN!

"STUNG BY THE REMARKS OF THE CANADIAN NEWSPAPERMEN, THE TROTTERS SHOWED NO MERCY TO A PICKED TEAM OF ALL-STARS, THEY RACKED UP 120 POINTS TO ONLY 20 FOR THE CANUCKS..."

"A SIMILAR CHARGE WAS MADE IN IOWA LATER THAT SEASON, SO ABE INSTRUCTED THE BOYS TO LET RUNT PULLINS DO ALL THE SHOOTING. THE RUNT SCORED **75 POINTS** TO WIN SINGLE-HANDED..."

THAT 75 POINTS SETS SOME SORT OF RECORD, DOESN'T IT, ABE? HOW MANY POINTS HAS RUNT SCORED SO FAR THIS SEASON!

YA GOT ME THERE, BUDDY! WE DON'T KEEP ANY INDIVIDUAL SCORING RECORDS ON THE TROTTERS! WE JUST PLAY A ***TEAM GAME!*** THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO WIN!

"ABE ORGANIZED AN EXTENSIVE SCOUTING SYSTEM TO KEEP TABS ON EVERY TOP NEGRO PROSPECT IN THE COUNTRY..!

WHAT? YOU SAY YOU'VE GOT LOUIS "BABE" PRESSLEY? I WANT HIM--HE'S A GOOD DEFENSIVE MAN! GIVE HIM OUR STANDARD ROOKIE OFFER $400 A MONTH TO START AND ALL EXPENSES! IF HE WORKS OUT THE SKY'S THE LIMIT!

LOS ANGELES ON THIS PHONE, ABE!

"FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY THEY CAME. THEY KNEW THAT THIS LITTLE MAN WHO WAS LOVINGLY CALLED 'LITTLE CAESAR' BY HIS PLAYERS, WOULD GIVE THEM A SQUARE DEAL. ONE DAY, A TALL GAWKY KID CAME INTO ABE'S OFFICE..."

I'M "GOOSE" TATUM, MR. SAPERSTEIN! YOU SENT FOR ME!

OH, YES, YOU'RE THE KID I SAW PLAYING BASEBALL WITH THE BIRMINGHAM BLACK BARONS! HMM! WITH THOSE LONG ARMS AND BIG HANDS YOU SHOULD MAKE A BASKETBALL PLAYER! WE'LL SEE! REPORT TO THE LOCKER ROOM FOR A UNIFORM!

SAY, LITTLE CAESAR, YOU AIN'T GONNA MAKE A BALL PLAYER OUT OF THAT GORILLA!

YEAH -- WHY DON'T YOU SEND HIM BACK TO THE CIRCUS?

I SAY HE'S GOING TO BE A GREAT BASKETBALL STAR! NOW, YOU COMEDIANS GO ON OUT THERE AND WORK WITH HIM! GO ON!

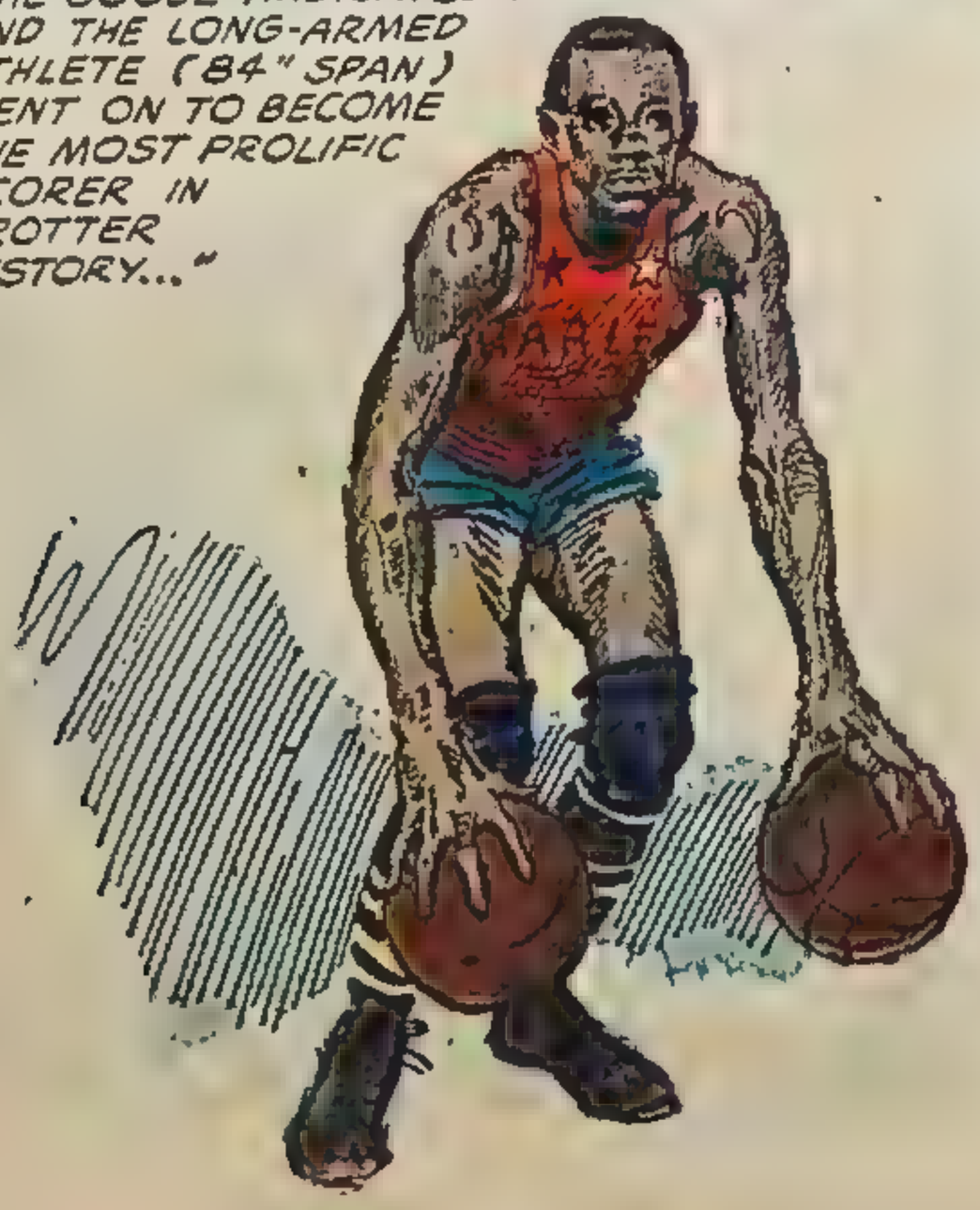
"LATER..."

SHUCKS! MAYBE I SHOULDA STUCK TO BASEBALL! I JUST AIN'T GOT IT, MR. SAPERSTEIN!

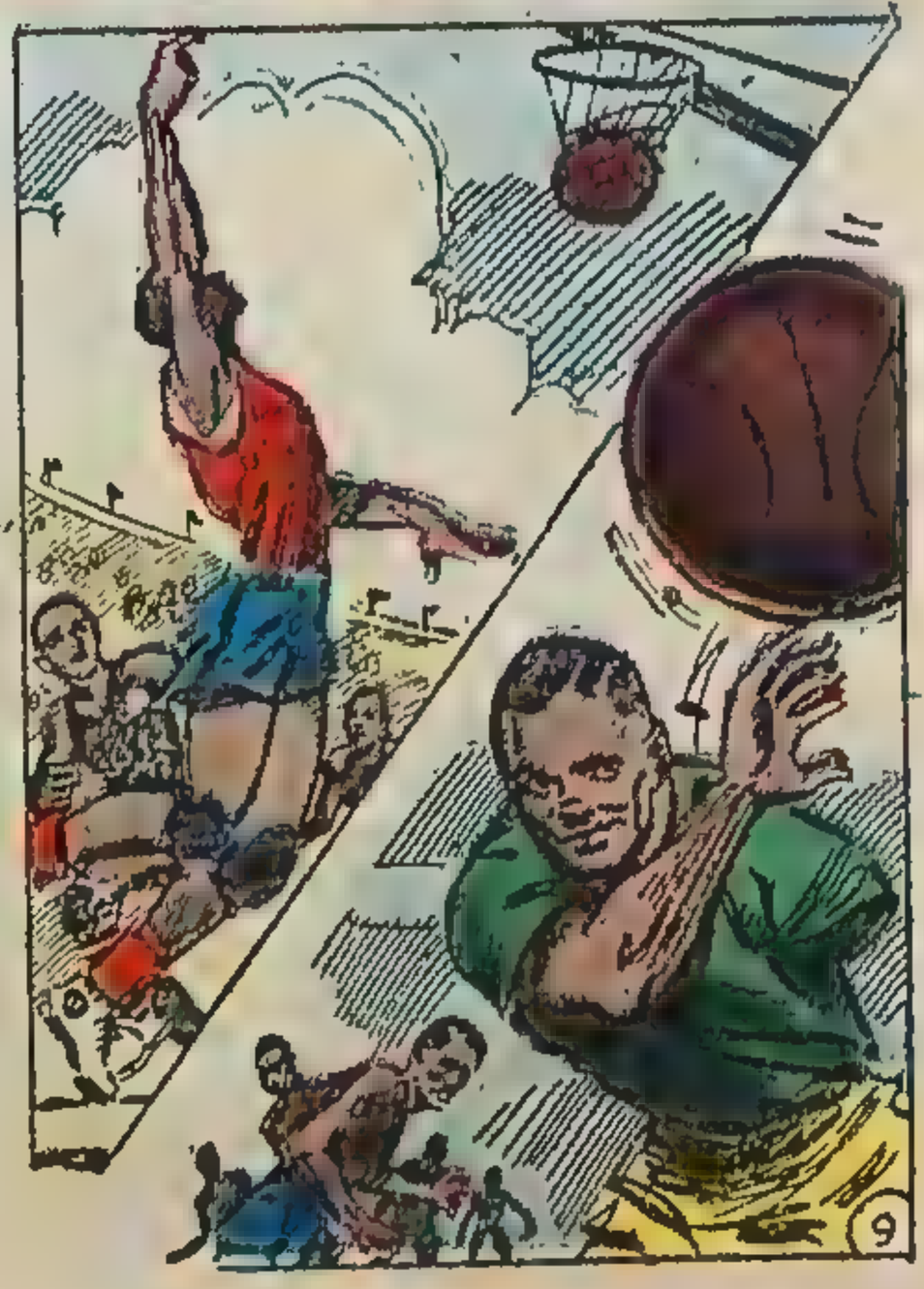
DON'T LET IT GET 'YOU, GOOSE! YOU'LL PICK IT UP!

YOU BETCHA! C'MON, GOOSEY! LET'S SHOWER UP AND TAKE IN A MOVIE!

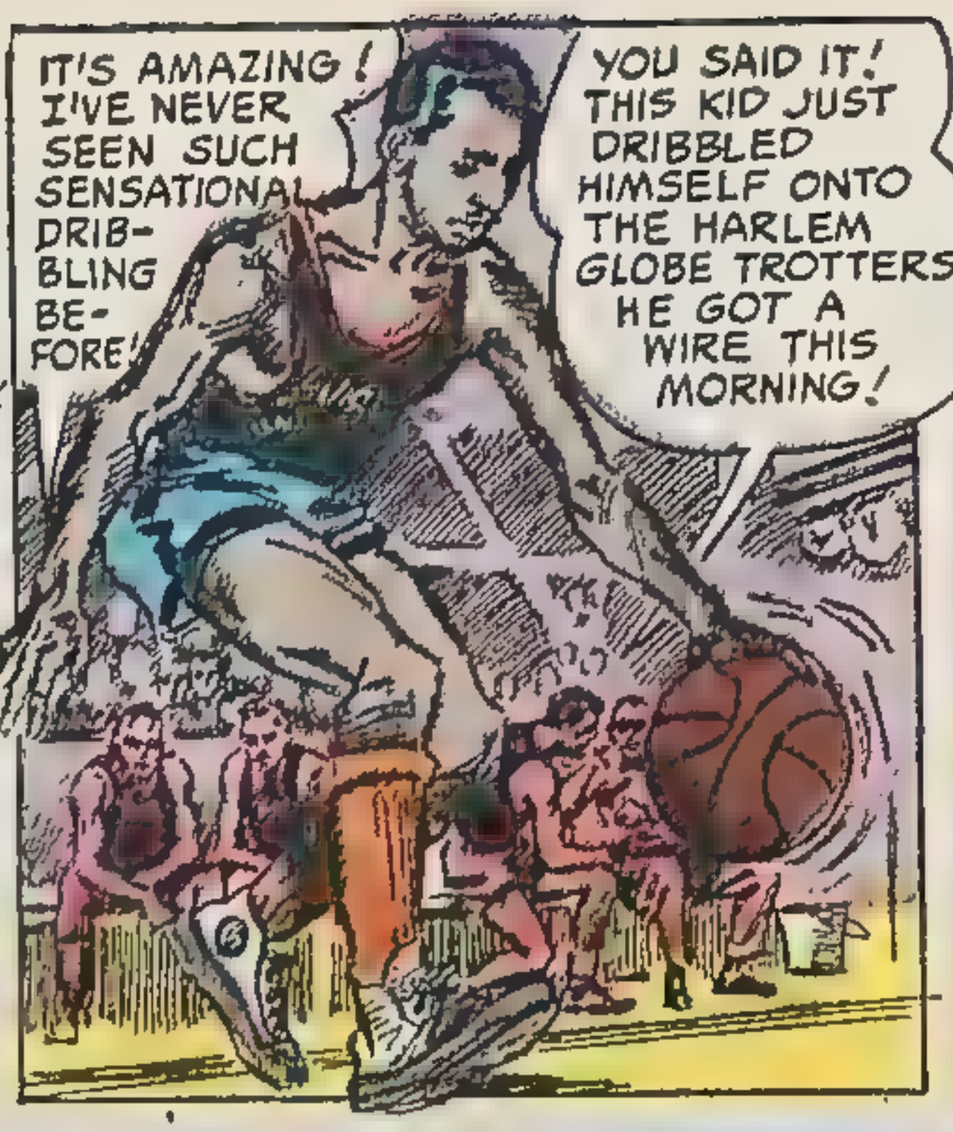
"THE GOOSE VINDICATED ABE'S CONFIDENCE AND THE LONG-ARMED ATHLETE (84" SPAN) WENT ON TO BECOME THE MOST PROLIFIC SCORER IN TROTTER HISTORY..."



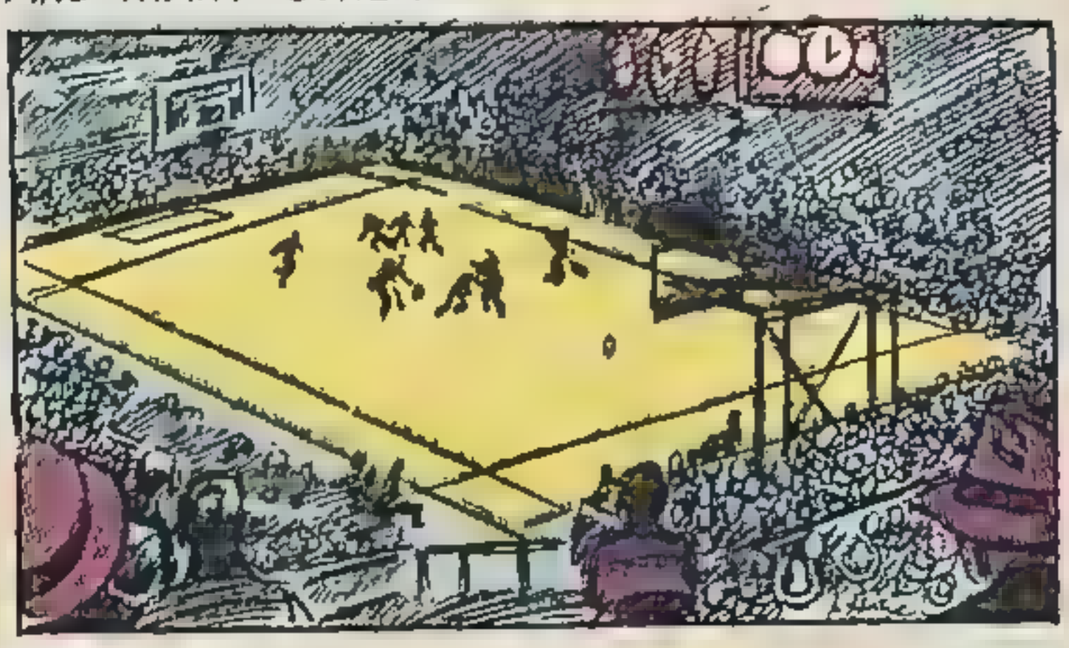
"IN 1942, GOOSE WENT OFF TO THE WARS, BUT WHEN HE RETURNED HE FOUND TWO GREAT STARS, NAT 'SWEETWATER' CLIFTON, WHO WAS LATER SOLD TO THE NEW YORK KNICKERBOCKERS FOR $25,000 AND ONE-ARMED BUD BUIE, FORMER ARKANSAS STATE STAR..."



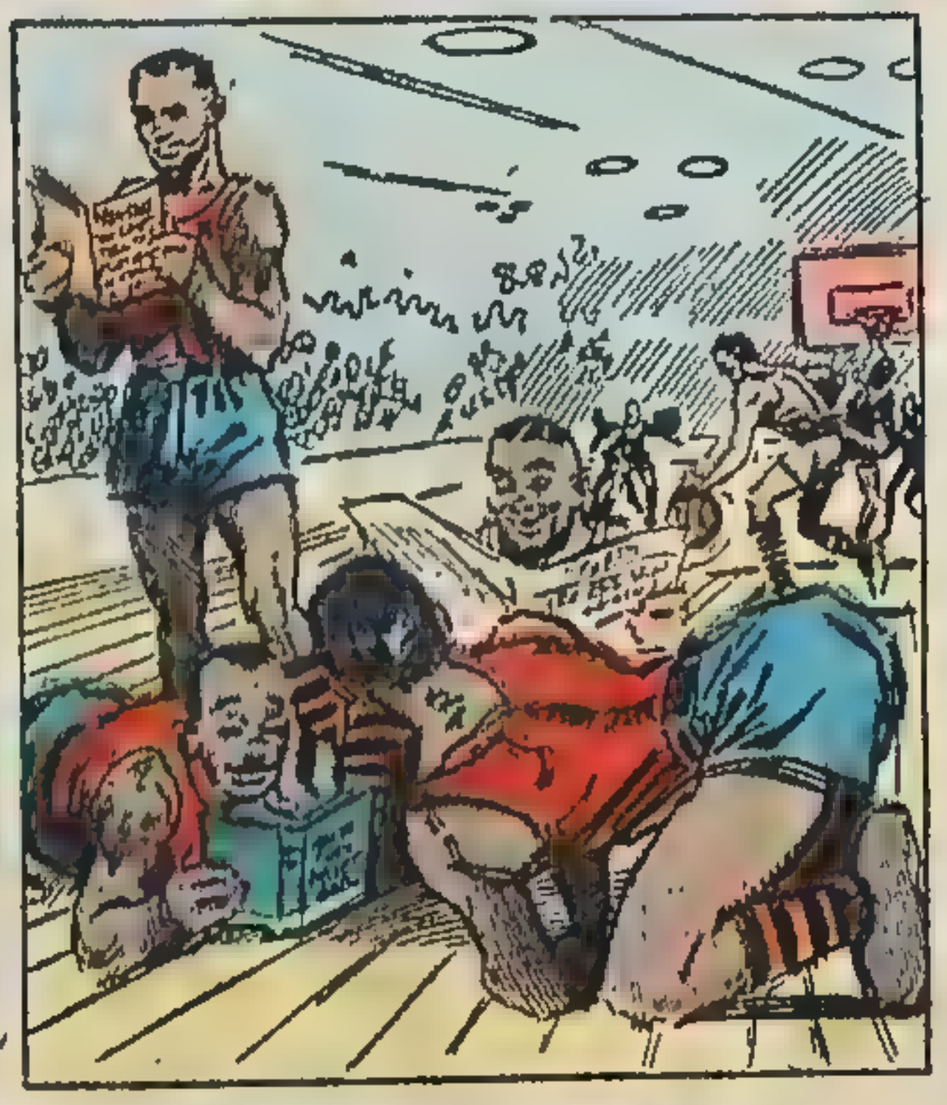
"NO REALLY GOOD PROSPECT ESCAPED ABE. DOWN AT LANGSTON UNIVERSITY, OKLAHOMA, MARQUES HAYNES WAS LEADING HIS TEAM TO ITS 112TH WIN IN 115 GAMES..."



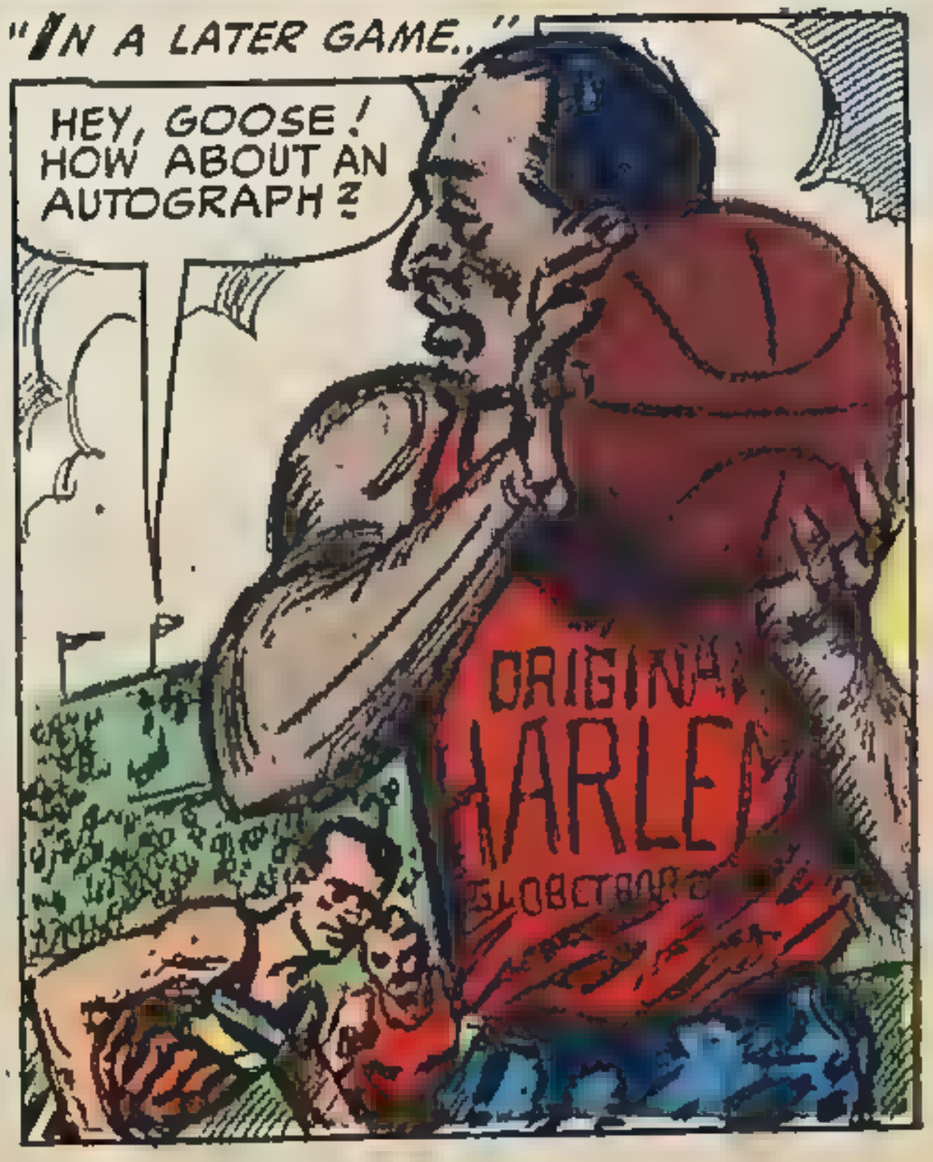
"LOADED WITH A BEVY OF STARS LIKE HAYNES, ABE'S TEAM BREEZED THROUGH SEASON AFTER SEASON, NEVER WINNING LESS THAN 135 GAMES. AT THE END OF THE REGULAR 49-'50 SEASON (151-2) ABE SCHEDULED A WORLD SERIES OF BASKET-BALL AGAINST THE TOP COLLEGE STARS OF THE COUNTRY. THE COLLEGE ROSTER BOASTED PAUL ARIZIN, BOB COUSY, KEVIN O'SHEA, GERRY CALABRESE, IRV DAMBROT AND MANY OTHERS..."



"IN ONE OF THE 18 GAMES PLAYED, OF WHICH THE TROTTERS WON 11, MARQUES HAYNES PUT ON A MASTERFUL EXHIBITION OF CONTROLLED DRIBBLING. AT A SIGNAL HIS TEAM-MATES WENT OUT OF ACTION, AND FOR **TWO MINUTES** HAYNES KEPT THE BALL AWAY FROM THE ALL-STARS..."



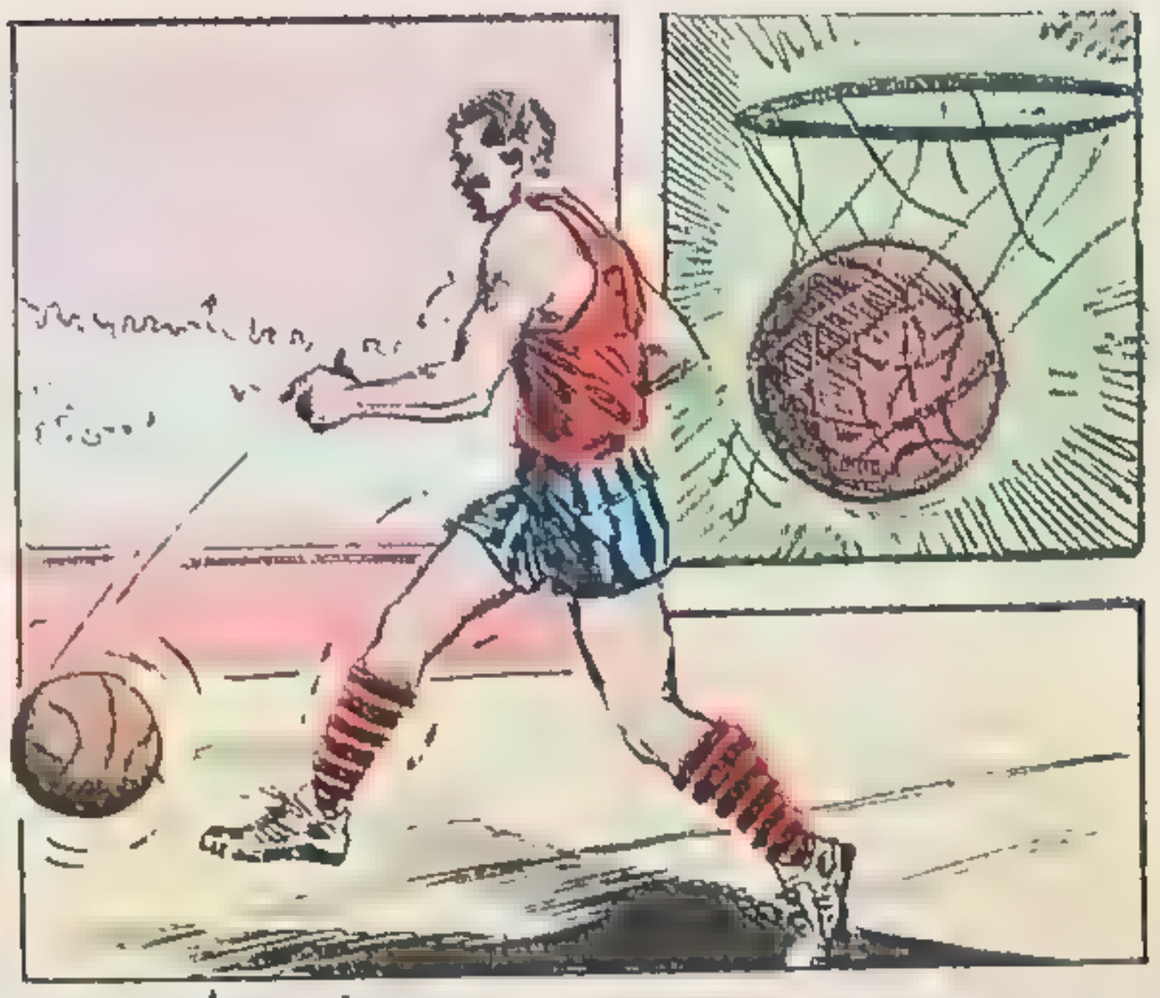
"IN A LATER GAME..."



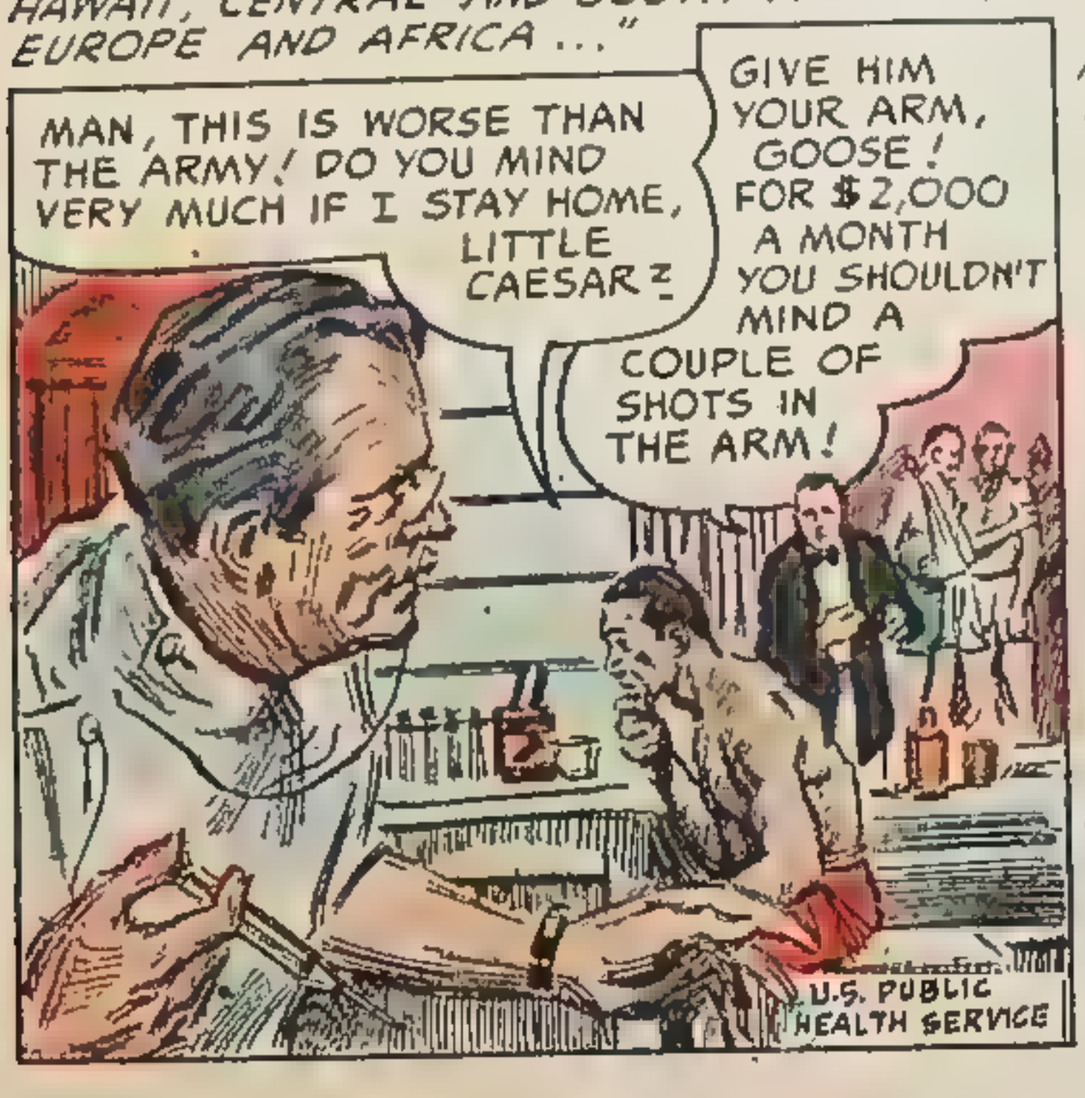
"MARQUES HAYNES AND SAM WHEELER JOINED TATUM IN THE STANDS, AND WHILE THEY AUTO-GRAPHED PROGRAMS, 'ROOKIE' BROWN AND BABE PRESSLEY STOOD THE STARS OFF SINGLE-HANDED..."

"THE TROTTERS FINISHED UP THE SEASON WITH A 73-GAME TOUR OF WESTERN EUROPE AND NORTH AFRICA. THEY DROPPED ONLY **ONE GAME...**"

"THE TROTTERS ROARED THROUGH THE '50-'51 SEASON WITH A 150-1 RECORD, THEN TOOK ON A FRESH ALL-STAR GROUP IN APRIL, '51, AGAINST STARS SUCH AS BILL MLKVY, BOB ZAWOLUK, MARK WORKMAN AND ROD FLETCHER THE TROTTERS WON 14 OF 18. ONCE AGAIN THEIR ANTICS THRILLED THE CROWDS..."

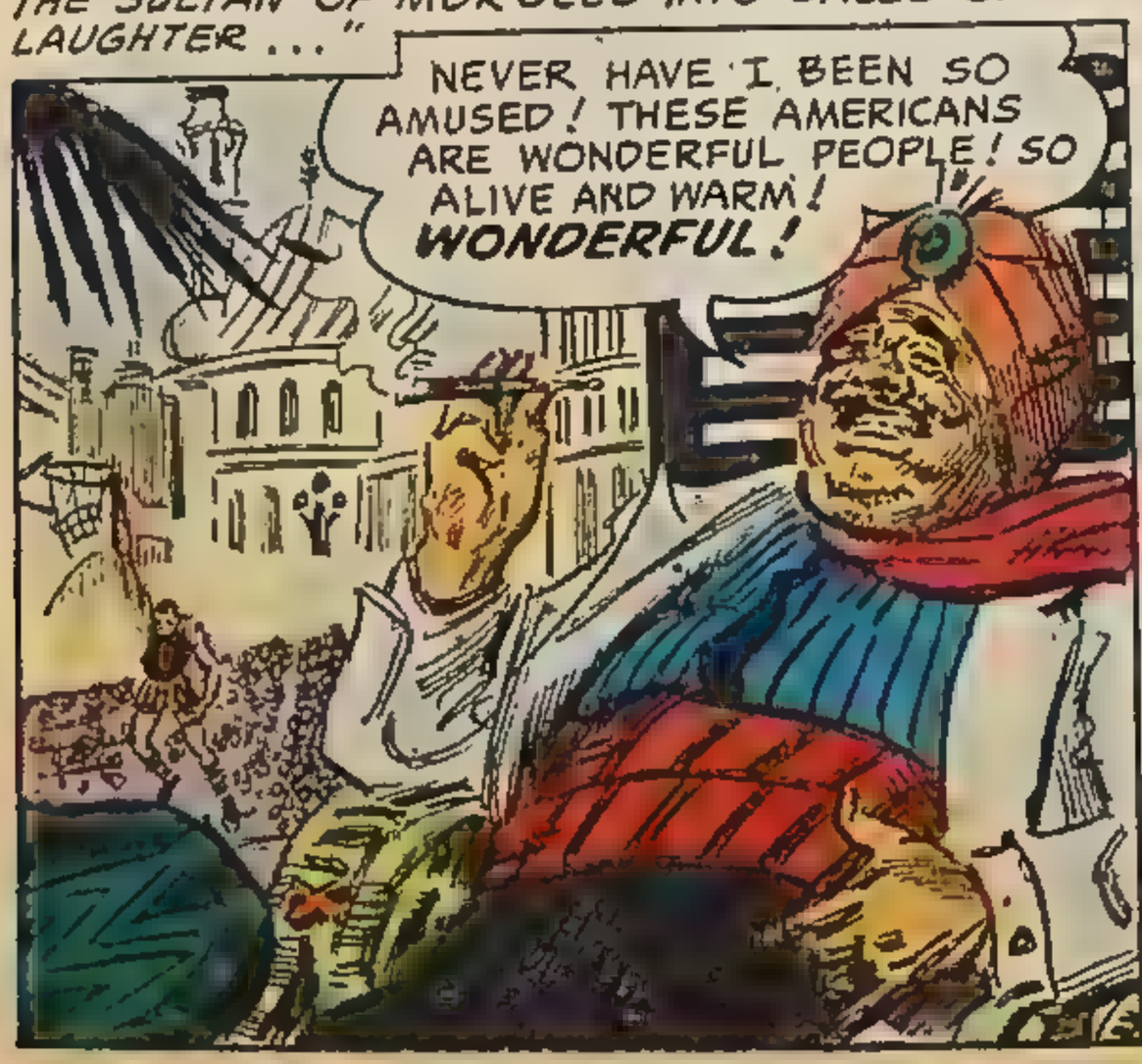


"FOLLOWING THE ALL-STAR SERIES ABE TOOK THE BOYS ON A SECOND WORLD TOUR THAT WAS TO TAKE THEM TO ALASKA, HAWAII, CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA, EUROPE AND AFRICA..."



"THE TROTTERS TRAVELED 18,000 MILES IN A 59-GAME SOUTH AMERICAN TOUR. THE LATINS ADORED THE BOYS AND POURED OUT TO THE BULL ARENAS AND SOCCER STADIUMS TO WATCH THEM. IN SAO PAULO, BRAZIL, THE BOYS PLAYED A GAME IN THE HOTEL LOBBY BY POPULAR DEMAND..."

"IN AFRICA, GOOSE TATUM, THE AL SCHACHT OF BASKETBALL, IMITATED AN APE AND SENT THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO INTO GALES OF LAUGHTER..."



"ONE OF THE HIGH-LIGHTS OF THE EURO-PEAN TRIP CAME WHEN THE POPE RE-QUESTED THE TROTTERS TO VISIT HIM AT THE VATICAN..."

"THE TROTTERS HAD ONLY A FEW GAMES SCHEDULED FOR GERMANY, AND NONE IN BERLIN. BUT ONE EVENING, GENERAL JOHN J. McCLOY, HIGH COMMISSIONER OF THE U.S. OCCUPATION ZONE, MADE A SPECIAL REQUEST..."

THERE'S A POWERFUL COMMUNIST YOUTH RALLY SCHEDULED FOR TOMORROW! IF YOU MEN WILL PLAY AT THE OLYMPIC STADIUM I'M SURE THAT WILL COUNTER-ACT THE EFFECTS OF THEIR RALLY!

WE'D CONSIDER IT AN HONOR, GENERAL!

"MORE THAN 75,000 ROARING FANS TURNED OUT TO GREET THE GLOBE TROTTERS -- THE LARGEST BASKET-BALL AUDIENCE IN HISTORY. NEEDLESS TO SAY THE RED YOUTH RALLY WAS A FAILURE."

HURRAY FOR THE GLOBE TROTTERS!

LONG LIVE THE DEMOCRACIES!

'RAY!

"THE GLOBE TROTTERS WOUND UP THEIR 120,000-MILE WORLD TOUR ON SEPTEMBER 30, 1951, AT ST. LOUIS, WHERE THEY BECAME THE ONLY BASKETBALL TEAM IN HISTORY TO SHARE A DOUBLE HEADER WITH A BASEBALL TEAM - THE ST. LOUIS BROWNS. THE TROTTERS PLAYED A LOCAL ALL-STAR TEAM AND THE PROCEEDS WENT TO THE COMMUNITY FUND. MORE THAN 14,000 PAID THEIR WAY INTO SPORTSMANS PARK..."

THIS GAME CONCLUDES THE '50-'51 SEASON FOR THE HARLEM GLOBE TROTTERS! THEIR TOTAL ATTENDANCE FOR THE YEAR IS NOW ESTIMATED AT SLIGHTLY OVER 2,000,000...

"SAPERSTEIN HAD BEEN DICKERING WITH HOLLYWOOD FOR SOME TIME ABOUT A MOTION PICTURE FEATURING HIS BOYS, AND SO..."

WE'RE IN, BOYS! JUST RECEIVED SIGNED CONTRACTS FROM COLUMBIA PICTURES. WE'RE GONNA FILM THE "HARLEM GLOBE TROTTERS" AND THEY WANT ROOKIE BROWN TO STAR! HOW ABOUT THAT?

AIN'T THAT PRETTY? HE'S IRRESTIBLE! KISS ME, ROOKIE, YOU HANDSOME MOVIE STAR!

GO AWAY, YOU CLOWN!

I JUST HAVE ONE MORE THING TO SAY, MEN! THEY ONCE TOLD ME THAT NEGRO BASKETBALL ***COULDN'T*** SUCCEED ON A NATION-WIDE SCALE! WELL, AFTER 24 YEARS WE'VE PROVED THEM WRONG! I RECEIVED ANOTHER LETTER TODAY. LISTEN: "THE GLOBE TROTTERS HAVE PROVEN THEMSELVES AMBASSADORS EXTRAORDINARY OF GOOD WILL WHEREVER THEY HAVE GONE. ON ANY FUTURE TOURS PLEASE CALL ON THE STATE DEPARTMENT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR ANY HELP WE CAN GIVE." ALL I CAN SAY, GUYS, IS.. WE'RE A GREAT TEAM - IT'S A GREAT COUNTRY ***AND A PRIVILEGE TO LIVE IN IT!***

"Pop" Gates

"Babe" Pressley

Ermer Robinson

Marques Haynes

"Goose" Tatum

Joshua Grider

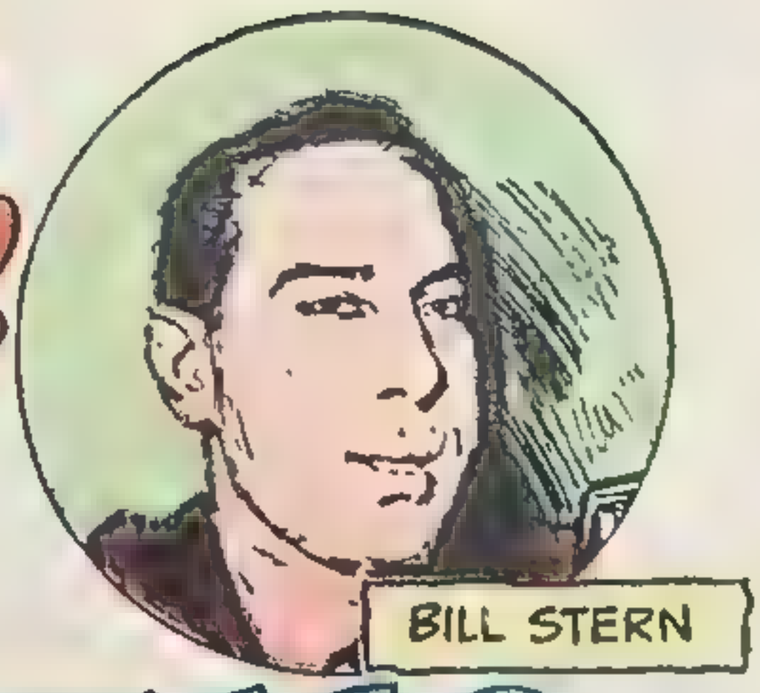
Clarence Wilson

William Garrett

"Rookie" Brown

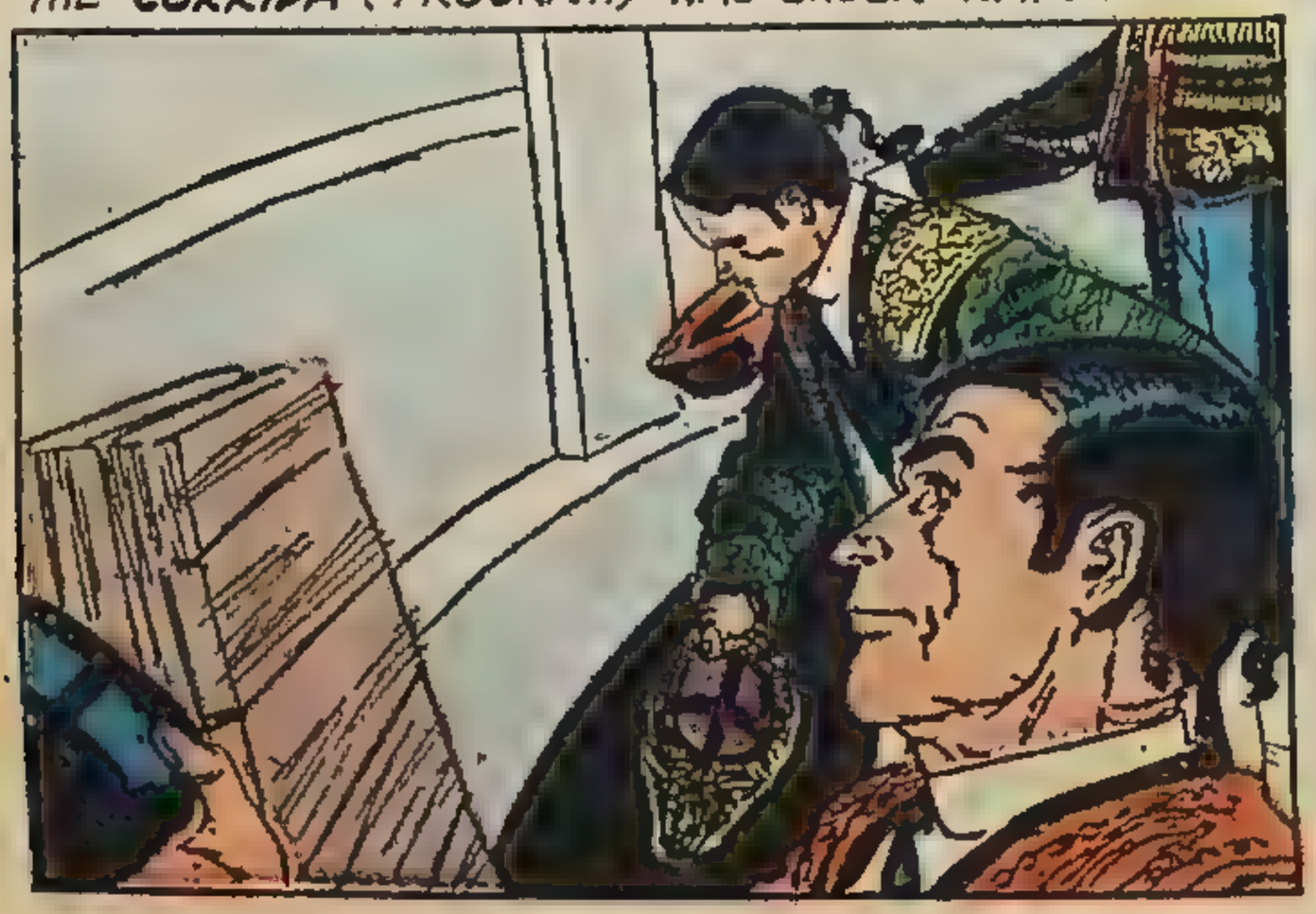
The End

a Tale of the RINGO MATADORS



"ALL MEXICO CITY WAS TALKING ABOUT *SIDNEY FRANKLIN*, THE AMERICAN-BORN MATADOR DE TOROS, WHO HAD EARNED A PLACE OF HIGH REGARD IN THE BULL RING. UNDER THE TUTORSHIP OF RODOLFO GAONA, GREATEST MEXICAN MATADOR OF ALL TIME, THE BROOKLYN-BORN FRANKLIN HAD BECOME EXPERT IN ALL THE CLASSIC FUNDAMENTALS OF BULL FIGHTING. HE ADDED NEW FLOURISHES AND TECHNIQUES THAT WON HIM WIDE ACCLAIM. IN SEVILLE AND MADRID, SPAIN, HE WAS WORSHIPPED ON A PLANE WITH JOSELITO AND BELMONTE, MOST FAMOUS OF THE SPANISH MATADORS. NOW WE ARE IN THE ARENA. IT IS MARCH, 1930, AND THE GREAT FRANKLIN IS ON THE PROGRAM. AS OUR STORY OPENS THE BULLFIGHTERS MAKE THE ***PASEO*** OR ENTRY INTO THE ***PLAZA DE TOROS*** (*BULL RING*)..."

"THEY STRODE ACROSS THE RING TO THE BOX OF THE LOCAL DIGNITARIES AND BOWED IN RESPECT. A NOD OF RECOGNITION, THE BLARE OF A TRUMPET AND THE ***CORRIDA*** (PROGRAM) WAS UNDER WAY..."



"AGAIN THE TRUMPET SOUNDED—A GATE SLID BACK AND OUT STRODE ***EL TORO*** — THE MAGNIFICENT FIGHTING BULL. FOR FOUR YEARS HE HAD BEEN BRED AND TRAINED FOR THIS SUPREME MOMENT. EL TORO FEARED NO MAN...

"THEN BEGAN THE LONG PROCESS OF PREPARING THE BULL FOR THE MATADOR! FROM BEHIND A WALL STEPPED A **BANDERILLERO** WHO WAVED HIS CAPE AT THE BULL! IN A BLIND RAGE THE BULL SNORTED, AND CHARGED THE SMALL FIGURE..."

"AT THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT THE BANDERILLERO DARTED BEHIND THE PROTECTION OF THE WALL, AND EL TORO SLAMMED INTO THE BARRIER WITH THE IMPACT OF AN EXPRESS TRAIN..."

NOTE, SENOR FRANKLIN-- HE FAVORS HIS LEFT HORN!

HE'S A POWERFUL BULL, PEDRO!

"TWO-- THREE TIMES MORE THE BULL WAS FEINTED INTO EXERTING HIS ENERGIES ON THE BARRIER! THEN CAME THE **PICADOR** MOUNTED ON HORSEBACK! WITH A LONG LANCE HE CUT DEEPLY INTO THE MOUND OF FLESH AND MUSCLE THAT FORMS THE HUMP ON A BULL'S NECK! THIS MASS IS SO FIRM AND STRONG, NO HUMAN CAN DRIVE A SWORD THROUGH IT! THE PICADOR'S JOB IS TO SOFTEN IT FOR THE MATADOR'S THRUST..."

"AGAIN THE BANDERILLERO TOOK OVER! DRAWING THE BULL IN A CHARGE, HE RAISED HIMSELF HIGH, AND TO ONE SIDE, AS THE BEAST CHARGED BY! THEN HE PLUNGED HIS BANDERILLEROS (LONG DARTS) INTO EL TORO'S BACK..."

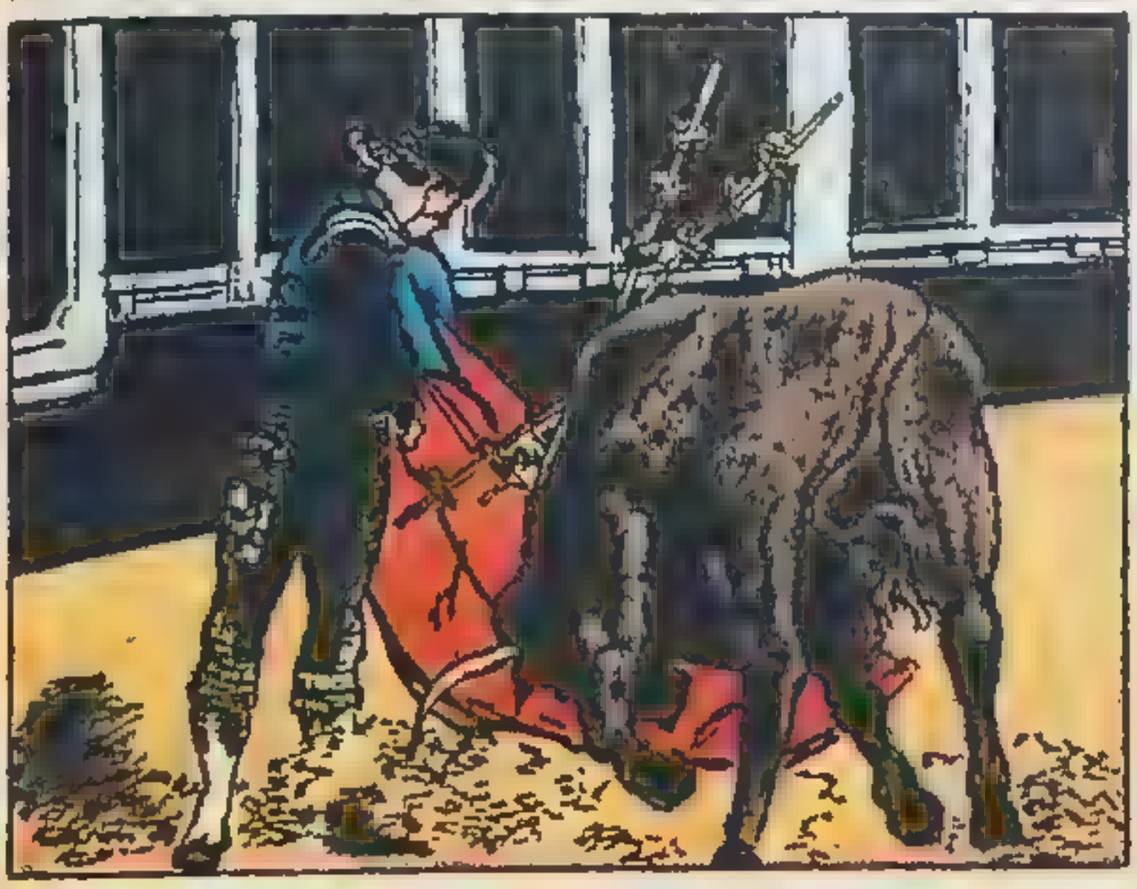
"SUDDENLY, THE ENRAGED BULL TURNED AND CHARGED! NOTHING COULD KEEP HIM FROM HIS PURPOSE! WITH A SWEEP OF HIS HORNS HE IMPALED THE BANDERILLERO AND THREW HIM HIGH INTO THE AIR! DEATH CLAIMED THE BULL'S TORMENTOR, BEFORE HIS BODY CRASHED BACK TO EARTH..."

VERY WELL, AMIGOS, LEAVE HIM TO ME! I SHALL HANDLE EL TORO!

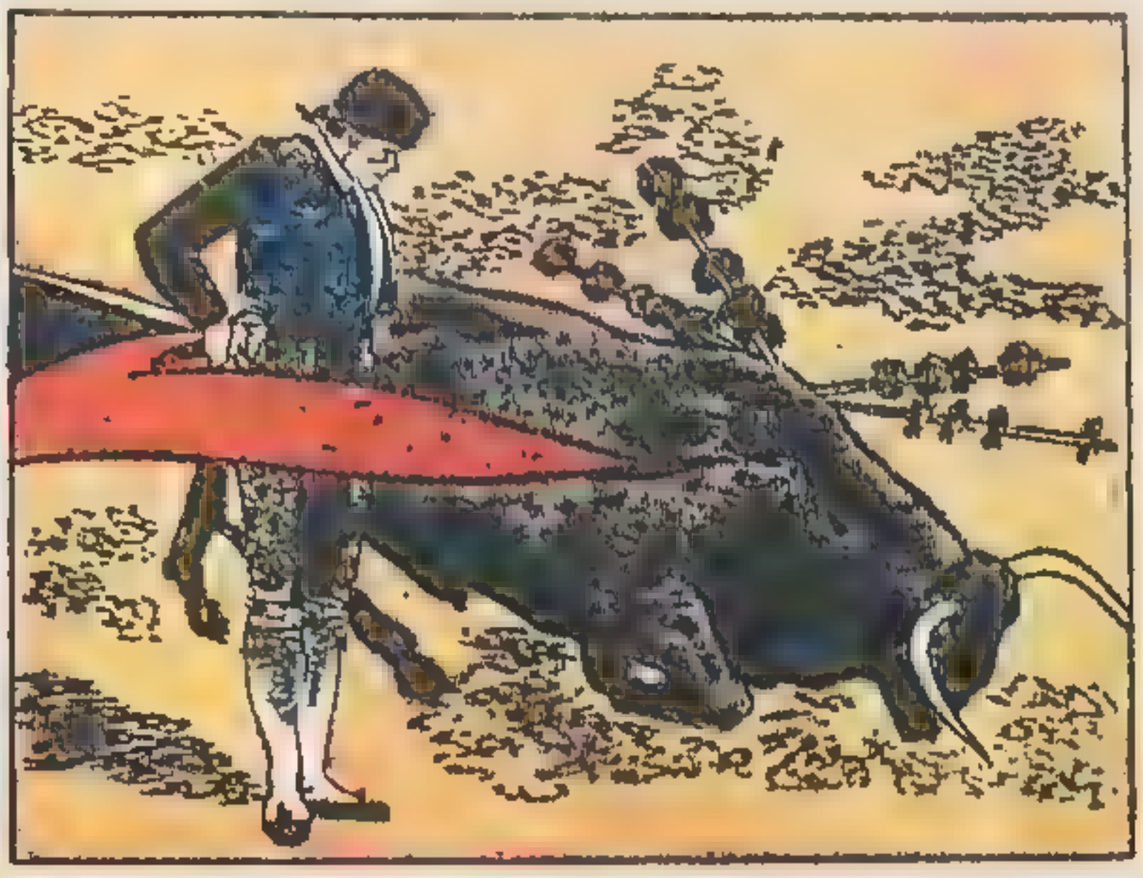
VIVA FRANKLIN!

VIVA!

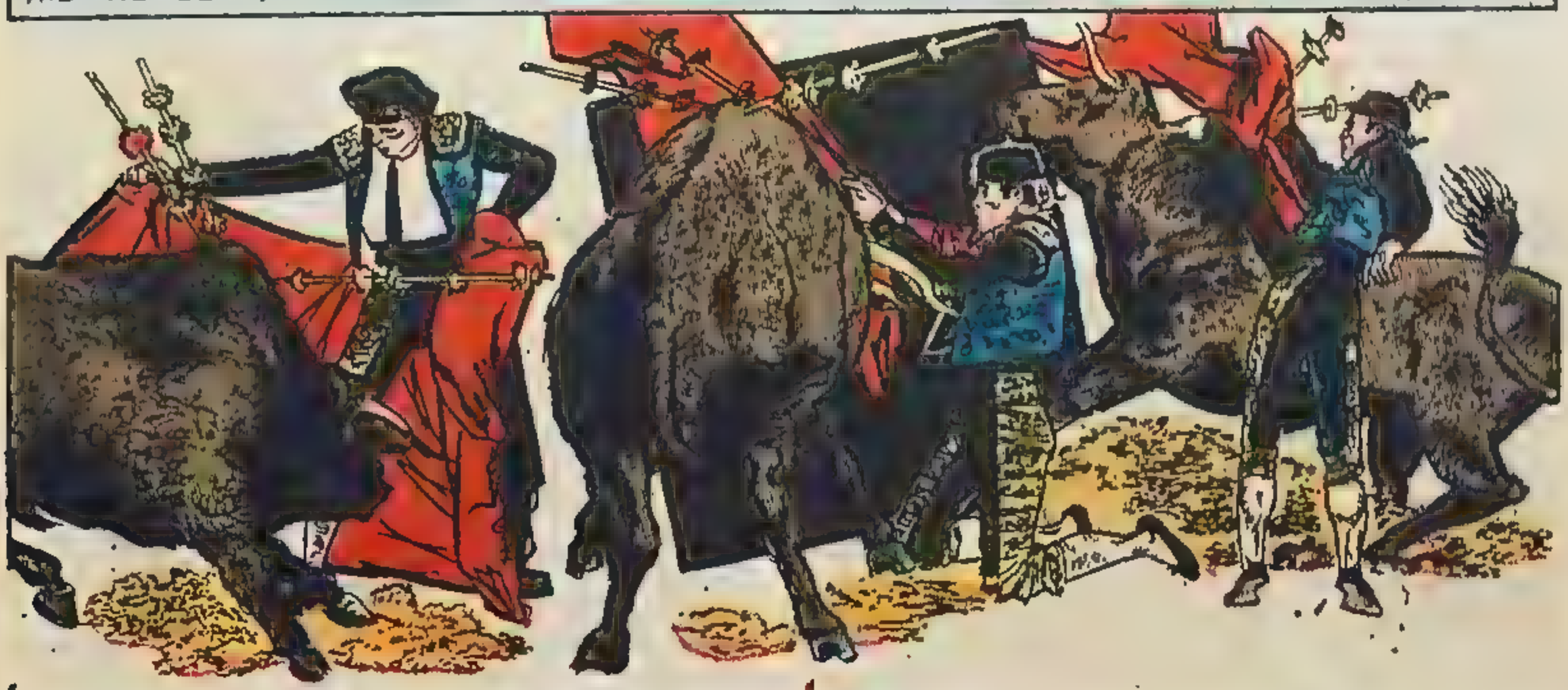
"FRANKLIN GRASPED HIS **MULETA** (CAPE) AND INVITED THE BULL TO CHARGE! THE ANGRY BEAST, INCENSED AT THE WAVING CLOTH, LOWERED HIS HEAD AND CHARGED! FRANKLIN, IN A DARING MOVE, BROUGHT THE BEAST CLOSE TO HIS BODY IN A PERFECTLY EXECUTED **VERONICA** ..."



"FOUR-FIVE-SIX TIMES FRANKLIN PASSED THE CHARGING BULL CLOSE AGAINST HIS WAIST! THEN WITH A FLOURISH HE COMPLETED THE SERIES WITH A **REBOLERA**, BY WHIRLING THE CAPE ABOUT HIS BODY AND LEADING THE BULL IN A DIZZY CIRCLE..."



"WITH ALL THE GRACE OF A BALLET DANCER, AND THE DARING OF A PIRATE, FRANKLIN LED EL TORO INTO INTRICATE, DANGEROUS PASSES! MORE THAN ONCE THE HORN TIPS RIPPED HIS TROUSERS, AND THE BULL'S BLOOD RUBBED OFF ON THE AMERICAN'S CHEST..."



"THEN CAME THE SUPREME MOMENT-- **THE KILL!** THE MAN MUST GO TO THE BULL, UP AND OVER THE HORNS AND MAKE THE FINAL PLUNGE! ONLY THE MULETA FIXES THE BULL'S HORNS DOWN! IF A SUDDEN GUST OF WIND HAPPENS TO LIFT THE CAPE THE BULL WOULD RAISE ITS HORNS INTO THE BODY OR NECK OF THE UNPROTECTED MATADOR! FRANKLIN FIXED HIS BULL, STEPPED CLOSE, RAISED HIS SWORD, AND..."

"... PLUNGED IT DEEP INTO THE VITALS OF THE GALLANT BULL! THE **AFICIONADOS** (FANS) WENT WILD WITH JOY...

"FRANKLIN, NOT WAITING FOR THE DYING BULL TO FALL, TURNED QUICKLY TO FACE HIS ADMIRERS..."

"SUDDENLY, IT HAPPENED! AS THE BULL FELL FORWARD IN ITS LAST CONVULSIVE MOVEMENT, IT PLUNGED ITS HORN DEEP INTO FRANKLIN'S BACK..."

"AS THE WOUNDED MAN WAS CARRIED FROM THE RING... ACROSS THE BORDER, FAR TO THE NORTH AT BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS—AT THE TIME, TOTALLY UNRELATED TO THE SPECTACLE BELOW THE RIO GRANDE—A BABY GIRL WAS BORN! YET, THERE WAS A STRANGE BOND THAT WAS TO TIE THESE TWO EVENTS TOGETHER TWO DECADES LATER..."

"AS THE LITTLE GIRL--PATRICIA McCORMICK--GREW OLDER SHE BECAME INTERESTED IN ART AND NATURE..."

DADDY, AREN'T THESE FLOWERS BEAUTIFUL? I'D LIKE TO BE ABLE TO DRAW ALL THE NICE BIRDS AND FLOWERS I SEE! MAY I BE AN ARTIST WHEN I GROW UP?

CERTAINLY, PAT! ANYTHING YOU WANT!

"BY THE TIME PAT WAS SEVEN, HER MIND WAS MADE UP! SHE WAS GOING TO BE AN ARTIST! THEN, ONE DAY..."

PUT YOUR THINGS AWAY AND PACK YOUR CLOTHES, PAT! I'M TAKING YOU TO MEXICO CITY WITH ME ON A BUSINESS TRIP!

OH, THAT'S WONDERFUL, DADDY!

"WHILE IN MEXICO CITY, MR. McCORMICK TOOK PATRICIA TO A BULL FIGHT! AT THAT TIME, SIDNEY FRANKLIN WAS IN SEMI-RETIREMENT IN EUROPE! BUT THERE, IN THE VERY SAME ARENA WHERE THE AMERICAN MATADOR HAD THRILLED THOUSANDS, A STRANGE FEELING GRIPPED PAT..."

THIS IS THE MOST WONDERFUL THING I'VE EVER SEEN, DADDY! I CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF IT FOR ONE MINUTE!

HMMMPH! DON'T LIKE IT MYSELF-- CAN'T SEE WHAT A LITTLE GIRL LIKE *YOU* SEES IN IT!

"PAT NEVER FORGOT THAT THRILLING AFTERNOON! YEARS LATER SHE WAS STILL TALKING ABOUT IT..."

AND THEN HE TOOK HIS SWORD AND RAISED IT LIKE THIS..

WOW! GO ON, PAT!

YOU SURE MAKE IT LOOK REAL, PATRICIA!

"AS PAT GREW OLDER, SHE ENTERED TEXAS WESTERN COLLEGE AT EL PASO, TEXAS, WHERE SHE MAJORED IN ART! BUT IN EVERY SPARE MOMENT PAT STOLE ACROSS THE BORDER TO WATCH THE BULL FIGHTS AT JUAREZ..."

"THEN IN 1951, IN HER SENIOR YEAR, PAT SOUGHT OUT ALEJANDRO DE HIERRO, A RETIRED MATADOR..."

SENOR DE HIERRO, I HAVE DECIDED TO QUIT SCHOOL AND DEVOTE MYSELF TO THE BULL RING! I WANT YOU TO TRAIN ME!

PATRICIA, YOUR SINCERITY IS SUCH THAT I CANNOT SAY NO! WE WILL DO IT TOGETHER! IT REQUIRES HARD WORK, BUT THAT MEANS NOTHING TO THE TRUE MATADOR! COME, LET US GET STARTED!

"A LONG, RIGOROUS TRAINING PROGRAM WAS BEGUN! PAT PUT HER HEART AND SOUL INTO THE TEDIOUS SESSIONS..."

NOW, I WILL SIMULATE THE BULL'S CHARGE! YOU MUST BE GRACEFUL AS YOU AVOID THE HORNS! A CLUMSY MATADOR IS WHAT YOU AMERICANS WOULD CALL A "BUSH LEAGUER!"

"AS THE MONTHS SPED BY DE HIERRO USED EVERY TRICK AT HIS COMMAND TO TRAIN THE YOUNG NOVICE..."

REMEMBER--YOU MUST ALLOW THE HORNS TO COME CLOSE! THE AFICIONADOS WILL NOT STAND FOR A LILY-LIVER!

"DE HIERRO WAS A STERN TASKMASTER! HE WAS A REAL PERFECTIONIST..."

CLUMSY, ***CLUMSY!*** ***NO!*** WE TRY IT AGAIN!

SI, SENOR DE HIERRO!

"AT LAST, PAT WAS READY FOR HER FIRST TRIAL! JUAREZ WAS SELECTED AS THE SITE OF THE DEBUT OF THE ***NOVILLERA ASPIRANTE*** (APPRENTICE-SEMI PROFESSIONAL)! THE REGULATIONS PERTAINING TO WOMEN WERE CAREFULLY EXPLAINED..."

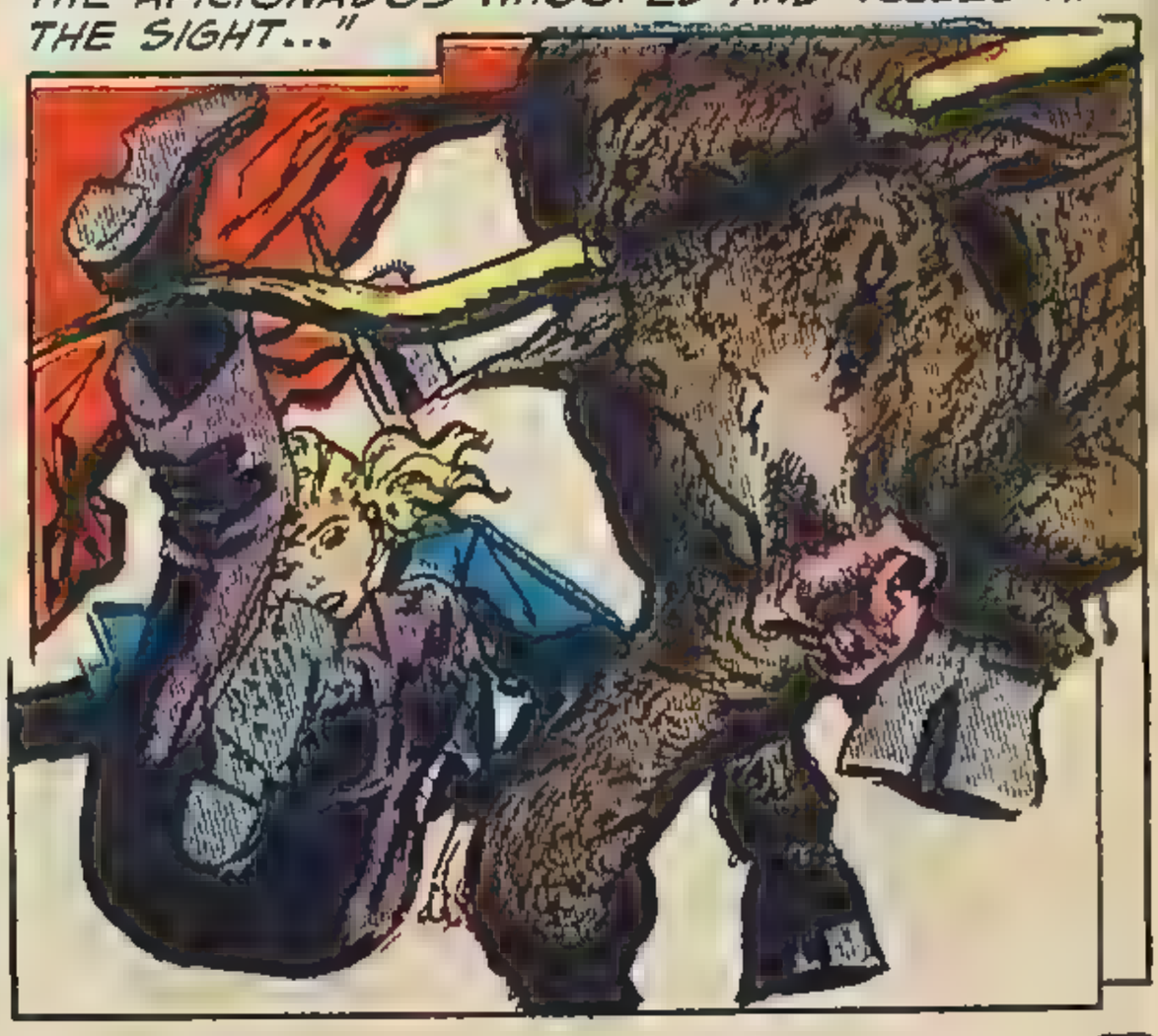
THE LAW FORBIDS A WOMAN TO FIGHT A BULL MORE THAN TWO YEARS OLD! EVEN THOUGH A BULL DOES NOT REACH HIS FULL MATURITY AND FEROCITY 'TIL FOUR, YOU WILL FIND ***ANY*** "FIGHTING BULL" A SEVERE TASK!

"FINALLY, THE BIG DAY ARRIVED! PAT WAS READY! IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE TRADITION PAT ENTERED THE MATADORS' PRIVATE CHAPEL AND OFFERED A PRAYER..."

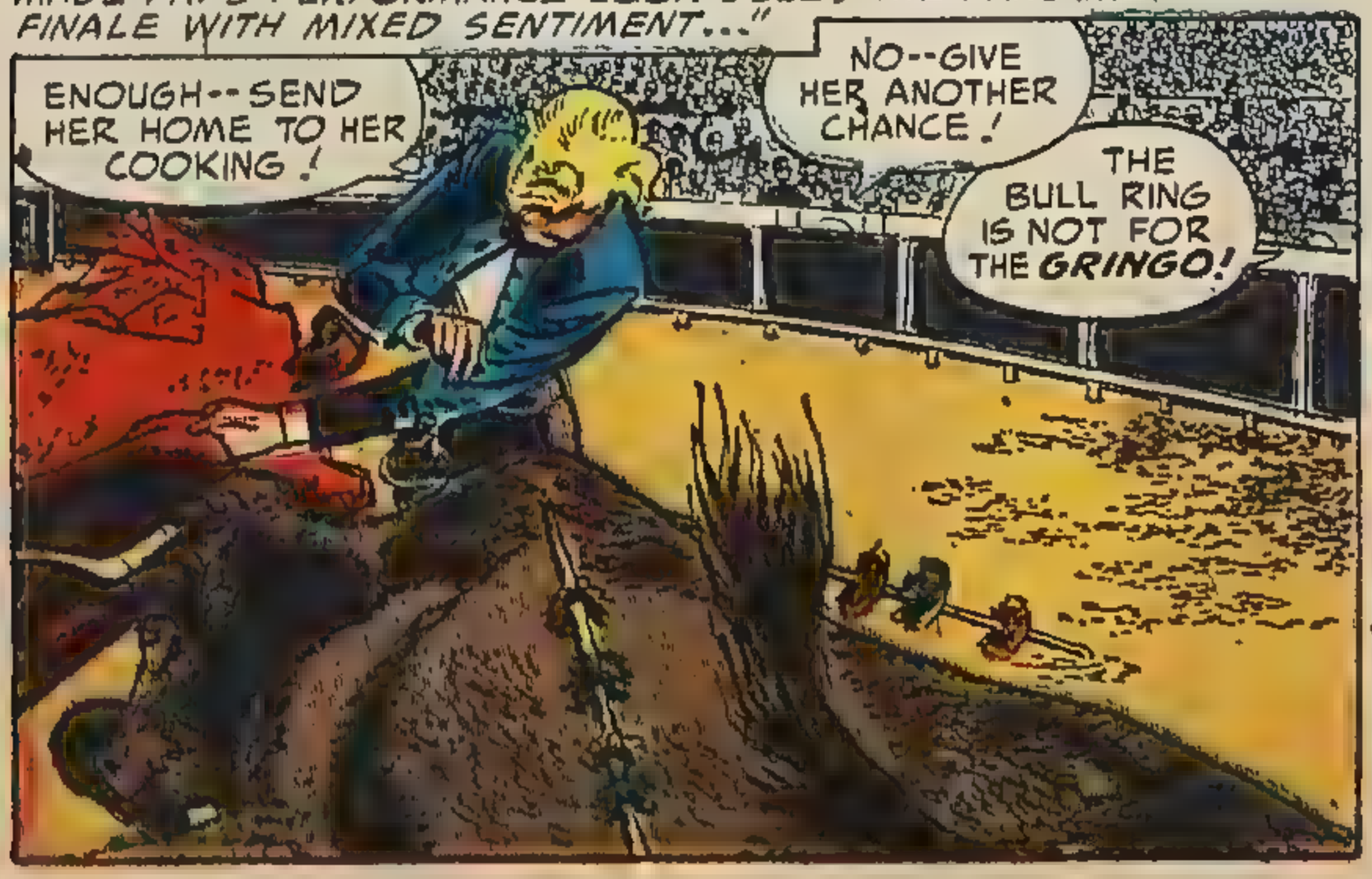
"THEN, TO THE TUNE OF THE 'VIRGIN OF MACARENA' AND FLANKED BY A COMPLEMENT OF **CUADRILLEROS** (ASSISTANTS) PAT STRODE INTO THE ARENA--THE **FIRST AMERICAN WOMAN EVER TO CARRY THE MATADOR'S MULETA INTO A BULL RING...**"

"PAT WAS NERVOUS, TENSE! THE BULL CHARGED! PAT ATTEMPTED TO PASS THE BULL WITH A FLOURISH OF HER CAPE! THE PASS WAS CLUMSY--THE BULL'S HORNS CAUGHT UP THE CAPE, AND..."

"... PAT, OFF BALANCE, FELL TO THE TURF! THE AFICIONADOS WHOOPED AND YELLED AT THE SIGHT..."

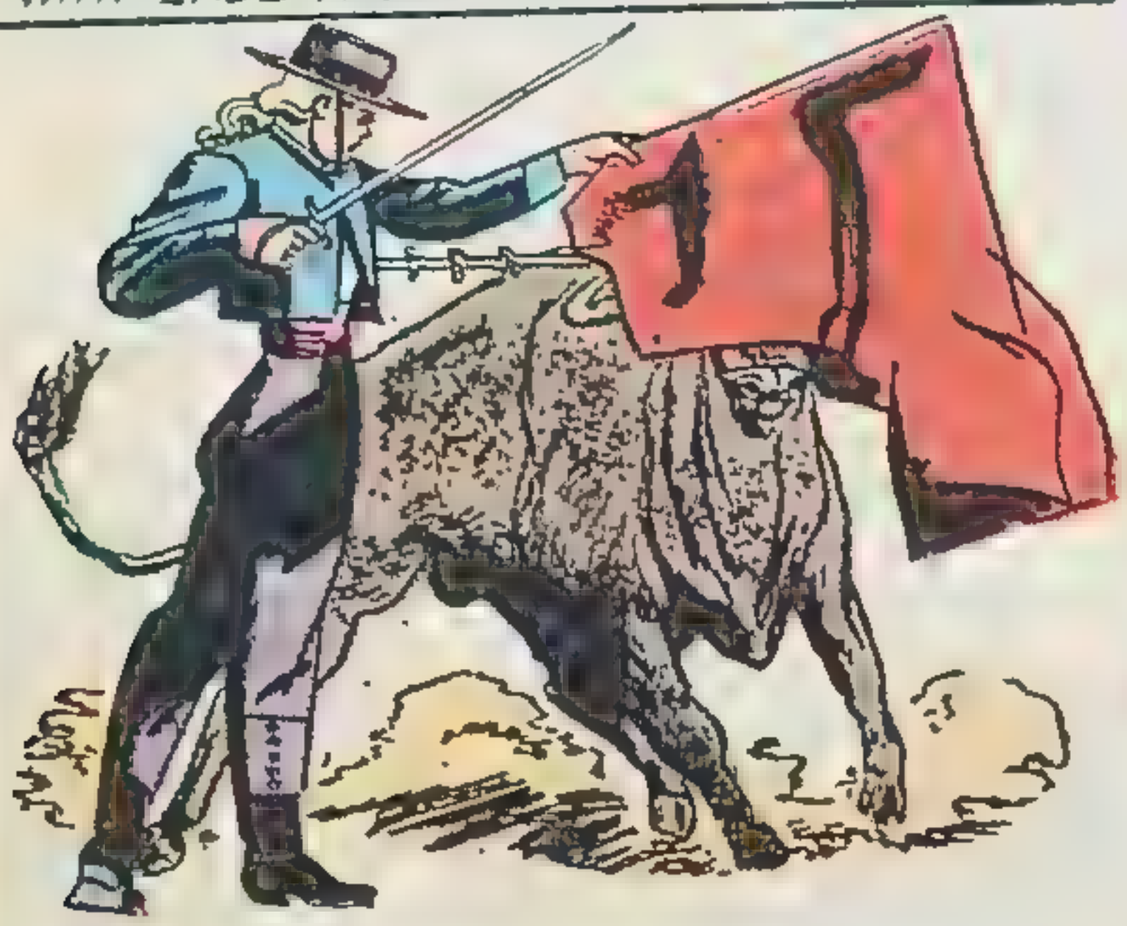


"FINALLY, PAT MADE THE KILL! EVEN AT THE LAST THE YOUNG BULL MADE PAT'S PERFORMANCE LOOK DULL! THE FANS MET THE FINALE WITH MIXED SENTIMENT..."



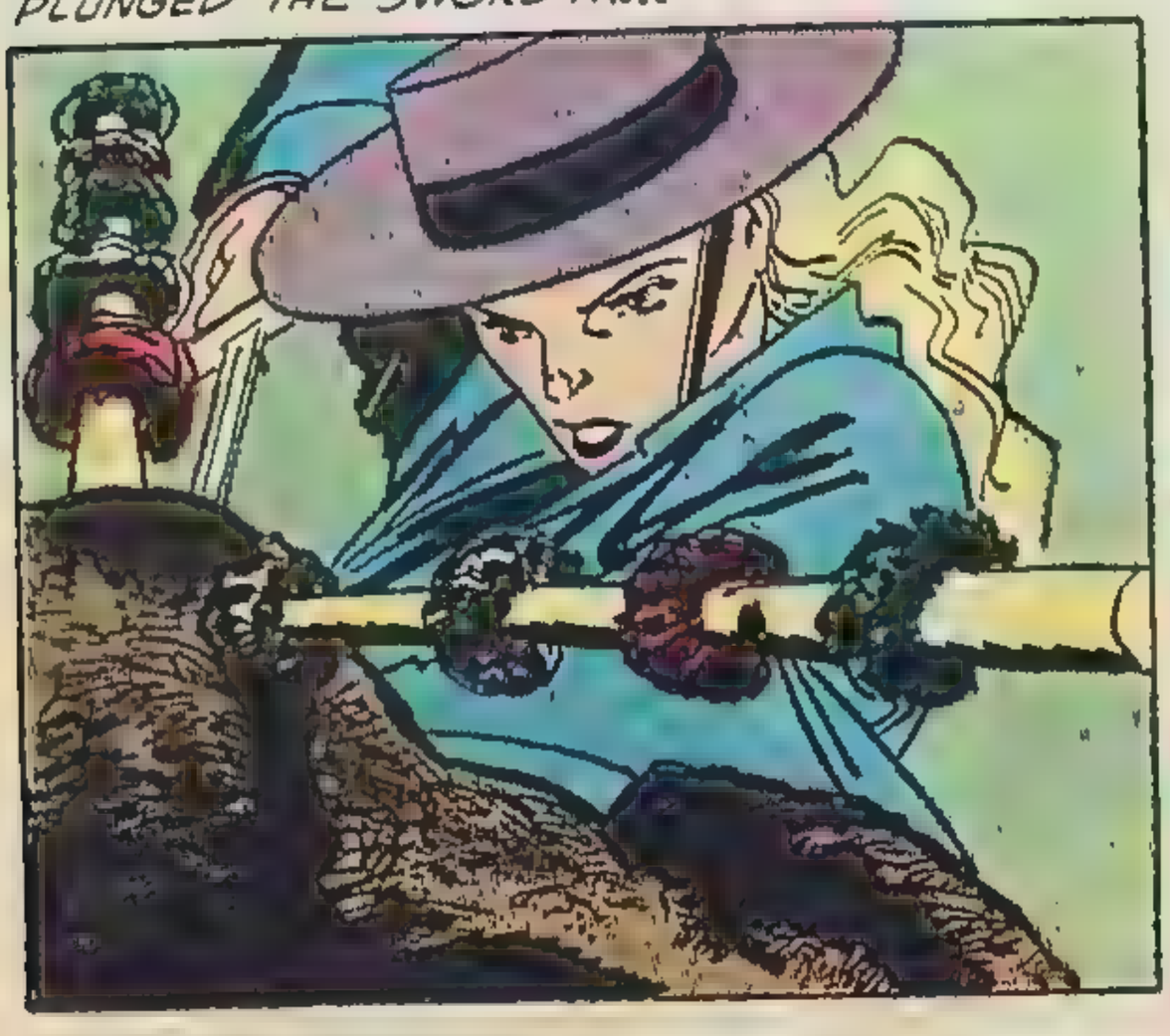
"SUPREMELY CONFIDENT, PAT MET THE CHARGE OF THE SECOND BULL! THIS TIME SHE IMMEDIATELY PROVED HERSELF THE MASTER OF THE BEAST AS SHE PERFORMED WITH EASE AND GRACE ..."

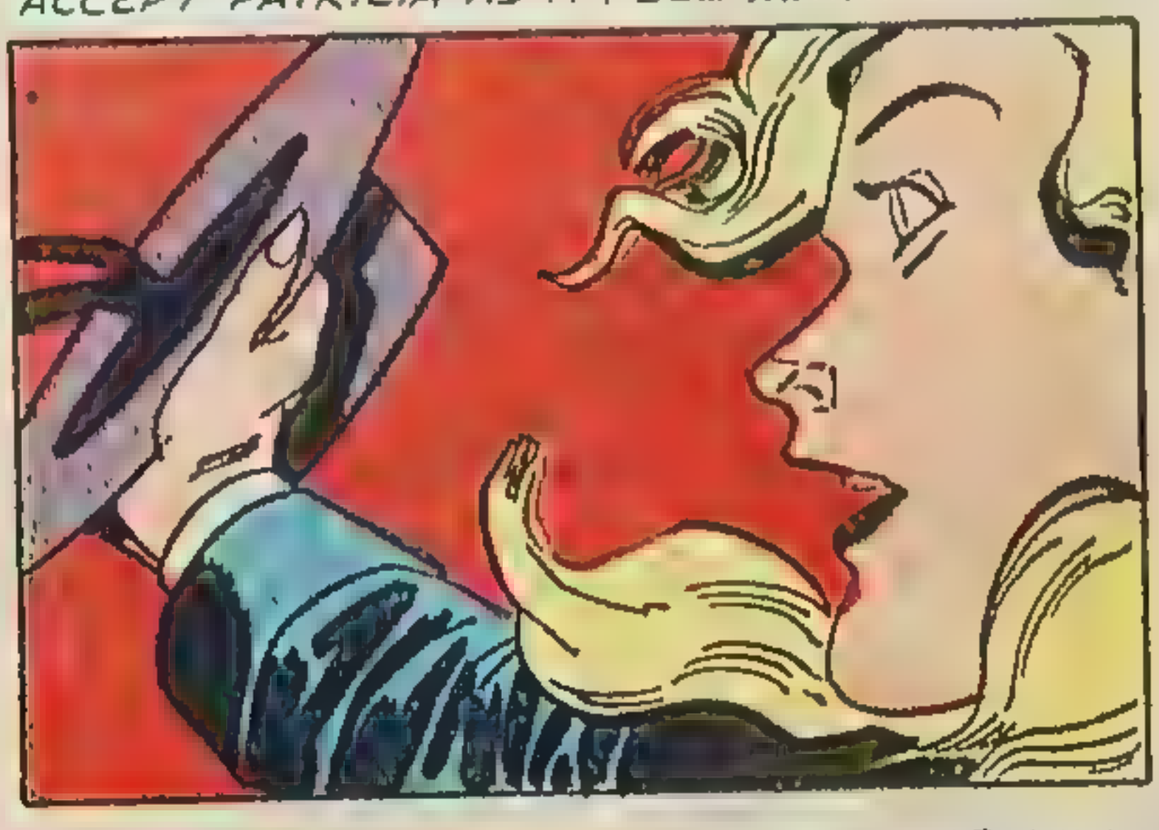
"WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT PATRICIA IMPROVED AS SHE RE-LIVED THE GREAT MOMENTS OF THE BULL RING ABOUT WHICH SHE HAD READ SO MUCH! NOW IT WAS THE BULL THAT WAS FORCED TO HIS KNEES, INSTEAD OF THE MATADORA WHO HAD BEEN SO AWKWARD IN HER FIRST FIGHT..."



"WHEN THE MOMENT FOR THE KILL ARRIVED, PAT CAME CLOSE UPON THE HORNS AND PLUNGED THE SWORD IN..."

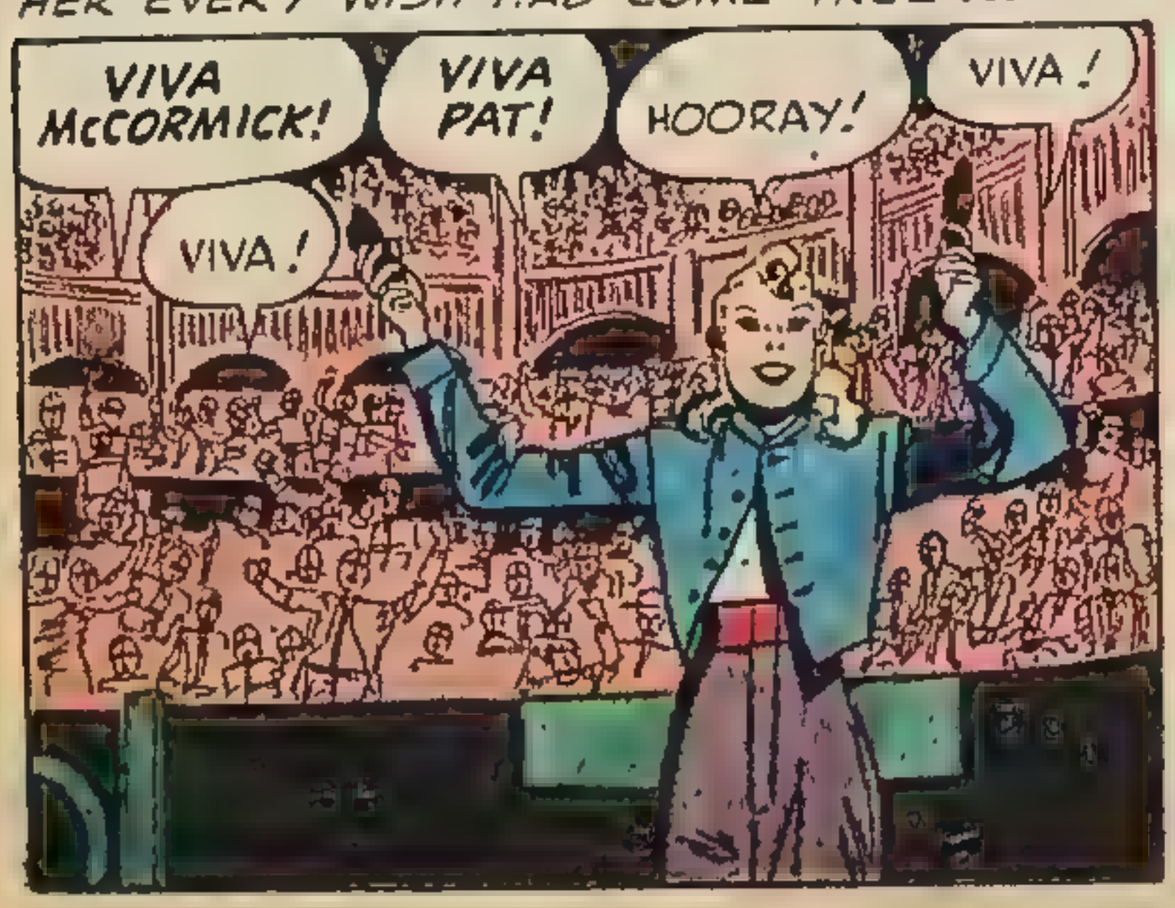
"A SECOND AMERICAN STAR HAD ARRIVED ON THE MEXICAN BULL FIGHT SCENE! NOT SINCE FRANKLIN--22 YEARS EARLIER--HAD A **GRINGO** SO CAPTURED THE HEART OF MEXICO! ALMOST BEFORE THE BULL LAY DEAD THE **MEXICAN UNION OF MATADORS** VOTED UNANIMOUSLY TO ACCEPT PATRICIA AS A FULL MATADOR..."

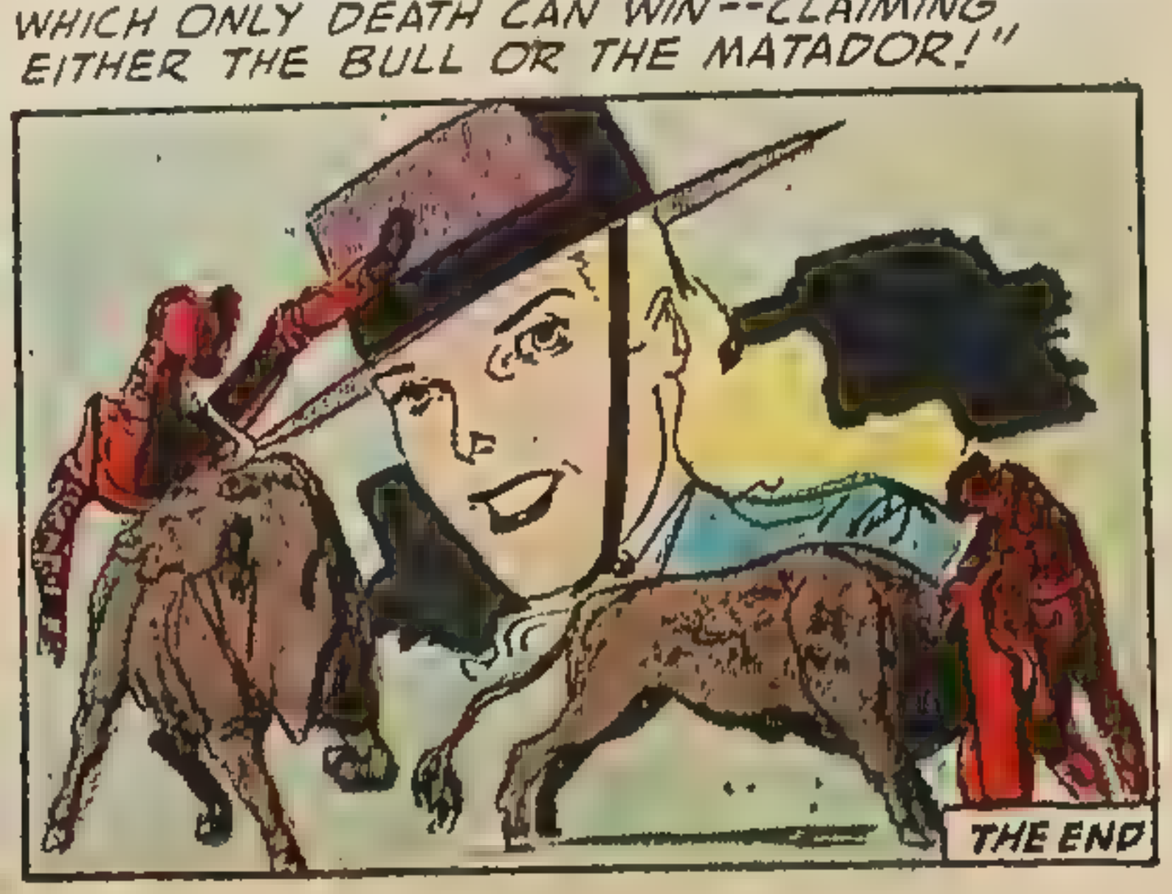


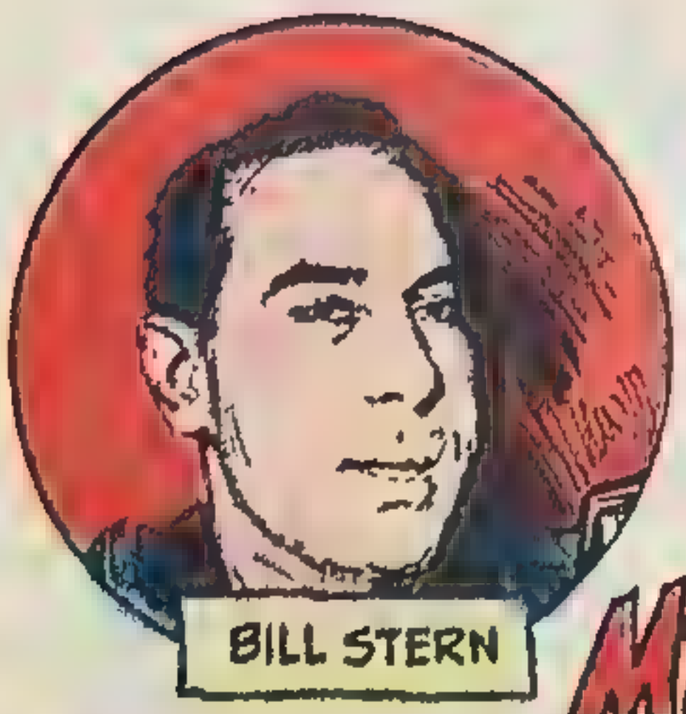


"THEN TO MAKE THE AFTERNOON COMPLETE THE JUDGES AWARD PAT **BOTH** OF THE BULL'S EARS--ONE OF THE BULL RING'S HIGHEST AWARDS! THE BRAVE MATADORA FOUGHT BACK THE TEARS OF JOY AND GRATITUDE! HER EVERY WISH HAD COME TRUE ..."

"WHAT FATE AWAITS PAT McCORMICK? WILL SHE GO ON DARING LIFE AND LIMB IN THE BULL RING--RISKING THE FATE OF BELMONTE AND JOSELITO WHO DIED ON THE BULLS' HORNS? FOR THIS IS NO CHILD'S GAME THAT PATRICIA PLAYS! IT IS **A FIGHT TO THE FINISH** WHICH ONLY DEATH CAN WIN--CLAIMING EITHER THE BULL OR THE MATADOR!"



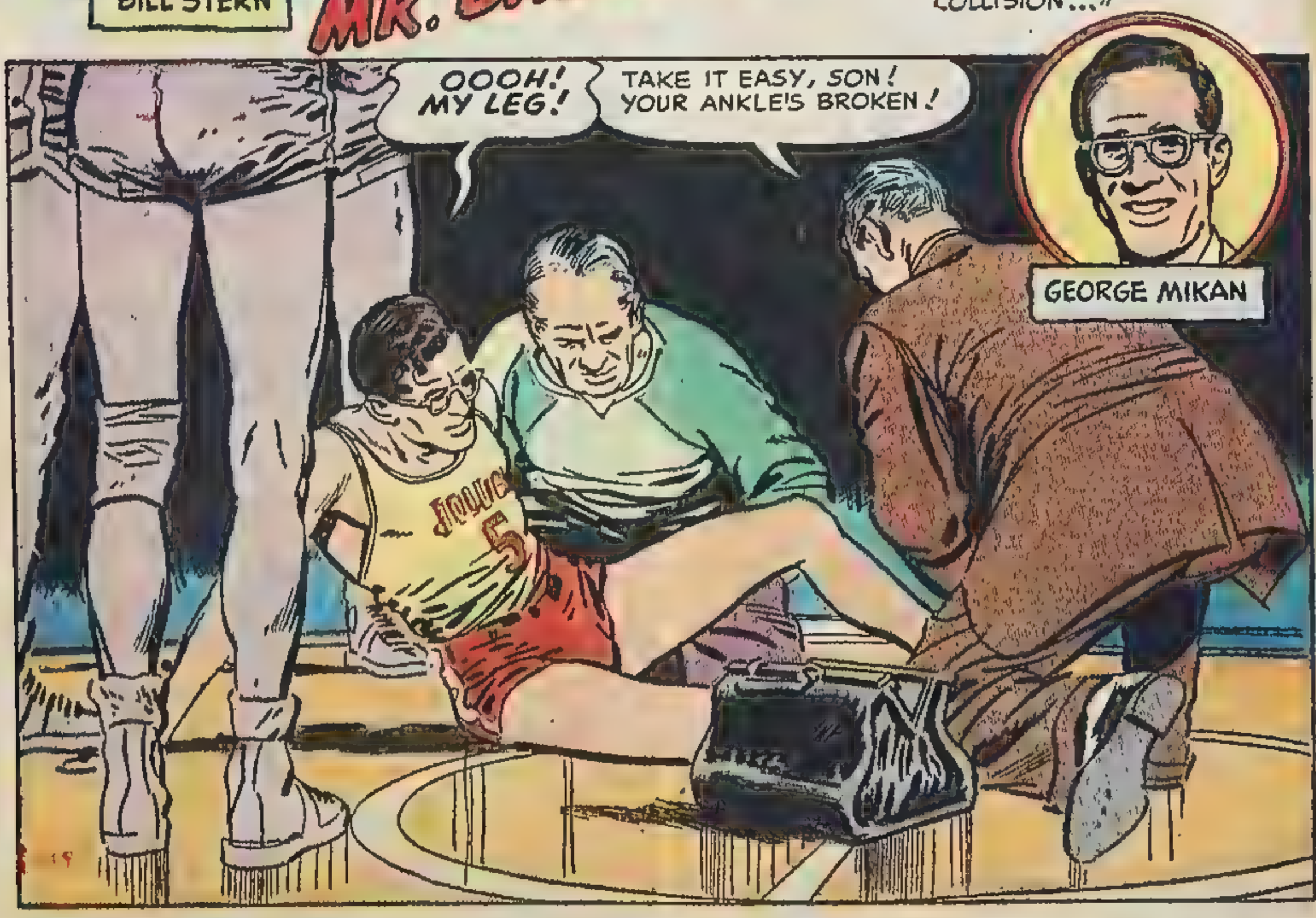




MIGHTY MIKAN--

MR. BASKETBALL

"IT WAS NOT LONG AGO THAT BIG GEORGE MIKAN, SIX-FOOT, NINE-INCH STAR OF THE PROFESSIONAL MINNEAPOLIS LAKERS, WAS TOLD *HE'D NEVER MAKE A BASKETBALL PLAYER*. UNLIKE MANY GREAT STARS, GEORGE WAS NOT 'BORN TO THE GAME' BUT LEARNED IT THE HARD WAY. THIS IS THE MIKAN I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU ABOUT. AS OUR STORY OPENS WE FIND GEORGE MIKAN, A MEMBER OF THE JOLIET CYO FIVE STRETCHED OUT AFTER A COLLISION..."



"A FEW DAYS LATER...

"BUT GEORGE WAS DETERMINED TO PLAY BALL AGAIN. HE WORKED HARD TO BRING HIS ANKLES AROUND TO THE POINT WHERE THEY WOULD BE STRONG ENOUGH TO SUPPORT HIM..."

"WHEN 17-YEAR-OLD GEORGE GRADUATED FROM QUIGLEY PREP IN CHICAGO, HE PACKED HIS BAGS AND HEADED FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME IN SOUTH BEND, INDIANA. IN THE GYMNASIUM HE MET BASKETBALL COACH GEORGE KEOGAN..."

I'D LIKE TO TRY OUT FOR THE TEAM, COACH! I HAVEN'T ENROLLED YET! I HOPE THAT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE!

HMPH! I DON'T SEE HOW YOU EXPECT TO PLAY WITH THOSE GLASSES, BUT GO AHEAD AND GET IN ON THE SCRIMMAGE! MY ASSISTANT, RAY MEYER, AND I WILL LOOK YOU OVER!

JUST AS I THOUGHT! BIG, SLOW AND CLUMSY! THAT OX WILL NEVER MAKE A BALL PLAYER! WHAT DO YOU THINK, RAY?

I THINK THE KID COULD BE MOLDED INTO A GOOD COURTMAN, BUT YOU'RE THE BOSS!

COACH SAYS NO DICE, KID! BUT DON'T GIVE UP! STICK TO IT! I THINK YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES!

THANKS, MR. MEYER! WELL, GUESS I'LL HEAD FOR HOME AND ENROLL AT DEPAUL! THAT'S WHAT I SHOULD HAVE DONE RIGHT AWAY INSTEAD OF COMING HERE!

"GEORGE RETURNED TO CHICAGO AND ENROLLED AT LITTLE DEPAUL UNIVERSITY. WHEN HE REPORTED FOR BASKETBALL PRACTICE IN THE FALL OF 1941 HE WAS IN FOR A BIG SURPRISE..."

HI, MEN! MY NAME IS MEYER, RAY MEYER! I'VE JUST BEEN APPOINTED HEAD BASKETBALL COACH HERE! AT NOTRE DAME THEY TAUGHT US THAT THE RIGHT SPIRIT AND THE WILL TO WIN IS 90% OF THE BALL GAME! HOW DO YOU GUYS FEEL ON THAT SCORE?

CONSIDER OUR GAMES 90% WON, COACH!

"AFTER PRACTICE THAT EVENING, MEYER TOOK MIKAN ASIDE FOR WHAT WAS TO PROVE ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT PEP TALKS IN GEORGE'S CAREER..."

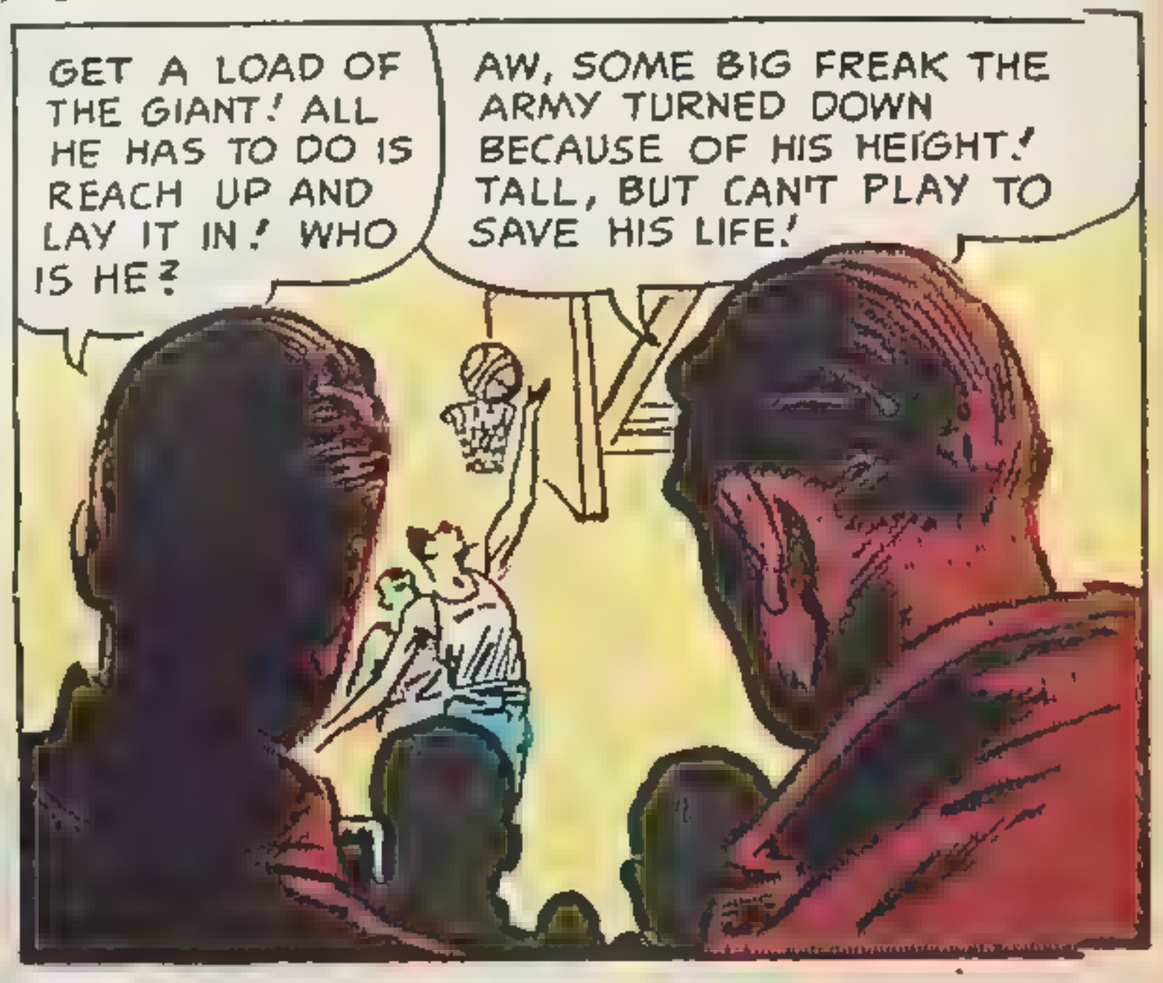
GEORGE, COACH KEOGAN WAS RIGHT IN ONE RESPECT! YOU'RE BIG AND CLUMSY! YOU'RE CRUDE! YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF WORK TO DO BEFORE YOU CAN CALL YOURSELF A BALL PLAYER! IT'LL MEAN WORK— ***HARD WORK!*** IT'S UP TO YOU!

YOU'RE THE COACH! YOU NAME IT--- I'LL DO IT!

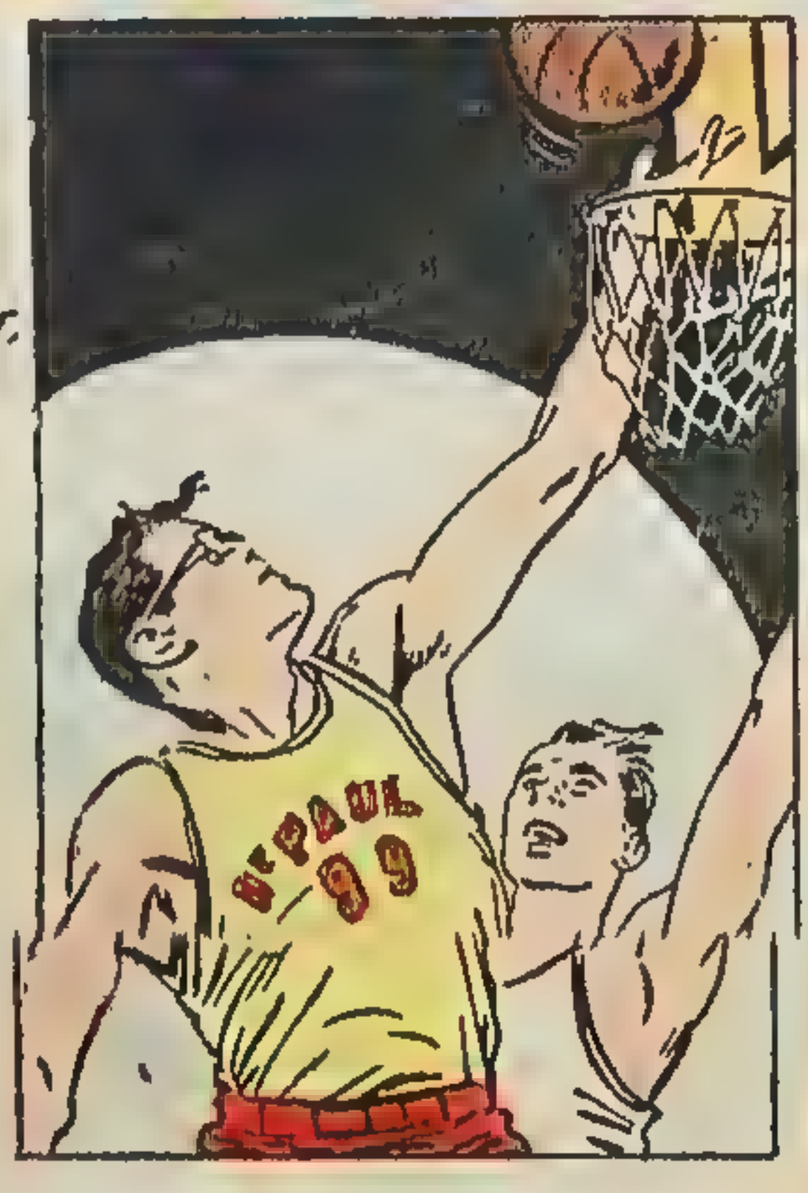
"GEORGE WORKED! THREE HOURS A DAY... FIVE DAYS A WEEK. ROPE JUMPING, SHADOW BOXING, PUSH-UPS, ROAD-WORK. SIX WEEKS PASSED AND GEORGE HAD YET TO FEEL A BASKETBALL IN THOSE HUGE HANDS..."

"AT LAST, GEORGE'S PRELIMINARY WORK WAS FINISHED. MEYER THEN HAD HIM PRACTICE SET SHOTS. IT WAS FUN AT FIRST, BUT AFTER SHOOTING EVERY EVENING — UP TO 500 TIMES EACH — WITH THE RIGHT AND LEFT HAND..."

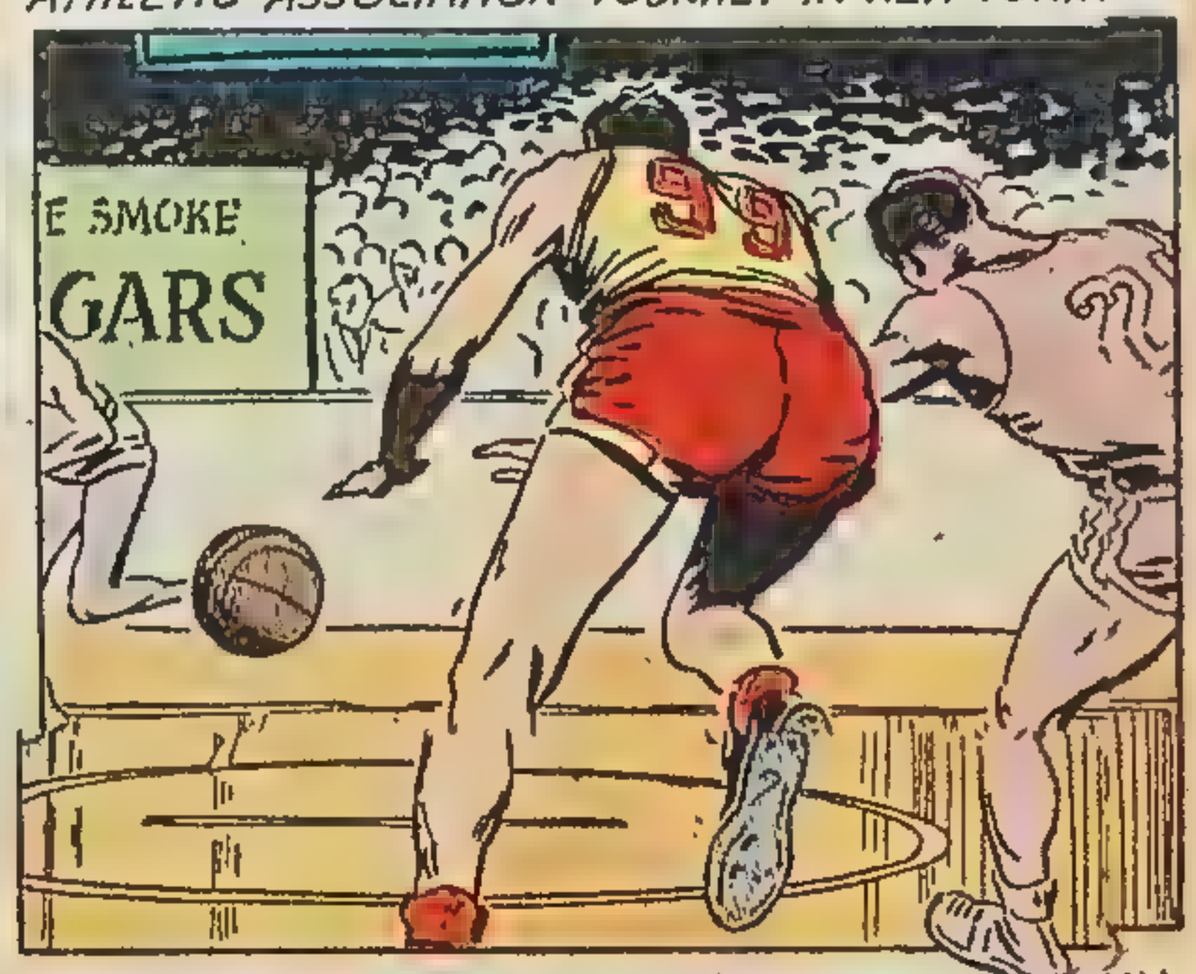
"DECEMBER 2ND, 1942, GEORGE PLAYED IN HIS FIRST COLLEGE GAME AGAINST THE NAVY PIER, A SERVICE TEAM. MIKAN SCORED TEN POINTS..."



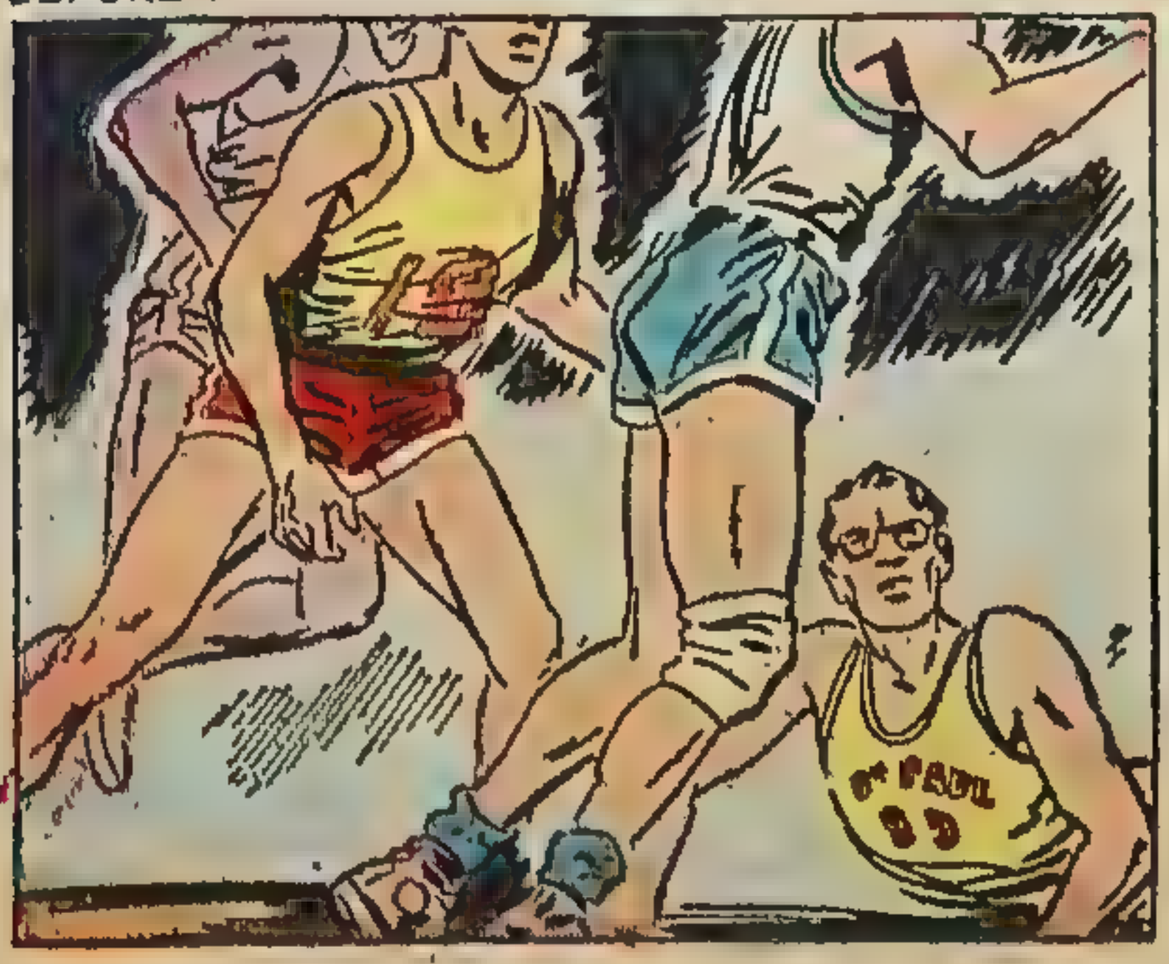
"RAY MEYER HAD ADVISED HIS BIG CENTER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HIS HEIGHT, **WITHIN THE RULES AT ALL TIMES.** AS A RESULT, GEORGE WAS ABLE TO 'TEND GOAL' BY LEAPING INTO THE AIR AND DEFLECTING THE ENEMY SHOTS BEFORE THEY COULD SINK INTO THE NET..."



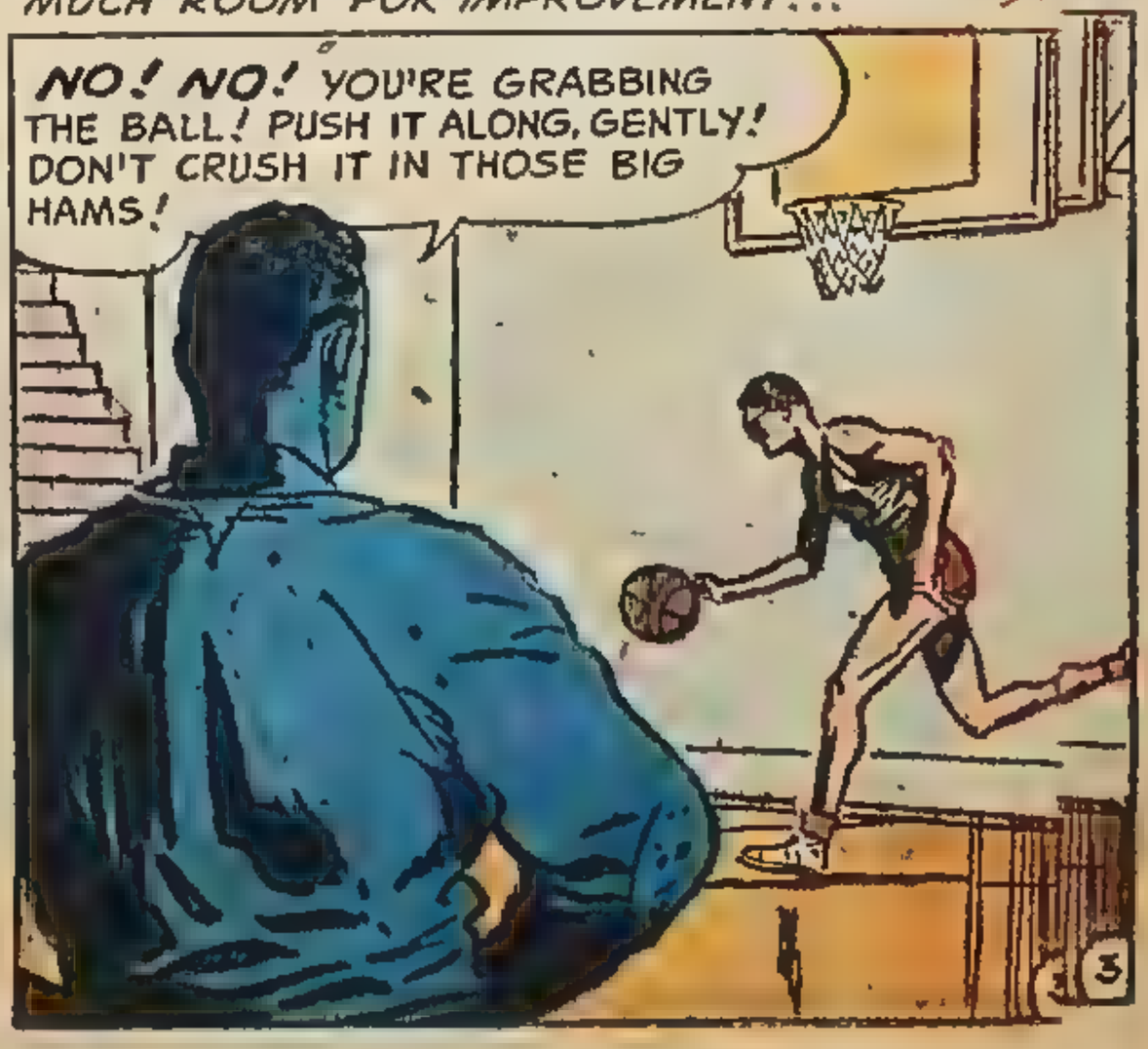
"DEPAUL'S BESPECTACLED GIANT SWISHED 217 POINTS THROUGH THE HOOPS DURING THE '42-'43 SEASON, AND LED HIS MATES TO AN 18-4 SEASON AND A BID TO THE NATIONAL COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION TOURNEY IN NEW YORK..."



"DEPAUL BREEZED THROUGH DARTMOUTH AS MIKAN KNOCKED AT LEAST 15 INDIAN SHOTS OUT OF THE HOOPS IN A BRILLIANT DEFENSIVE EXHIBITION. BUT DEPAUL WAS ELIMINATED WHEN THEY FELL BEFORE MIGHTY GEORGETOWN..."



"ALTHOUGH GEORGE HAD COME A LONG WAY SINCE THAT DAY AT SOUTH BEND, THERE WAS AS MUCH ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT..."



"A NONENTITY ONE YEAR, A NATIONAL POWER THE NEXT. DEPAUL NOW FACED THE BEST TEAMS IN THE NATION. DURING THE '43-'44 SEASON RAY MEYER'S TEAM LOCKED HORNS WITH WESTERN KENTUCKY. A FURIOUS SCRIMMAGE UNDER THE BASKET, AND..."

"...AN ELBOW SENT MIKAN'S GLASSES CRASHING TO THE FLOOR AND GEORGE FOLLOWED. HE WAS CUT AND SHAKEN. RAY PLEADED WITH HIM TO STAY OUT, BUT..."

LET ME GO, COACH! I'VE GOT A GAME TO FINISH!

FORGET THE GAME, KID! YOU'RE BADLY CUT!

DE PAUL

"MIKAN FINISHED THE GAME, DISPLAYING THE SPIRIT THAT SPURRED THE DEPAUL FIVE ON TO A 24-5 RECORD AND A NATIONAL INVITATIONAL TOURNAMENT BID AT THE SEASON'S CLOSE. IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE GAME GEORGE'S BADLY LACERATED FACE RECEIVED SIX STITCHES..."

"WEARING SPECIALLY DESIGNED UNBREAKABLE SPECTACLES GEORGE TOOK HIS PERSONAL SEASON SCORING RECORD OF 486 POINTS INTO MADISON SQUARE GARDEN FOR THE **NIT**. THE DEPAUL FIVE FOUGHT ITS WAY TO THE FINALS WHERE ST. JOHNS FINALLY STOPPED THEM..."

MIKAN IS A MUCH IMPROVED BALLPLAYER! BUT HE SPENDS TOO MUCH TIME GOAL TENDING!

YEAH! BUT HE'LL BE STRICTLY ON HIS OWN *NEXT* SEASON! THE RULES COMMITTEE JUST PASSED A REGULATION PROHIBITING INTERFERENCE WITH THE BALL ONCE IT STARTS ITS DOWNWARD FLIGHT!

"GEORGE KEPT IN SHAPE BETWEEN SEASONS BY PITCHING BASEBALL FOR A LOCAL AMATEUR TEAM.

"DURING THE '44-'45 SEASON GEORGE SCORED 429 POINTS AND LED DEPAUL TO ANOTHER **NIT** BID IN NEW YORK. WHEN HE SCORED 33 POINTS IN THE DEPAUL ROUT OF MIGHTY WEST VIRGINIA IN THE QUARTER FINALS, MIKAN WAS FRONT PAGE NEWS..."

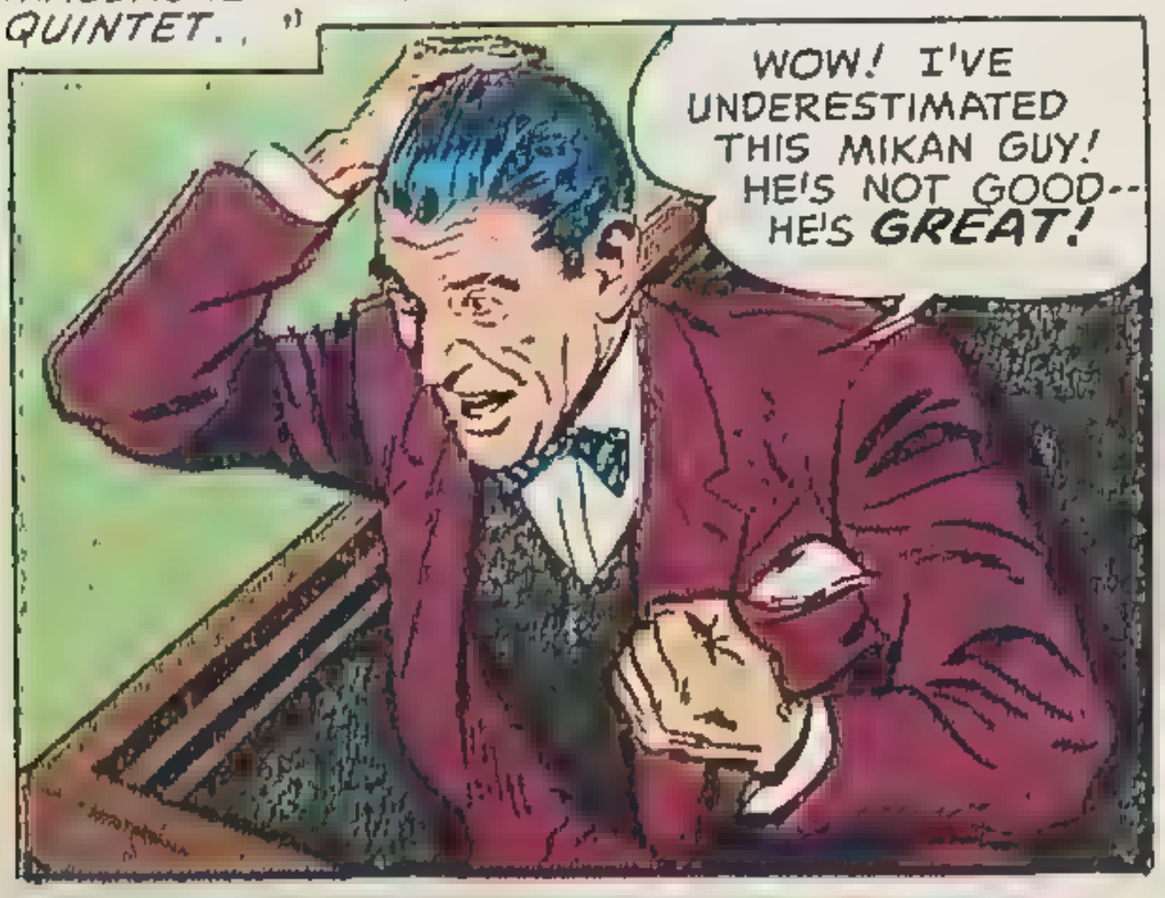
"THE NEXT EVENING BEFORE A CRUCIAL GAME WITH RHODE ISLAND STATE, GEORGE WAS APPROACHED BY TWO STRANGERS..."

LOOK, KID, WE AIN'T ASKIN' YA TO THROW THE GAME! JUST DON'T MAKE *TOO MANY POINTS!* UNNERSTAN'?

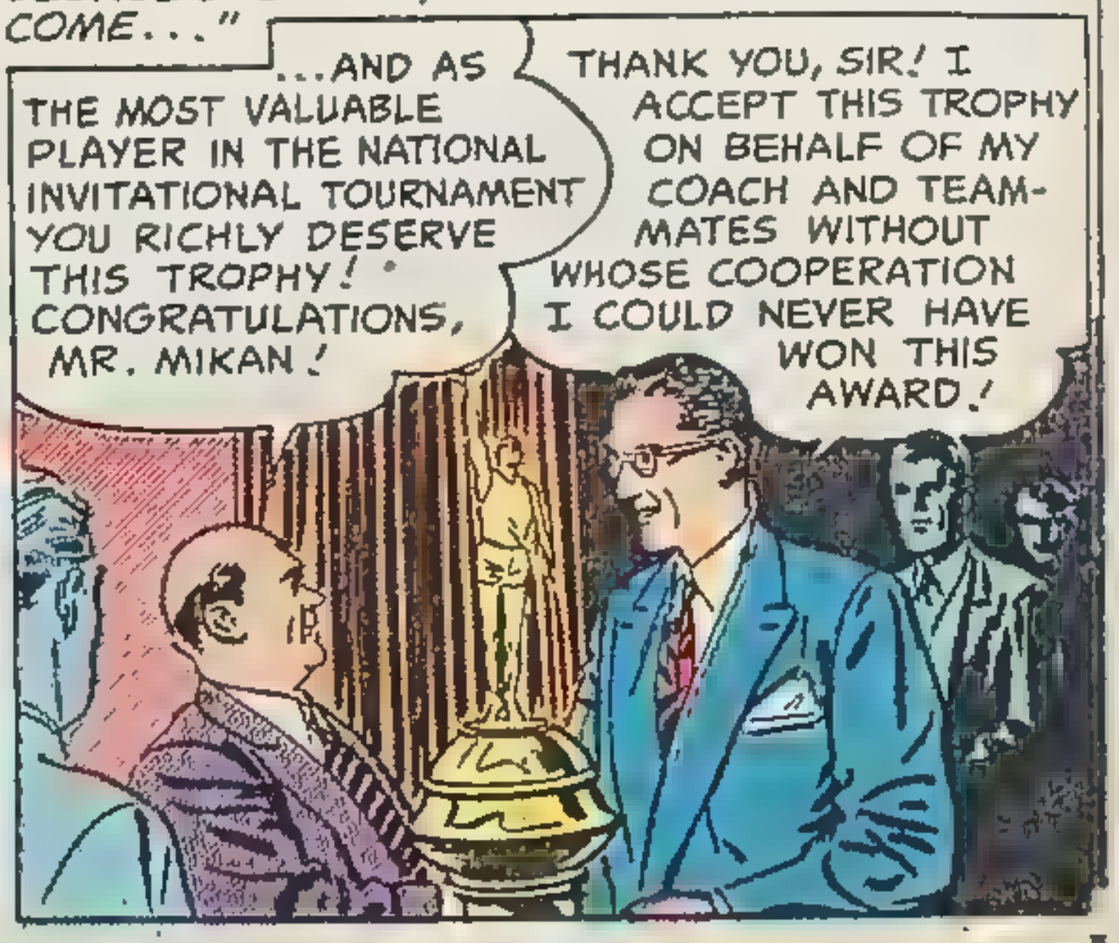
GET AWAY FROM ME BEFORE I LOSE MY TEMPER!

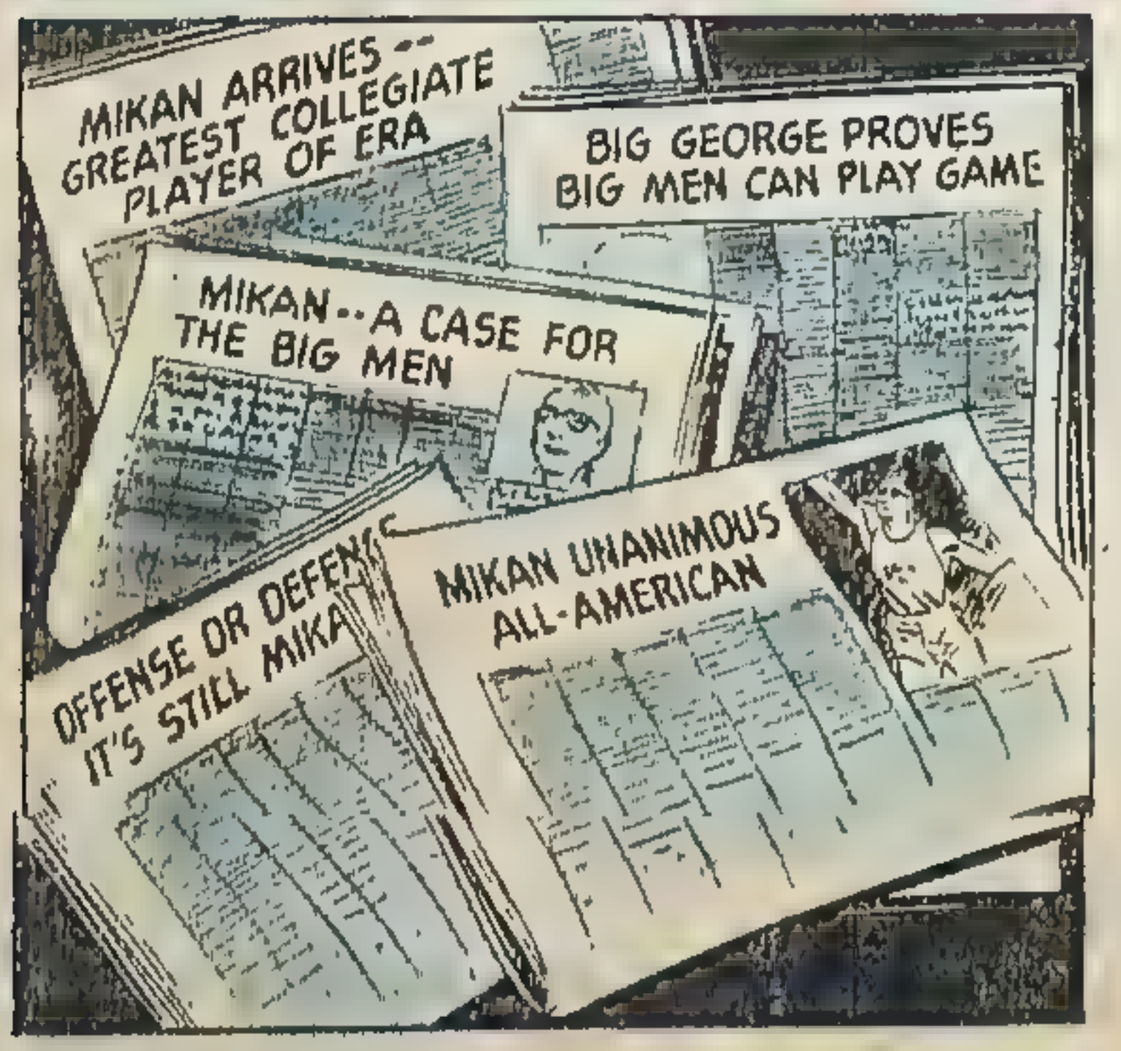
"THE CHICAGO CUBS WERE INTERESTED IN MIKAN WHEN HE PITCHED A 3-0 NO-HITTER ONE AFTERNOON, BUT GEORGE DECIDED TO STICK WITH RAY MEYER AND THE BOYS..."

"THE MORE GEORGE THOUGHT OF THE GAMBLER'S PROPOSITION THE MORE INFURIATED HE BECAME. GEORGE WENT ON A RAMPAGE THAT NIGHT. HE SANK 53 POINTS TO LEAD HIS TEAM TO A 97-53 MASSACRE OF THE POWERFUL RHODE ISLAND QUINTET..."



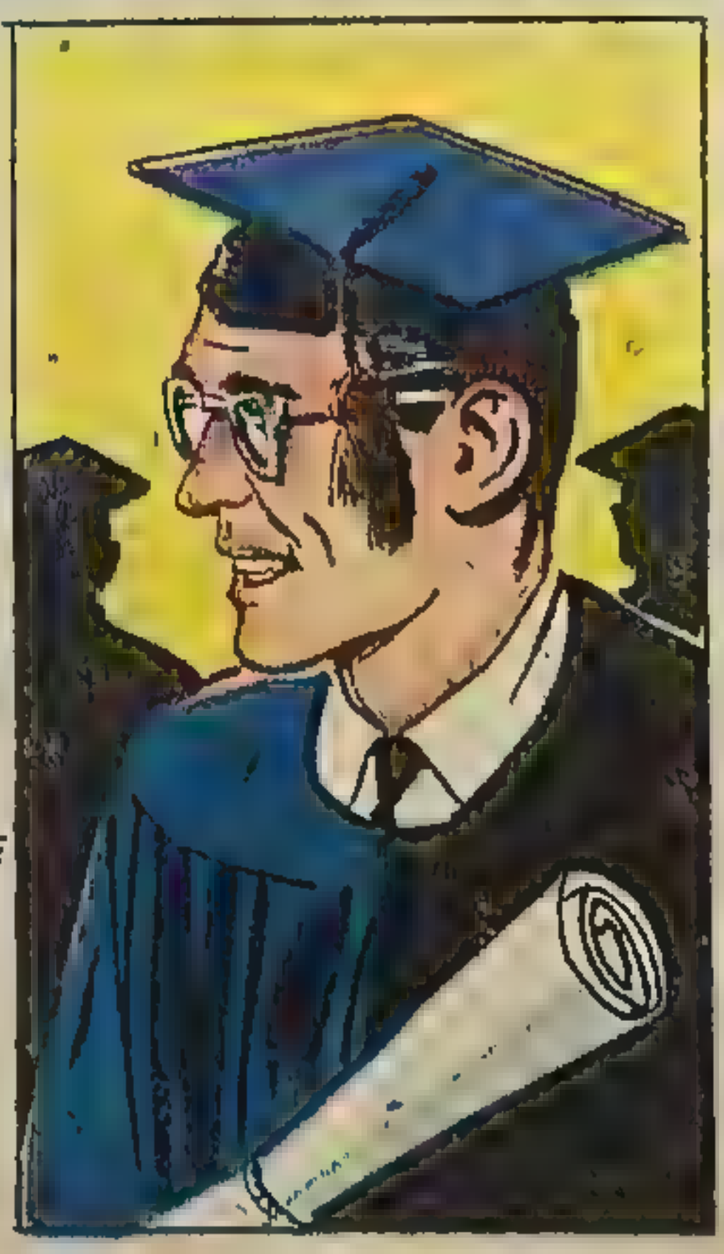
"BOWLING GREEN TUMBLED BEFORE DEPAUL, AS GEORGE RANG UP 34 POINTS. DEPAUL HAD WON THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP. BUT GEORGE'S CROWNING MOMENT WAS YET TO COME..."





"THE HIGHLIGHT OF THE SEASON WAS A VICTORY OVER NOTRE DAME. DEPAUL THEN DEFEATED LIU, 75-51, BUT MUCH TO EVERYONE'S SURPRISE THEY WERE NOT INVITED BACK TO DEFEND THEIR TITLE IN THE NIT. FEW TEAMS COULD MATCH THEIR 19-5 RECORD FOR THE SEASON... THE SEASON... GEORGE'S LAST ONE FOR DEPAUL."

"IN REVIEWING GEORGE'S COLLEGE CAREER MOST PEOPLE POINT TO HIS RECORD OF 1,869 POINTS FOR A 19-PLUS AVERAGE IN 98 GAMES (81 WON--17 LOST) BUT GEORGE IS JUST AS PROUD OF THE B AVERAGE HE MAINTAINED WHILE EARNING HIS LAW DEGREE..."



"IN MARCH '46 GEORGE STARTED HIS PRO CAREER WITH THE CHICAGO GEARS AT AN ESTIMATED $12,000 PER SEASON. TODAY, WITH THE MINNEAPOLIS LAKERS, HE IS STILL CONSIDERED AMONG THE HIGHEST PAID HOOPSTERS IN THE GAME. GEORGE MIKAN, THE LAWYER WHO EARNS HIS KEEP ON THE HARDWOOD COURT, IS INDEED, **MR. BASKETBALL...**"

BILL STERN'S SPORTS SURPRISE

The HEART OF A CHAMPION

BILL STERN

"IN 1922 THE SCOURGE OF THE RING WAS A TWO-FISTED DEMON KNOWN AS ***HARRY GREB, THE PITTSBURGH WINDMILL!*** THE THUDDING FISTS OF THIS HUMAN DYNAMO HAD STRUCK FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF FIGHTERS IN EVERY CLASS FROM THE MIDDLEWEIGHTS UP. AT THE AGE OF 28, AND WEIGHING BUT 160 POUNDS, HE HAD LICKED SUCH OUTSTANDING HEAVY-WEIGHT CONTENDERS AS GUNBOAT SMITH AND TOMMY GIBBONS, WHO LATER HELD DEMPSEY FOR 15 ROUNDS. BUT THERE WAS ONE FIGHTER WHO DID NOT BLANCH AT THE PROSPECT OF FACING GREB. THIS WAS ***GENE TUNNEY,*** THE 24-YEAR-OLD LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP. THE BOYS WERE SIGNED TO MEET FOR GENE'S TITLE. TUNNEY TIPPED THE SCALES AT 174 ½ TO GREB'S 162 ¼. OUR STORY OPENS IN TUNNEY'S DRESSING ROOM AT THE OLD MADISON SQUARE GARDEN IN NEW YORK CITY ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 23, 1922..."

HARRY GREB

YOU'LL HAVE YOUR HANDS FULL TONIGHT, GENE! GREB'S A TOUGH BOY!

DON'T WORRY, BOYS! I CAN TAKE CARE OF GREB— OR ANY OTHER FIGHTER!

OKAY, GENE! BUT JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE AN 8-5 FAVORITE, DON'T TAKE THIS GUY TOO LIGHTLY! HE'S A GIANT-KILLER! WATCH YOURSELF!

LET'S GO! WE DON'T WANT TO KEEP GREB WAITING!

ALL RIGHT, CHAMP! YOU'RE ON!

"A FEW MOMENTS LATER THE TWO GLADIATORS STOOD IN THE RING BEFORE A PACKED HOUSE OF 15,000 ROARING FANS..."

REMEMBER, GENE! KEEP THAT LEFT PUMPING INTO HIS FACE! LOOK FOR A SPOT TO DRIVE THAT RIGHT HAND! GOOD LUCK!

BONG!

"THE RANGY EX-MARINE, WHO TOWERED ALMOST FIVE INCHES ABOVE HIS OPPONENT, MET THE CHARGING GREB HALFWAY WITH A DARTING LEFT JAB..."

"...GREB MERELY BRUSHED ASIDE THE ANNOYING GLOVE AND SLAMMED HOME A LEFT AND RIGHT TO THE CHAMP'S HEAD. ALL OF HIS 162 POUNDS OF POWER AND FURY WENT INTO HIS BLOWS..."

UGH!

"HARRY POUNCED ON THE STARTLED YOUNG CHAMPION WITH A SUDDEN FLURRY OF BLOWS THAT DROVE TUNNEY ACROSS THE RING..."

"AT LAST -- THE BELL..."

I-I'VE NEVER SEEN A FIGHTER LIKE HIM! HE'S ALL ARMS! I CAN'T SEEM TO WARD HIM OFF, DOC!

SAVE YOUR BREATH, GENE! YOU'VE GOT A LONG WAY TO GO! A LONG WAY!

CLANG!

"WHILE IN GREB'S CORNER..."

YA GOT 'IM, HARRY! KEEP ON TOP OF HIM, DON'T LET 'IM BOX!

GOT'CHA, CHIEF!

"ON THE SUCCEEDING THREE ROUNDS, GREB'S LEFT HOOK PAINTED A CRIMSON MASK OVER TUNNEY'S FACE!!!"

"THE FURY OF GREB'S ATTACK RAGED UNABATED THROUGH THE NEXT FOUR ROUNDS. THE BLOND YOUTH COULD FIND NO DEFENSE AGAINST THE FLAILING ARMS OF THE WINDMILL'..."

COME ON, YOU BIG BUM! GREB IS HALF YOUR SIZE--DO SOMETHING!

GIVE 'IM THE AXE, HARRY!

"MIDWAY IN ROUND NINE, THE CROWD GREW SUDDENLY STILL AS REFEREE KID McPARTLAND STEPPED BETWEEN THE FIGHTERS, AND..."

IF THIS EYE GETS ANY WORSE, I'M GONNA HAVE TO STOP IT!

NO! PLEASE! I'M ALL RIGHT!

"ON THE FEAR OF LOSING BY A TECHNICAL KNOCK-OUT, THE BATTERED YOUTH DREW UPON SOME HIDDEN STOREHOUSE OF ENERGY AND SUDDENLY UN-LEASHED A FURIOUS ATTACK OF RIGHT-HAND SMASHES TO GREB'S BODY..."

OOF!

THUD

"BUT NINE YEARS OF RING LORE, AND THE EXPERIENCE GAINED FROM MORE THAN 200 FIGHTS, STOOD GREB IN GOOD STEAD. HE QUICKLY TIED UP THE WEAKENED CHAMP'S POWERFUL RIGHT..."

THAT'S A GREAT TRY, CHAMP, BUT THIS IS OL' HARRY GREB'S NIGHT! WATCH MY SMOKE IN THE NEXT ROUND!

WHAT'S KEEPING TUNNEY UP? HE'S TAKEN ENOUGH TO FELL AN OX!

I DON'T KNOW, BUT HE'S GOT PLENTY OF MOXIE TO STAND UP TO GREB AND TAKE ALL THAT PUNISHMENT! **WOW! WHAT A MESS!**

"GREB RENEWED HIS ATTACK WITH VIGOR IN THE 10TH ROUND. A WHISTLING RIGHT SMASHED THE BRIDGE OF THE CHAMP'S NOSE. ROUNDS 11, 12, 13 AND 14 WERE SESSIONS OF AGONY FOR TUNNEY AS GREB ALL BUT BEAT HIM TO THE CANVAS..."

"AS THE BATTERED GLADIATOR STAGGERED TO HIS CORNER AT THE END OF ROUND 14, DOC BAGLEY, THE CHAMP'S MANAGER STEPPED FORWARD, AND..."

SIT DOWN, GENE! THAT'S ALL! I'M TOSSING IN THE TOWEL!

NO, DOC, NO! I HAVEN'T COME THIS FAR **TO QUIT!** GET ME READY FOR THE LAST ROUND!

"AT LAST IT WAS OVER. TUNNEY LIMPED TO HIS CORNER, HIS DREAMS SHATTERED. HE FOUGHT BACK THE TEARS AS HE LISTENED TO RING ANNOUNCER JOE HUMPHREYS..."

"GREB SHOWED NO MERCY IN THE LAST ROUND!"

CLANG CLANG CLANG

WINNER AND NEW **LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION... HARRY GREB!**

GENE TUNNEY

"LATER, IN THE EX-CHAMP'S DRESSING-ROOM..."

TUNNEY HAD EVERYTHING ON GREB! YOUTH--HEIGHT--WEIGHT, AND COULDN'T BEAT HIM! I USED TO THINK THIS KID HAD SOMETHING! TOO BAD---

YEAH! TUNNEY IS THROUGH! HE'LL NEVER RECOVER FROM THE BEATING HARRY GAVE HIM!

I'LL MAKE THEM EAT THEIR WORDS, DOC! GET ME GREB AGAIN! I LEARNED A LOT IN THERE TONIGHT! I CAN BEAT GREB AND ANYONE ELSE ...YOU'LL SEE...

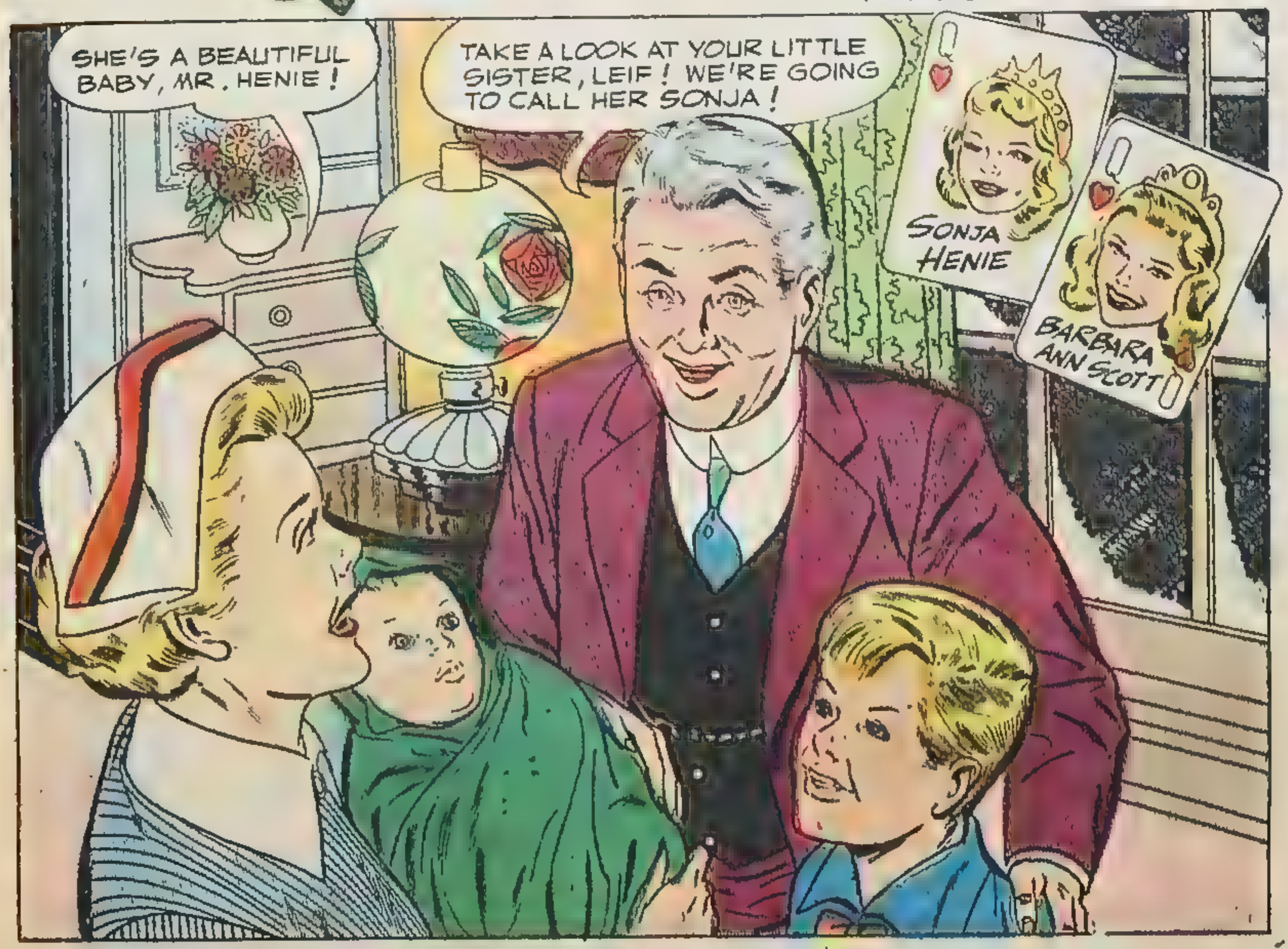
JACK DEMPSEY

GENE TUNNEY

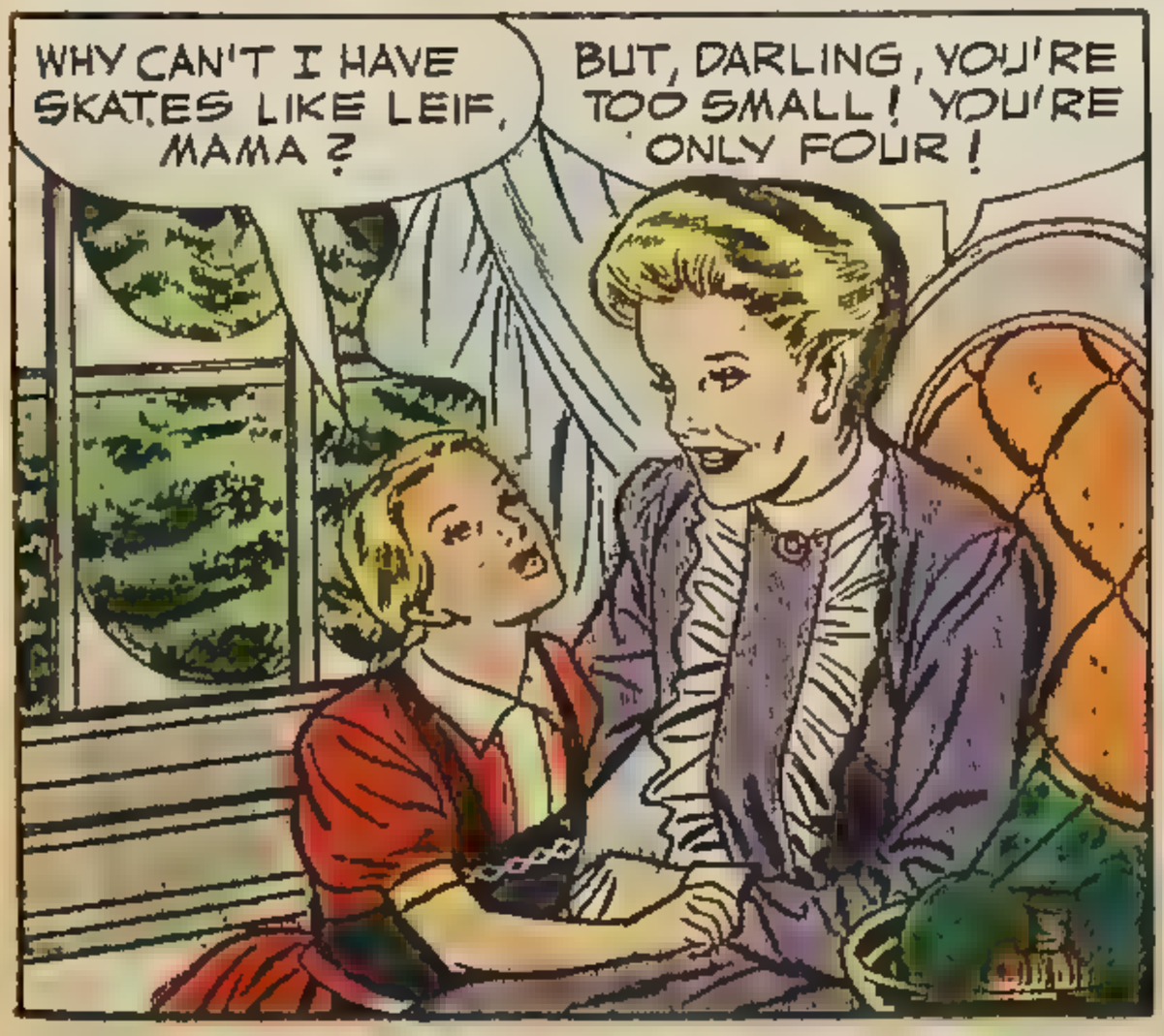
"AFTER SUFFERING ONE OF THE WORST BEATINGS IN THE ANNALS OF THE RING, A BEATING THAT MIGHT HAVE SENT A LESSER MAN INTO RETIREMENT, TUNNEY PROVED HIS METTLE BY STORMING BACK TO SCALE THE HEIGHTS. HE AVENGED THIS DEFEAT—HIS ONLY ONE IN A LONG CAREER—WITH **TWO** VICTORIES OVER GREB. THEN HE KNOCKED OUT GEORGES CARPENTIER OF FRANCE AND TOMMY GIBBONS, AND WENT ON TO PROVE HIS CONTENTION THAT HE COULD LICK ANY MAN IN THE WORLD BY TWICE BEATING **JACK DEMPSEY** FOR THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD. IN 1928 TUNNEY RETIRED FROM THE RING—THE **ONLY UNDEFEATED CHAMPION IN BOXING'S HISTORY.** TODAY, HE IS A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESSMAN."

A Pair of Queens

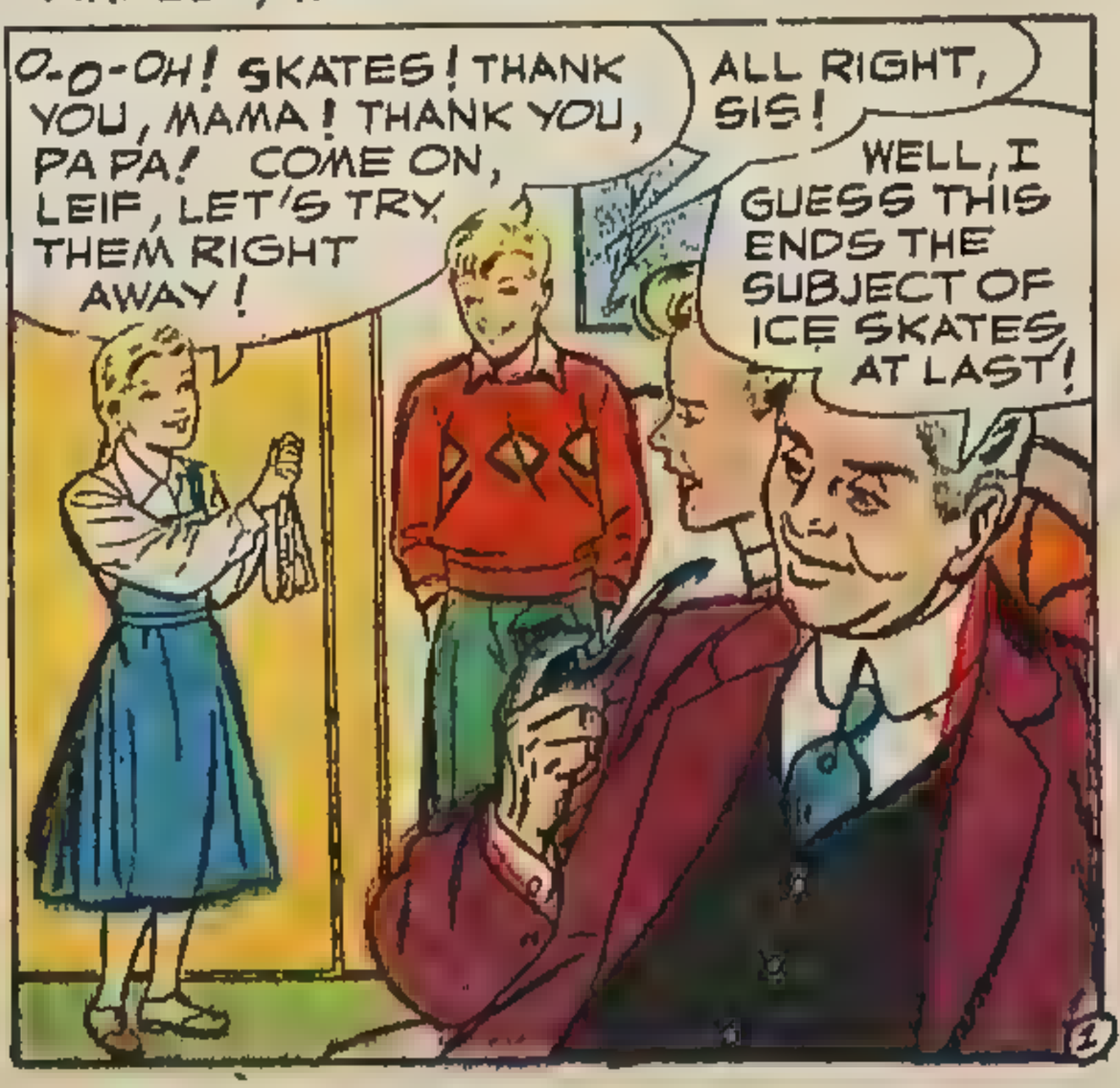
SOME PEOPLE ATTACH SIGNIFICANCE TO THE CIRCUMSTANCES SURROUNDING THE BIRTH OF A BABY, AND THERE WAS SOMETHING SYMBOLIC ABOUT THE ARRIVAL OF THIS PARTICULAR BABY. IN FROZEN OSLO, NORWAY, BLIZZARDS AREN'T UNUSUAL. BUT THIS ONE CAME IN A MILD APRIL. THE YEAR WAS 1913, AND THE LITTLE GIRL BORN THAT DAY WAS DESTINED TO BECOME A *QUEEN OF THE ICE*...



STRANGELY, IT WAS BEING A "LITTLE SISTER" THAT FIRED SONJA'S AMBITION...



FINALLY, WHEN SONJA WAS SIX...



IT LOOKS EASY! I MUST SHOW LEIF I CAN SKATE, TOO!

NOT SO FAST, SIS! HA! HA! HA!

I F-FELL! N-NOW YOU'LL NEVER LET ME COME WITH YOU AGAIN!

LISTEN, SONJA! YOU MUST LEARN TO RELAX SO YOU WON'T GET HURT. COME ON, I'LL TEACH YOU!

BUT LEIF'S PATIENCE WAS NO MATCH FOR SONJA'S ENTHUSIASM...

HOW DARE YOU TRY TO SNEAK OFF WITHOUT ME, LEIF HENIE?

AW, I'M SUPPOSED TO MEET THE FELLOWS TODAY! DO YOU HAVE TO TAG ALONG EVERY TIME?

I'LL SHOW THAT LEIF I CAN BE JUST AS GOOD AS HE IS!

OH, LITTLE GIRL!

I'M HJORD OLSEN! I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU SKATE! WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME AND TRY SOME FIGURES WITH ME?

OH, WOULD I? THANK YOU, MISS OLSEN!

YOUR DAUGHTER IS EXTREMELY TALENTED, AND SHE LOVES TO SKATE! WON'T YOU LET HER ENTER THE CHILDREN'S COMPETITION?

SHE'S ONLY SEVEN, AND MOST OF THE CHILDREN ARE TWICE HER AGE. BUT SOONER OR LATER, SHE'LL HAVE TO FACE COMPETITION! I THINK WE'LL LET HER TRY!

SO SONJA WON THE PRIZE SHE WAS TO VALUE MOST ALL HER LIFE...

TO THE WINNER OF FIRST PLACE-- SONJA HENIE!

OH, WHAT A BEAU-TIFUL PAPER CUTTER!

IT LOOKS AS IF WE'LL HAVE TO GET USED TO HAVING A CHAM-PION IN THE FAMILY!

YES, AND ALL THE HULLABALOO AND EXPENSE THAT GO WITH IT! BUT ISN'T IT THRILLING? OUR LITTLE SONJA! I'M SO PROUD!

WHAT A DARLING CHILD! AND SUCH TALENT-- ONLY NINE YEARS OLD, AND CHAMPION OF NORWAY!

SHE WILL BRING MUCH GLORY TO OUR COUNTRY!

BUT, MR. HENIE, YOUR DAUGHTER IS MUCH TOO YOUNG TO COMPETE IN THE OLYMPICS!

SONJA IS THE CHAMPION OF NORWAY! SHE HAS A RIGHT TO ENTER!

FOR SONJA'S PARENTS, THE OLYMPIC CONTEST HAD THE DESIRED RESULT...

I KNOW IT'S A GREAT DIS-APPOINTMENT TO LOSE, DEAR, BUT THIS WAS THE ONLY WAY YOU COULD LEARN WHAT A HARD ROAD LIES AHEAD, IF YOU WANT TO WIN THE OLYMPICS. WE WANT YOU TO BE SURE IT'S WHAT YOU WANT!

OH, YES, MOTHER, IT IS! I'M GOING TO BE IN THE NEXT OLYMPICS. AND I'M GOING TO WIN!

THAT'S ENOUGH FOR NOW, SONJA!

NO! I'M GOING TO PRACTICE THESE FIGURES FOR A FEW MORE HOURS!

AND SO...

NO ONE HAS EVER SKATED LIKE THIS! AND ONLY THIRTEEN YEARS OLD!

THEN WE'RE ALL AGREED! SONJA HENIE IS THE NEW WORLD'S CHAMPION!

JUDGE

IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF A RECORD THAT HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALED...

SONJA HENIE... OLYMPIC CHAMPION, 1928, 1932, 1936

10 TIMES WORLD CHAMPION

AND AFTER SONJA'S 1936 OLYMPIC VICTORY...

NOW THAT YOU'VE FULFILLED YOUR AMBITION TO BE THE ONLY WOMAN TO WIN THREE OLYMPIC SKATING TITLES, WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS, MISS HENIE?

I'M GOING TO TURN PROFESSIONAL! IT'S ALWAYS BEEN MY DREAM TO PUT ON A BIG ICE SHOW THAT EVERYONE CAN SEE. A LOT OF PEOPLE TELL ME IT CAN'T BE DONE, BUT I HOPE TO PROVE THEY'RE WRONG!

BUT ANOTHER KIND OF SUCCESS CAME FIRST--**HOLLYWOOD!**

CONGRATULATIONS, SONJA! I HEAR YOUR FIRST PICTURE IS A TREMENDOUS HIT!

THANKS, TY! I ONLY HOPE IT WILL MAKE PEOPLE TRY SKATING THEMSELVES, AND ENJOY IT AS MUCH AS I DO!

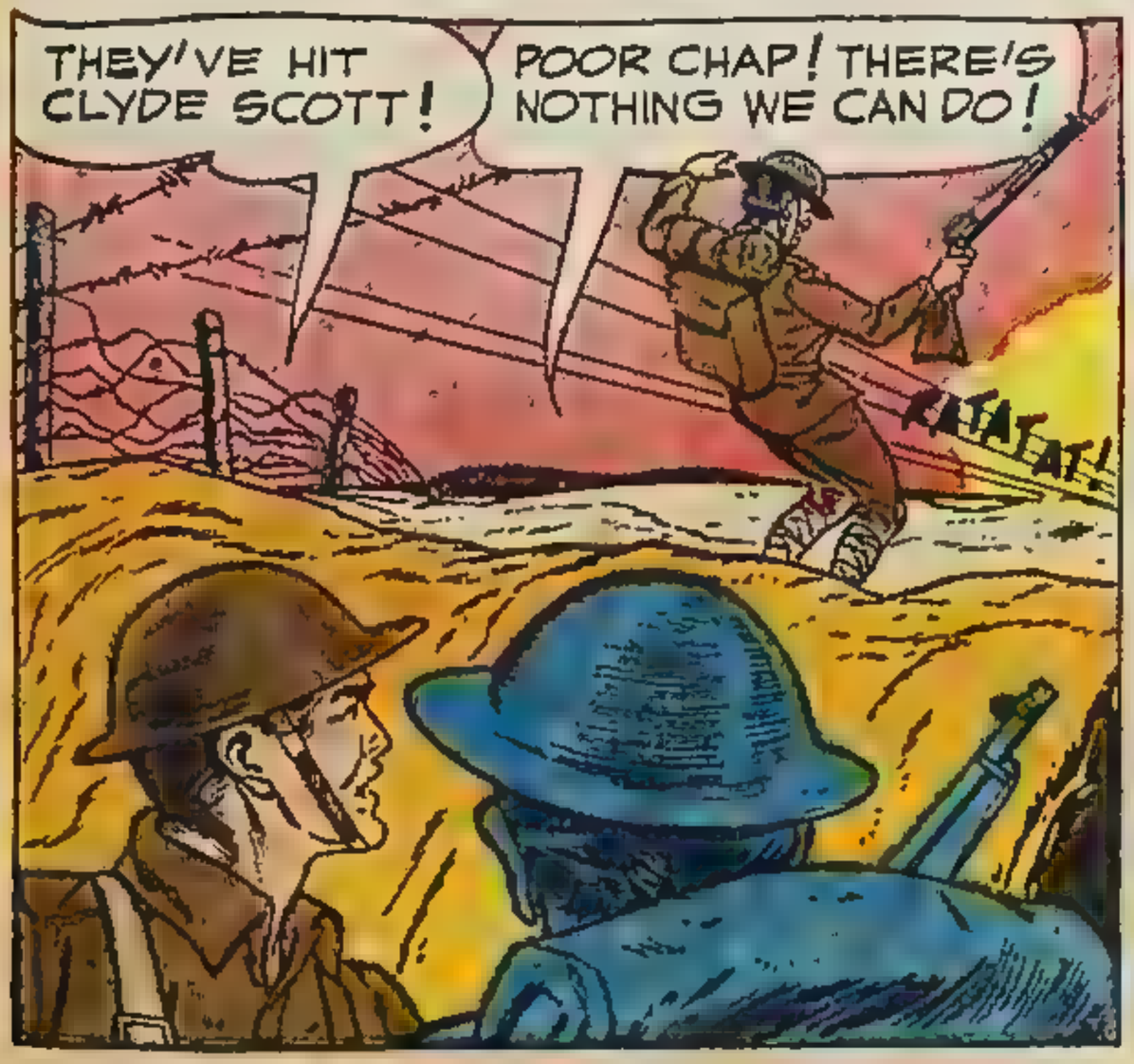
AT LAST, SONJA'S GREATEST DREAM CAME TRUE! SHE LEFT HOLLYWOOD TO PRODUCE HER WORLD-FAMOUS ICE SHOW...

WHAT A SHOW! THERE'LL NEVER BE ANYONE LIKE SONJA HENIE!

It seemed that the public was right. While sonja was presenting her dazzling ice shows, not a single skater challenged her reign as Queen of the Ice, until a blond, blue-eyed girl from Ottawa, Canada, came along...

BARBARA ANN SCOTT

HER STORY HAD A STRANGE BEGINNING...



SCOTT WAS TAKEN PRISONER AND RELEASED AT WAR'S END...

CLYDE SCOTT'S WOUNDS WERE A LASTING HANDICAP, BUT HE FOUND NEW HAPPINESS IN HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER...

HA! HA! IT LOOKS AS IF OUR LITTLE BARBARA ANN WILL BE AN ATHLETE!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, DEAR! NOW THAT I CAN'T ENJOY SPORTS ANYMORE, I REALIZE HOW MUCH THEY ADD TO A PERSON'S LIFE! AND I'M GOING TO SEE THAT OUR GIRL DOESN'T MISS ANY OF IT!

BARBARA ANN'S FATHER KEPT HIS PROMISE, AND HE AND "TINKER", AS HE CALLED HER, BECAME GREAT PALS...

DO YOU LIKE SKATING, HONEY?

OH, DADDY, THIS IS THE BEST FUN OF ALL!

PLEASE LET ME GO TO THE RINK ALONE TO PRACTICE, MOTHER!

ALL RIGHT, BUT DO BE CAREFUL, AND COME HOME EARLY!

GET OUTA THE WAY, SPROUT! SKATING'S FOR BIG KIDS!

O-O-OH! YOU'VE SPOILED ALL MY FIGURES!

I WON'T GIVE UP! I WANT DADDY TO BE PROUD OF ME!

WELL, TINKER, YOU'RE TAKING THIS SKATING SO SERIOUSLY THAT WE'VE DECIDED SOMETHING MUST BE DONE ABOUT IT. WE'VE HIRED A TUTOR FOR YOU, SO THAT YOU CAN SPEND MORE TIME AT PRACTICE!

AT TEN, BARBARA ANN WAS THE YOUNGEST CANADIAN GIRL EVER TO WIN THE COVETED SKATERS' GOLD MEDAL ...

JUDGES

WITH THE MEDAL CAME AN UNEXPECTED HONOR FROM A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR TO CANADA...

HERE IS A MEMENTO OF OUR VISIT, BARBARA ANN!

THANK YOU VERY MUCH, MISS HENIE!

WINNER OF THE NATIONAL JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP OF CANADA -- ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD BARBARA ANN SCOTT!

THIS IS THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE!

BUT TWO YEARS LATER, A HEART-BROKEN DAUGHTER MOURNED THE LOSS OF A BELOVED FATHER...

I'LL MISS YOU SO, DADDY. BUT I'M GOING TO BE A CHAMPION, BECAUSE IT WOULD HAVE MADE YOU SO HAPPY. I KNOW I CAN DO IT... FOR YOU!

NOW THAT I'VE WON THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP, EVERYONE WANTS ME TO GO ON, MOTHER. BUT I DON'T SEE HOW WE CAN! IT'S SO EXPENSIVE!

I KNOW, DEAR! WE CAN LIVE COMFORTABLY ON YOUR FATHER'S PENSION, BUT SKATING EXPENSES ARE SOMETHING ELSE. BUT WE MUST FIND A WAY!

WITHOUT THEIR KNOWING IT, OTHERS WERE THINKING OF THE SAME PROBLEM...

WE WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND THAT WE'RE NOT JUST HELPING TO RAISE THE MONEY BECAUSE WE WERE FRIENDS OF BARBARA ANN'S FATHER! WE BELIEVE THAT BARBARA ANN WILL BRING FAME TO CANADA, AND IT'S A PRIVILEGE TO HELP!

AT LAST, SHE ATTAINED HER GOAL -- BARBARA ANN WON THE OLYMPIC CHAMPIONSHIP IN 1948!

I'VE WON, JUST AS DADDY WISHED! IF HE COULD ONLY BE HERE!

MOTHER, LOOK! CONGRATULATIONS FROM THE PRIME MINISTER HIMSELF!

BARBARA ANN TURNED PROFESSIONAL, AND ANOTHER ICE QUEEN REIGNED...

SHE'S EXQUISITE! A DOLL! THE ONLY SKATER WHO CAN COMPARE TO SONJA!

SO, THE PUBLIC PAYS HOMAGE TO NOT ONE, BUT TO A PAIR OF QUEENS OF THE ICE! LONG MAY THEY REIGN!

SONJA HENIE

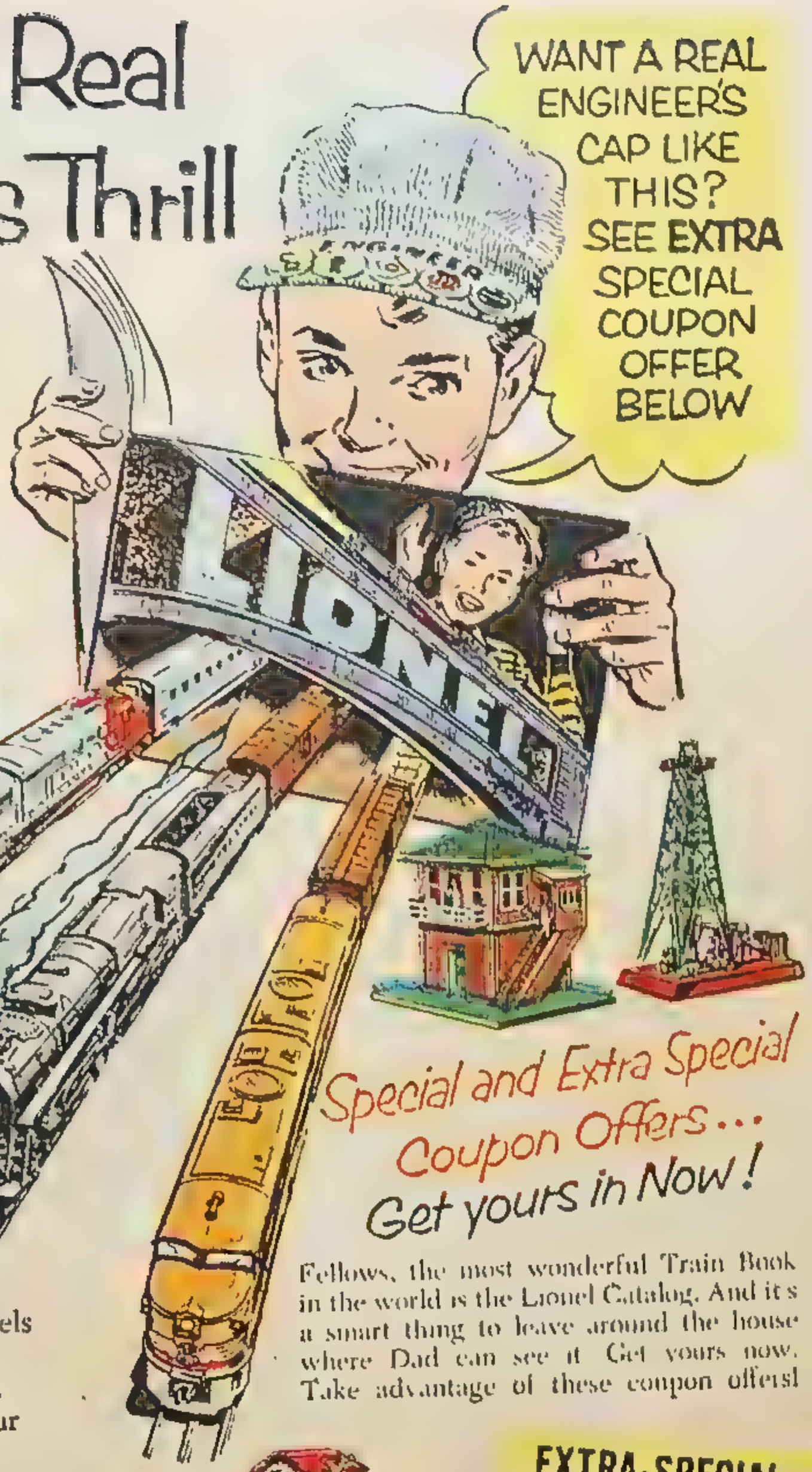
BARBARA ANN SCOTT

The End

Boys, Get That Real R.R. Engineer's Thrill

THAT COMES ONLY WITH

LIONEL TRAINS



Yes-siree,
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THE BUCKEYE BULLET

IT was a warm summer day in 1933 The finest high school sprinters in the nation lined up for the start of the 100-yard dash. The official starter raised his gun, and paused momentarily as he looked over this array of athletes who had come to compete in the National Interscholastic Championships at the University of Chicago.

"On your marks—get set"—BAM! They were off in a blaze of flashing spikes and flying cinders. At first they were bunched closely. Then at the fifty-foot mark a slender Negro boy, wearing the colors of East Technical High School of Cleveland, Ohio, burst into the lead as if propelled by a cannon. His thin legs ate up the cinder track with the grace of a gazelle. The rest of the field was left hopelessly behind. As his boyish chest broke the tape across the finish line the official timers clicked their watches and blinked their eyes.

There was a hurried consulation. They checked their watches, shook their heads in disbelief. But their highly accurate timepieces checked perfectly. They didn't lie. The crowd buzzed with curiosity over the delay. Then it came, and the low buzz turned into a roar of acclaim as the announcer's voice sang out: "Time for the 100-yard dash, 09.4 seconds, a new American record, by Jesse Owens, East Technical High, Cleveland, Ohio."

When they lined up for the 220-yard dash, slim Jesse was among the starters. There was no one close to him at the finish. Once again the officials went into conference. Lightning had struck twice. Young Owens had shattered another mark and had set a new American record of 20.7 seconds.

But Jesse was just beginning. A few minutes later he had officials checking their tape measures as he shattered the running broad jump mark and set a new standard of 24 feet 11¼ inches. Jesse Owens' unprecedented triple record-shattering victory set the track and field world back on its heels. Never had a schoolboy run so fast or jumped so far.

Owens' performance that afternoon was only the forerunner of things to come. Jesse matriculated at Ohio State. His primary aim was to better his status in life through a good education. But he still found plenty of time to devote to his first love—track.

Fans around the country received word of Jesse's scholastic track triumph with some skepticism. It just didn't seem possible. "Must have had a strong wind at his back," was the typical comment. Jesse's pride had been deeply hurt. He was determined to dispel any doubts, and to do it as quickly as possible. People really began to sit up and take notice when this Ohio State freshman set a new world mark of 25 feet 3½ inches in the running broad jump. Let them laugh *that* one off.

The following season Owens opened his outdoor campaign by becoming the first human being ever to jump 26 feet when he exceeded that mark by 1¾ inches. There was no stopping the Ohio flash now.

Records fell like tenpins before Owens. He racked up victory after victory in the dashes, broad jump and low hurdles. In spectacular fashion the Cleveland youngster swept to triumphs in the Wisconsin, Northwestern, Chicago and Big Ten Championships. In 1935 the entire world was singing his praises after his prodigious victory in the Big Ten Championhips at Ann Arbor, Michigan. He was a one-man track team. Typical of the press reports on his accomplishments is this excerpt:

". . . Briefly, what Owens has done in the past fortnight is this: Twice equalled Frank Wyckoff's world record of 09.4 for the 100-yard dash (a feat he had already accomplished in high school); shattered all listed standards for the 220-yard dash with a 20.3, and leaped farther than any other human being has or could hope to, with a broad jump of 26 feet 8¾ inches. What next?"

Jesse Owens was the toast of the nation. Despite his amazing deeds, and the adulation to which he was subjected, Jesse remained a regular guy—a guy whose hat still fit.

The following year—1936—was an Olympic year. Jesse made the team with ease. The Olympics meant a great deal to the Negro lad, and to his people, for the traditional contests were to be held in Berlin, Germany. The Berlin of the pre-war years.

Adolph Hitler, almost at the height of his power in that year, was preaching the gospel of Nordic racial superiority to his fanatical followers. He had made vitriolic comments on the decadent Americans and their ridiculous democracy. He had ridiculed the American Olympic team and had made pointed remarks about its Negro members. Hadn't Max Schmeling, the pride of Germany's heavyweight boxers, just knocked out Joe Louis? Didn't this prove that the Nazis were a master race, far superior to any American or any Negro?

A smile of satisfaction crossed Jesse Owens' face as he qualified for the trip to Berlin. He had a personal score to settle with Herr Hitler.

The day for which Jesse had long been waiting finally arrived. It was not an ideal day for running. The sky was dark and ominous. A slight drizzle began to fall. The air was cool. Still the stadium was packed with 110,000 frenzied Nazis who had come to see the Nordic warriors turn back the non-Aryan hordes. What a bitter blow they were about to receive. Jesse Owens was destined to overshadow any previous individual performance the world had ever seen.

As they lined up for the start of the 100-meter run, Jesse glanced quickly around the immense stadium for a glimpse of Der Fuehrer. He had not yet arrived. No matter. Jesse steeled himself and was off with the gun. No one ever came close to him. Jesse Owens flashed across the finish line, sailing free and going away. The announcement of the time was made in German. It was met with silence, then a polite spattering of applause. Jesse was disappointed. This meant his time couldn't have been anything special. But as he neared the team bench, head lowered, his team-mates rushed over and pounded him on the back. Jesse Owens had just set a new Olympic record. 10.3 seconds. The crowd wasn't as enthusiastic, however. Wait 'til the next race. It couldn't happen again.

Then, a sudden roar from the crowd. Drums rolled and the cry of, "Sieg heil!" thundered through the stadium. Herr Hitler had arrived; too late to see Owens' victory, but Der Fuehrer was to have another chance. Jesse was entered in the 200-meter run.

Jesse's spikes ate up the cinders as he pounded around the track kicking his heels in the face of his competitors. Never had he run so hard. Never had he run so fast. Jesse could feel it deep within himself. He didn't have to wait for the announcement to know that he had shattered another mark. The official time showed 20.7 seconds, a new world and Olympic mark.

Jesse was tired from his supreme effort in the dashes but was determined to chalk up one more win for the day. His specialty was coming up. The running broad jump.

Here was an event Owens could win in his sleep with one hand tied behind his back. Despite his fatigue, Jesse leaped 26 feet 5 5/16 inches to set a new Olympic mark in that event.

That night a tired but happy Jesse Owens dozed off, thinking of the crowning satisfaction that would be his, when he stood up to receive the awards from Adolph Hitler himself.

The following day Jesse added further to the Nazi's embarrassment by running a leg on the 400-meter relay team. He and his team-mates, Ralph Metcalfe, also a Negro, Draper and Wyckoff drummed out a dazzling 39.8 to set a new world and Olympic mark.

Herr Hitler could stand it no longer. Before the day's activities came to a close he had sneaked out a back entrance and driven away from the stadium.

Jesse Owens received no acclaim from the German people or their nominal head. But this story has a strange climax.

Fifteen years later, more than 70,000 Germans of West Berlin jammed their way into Olympic Stadium to cheer and whistle for an all-Negro basketball team known as the Harlem Globe Trotters. Just before High Commissioner John J. McCloy threw out the ball to open the game, a helicopter came whirring over the stadium. It hovered overhead for a moment, and then made a landing in the center of the hushed stadium. The door opened and out strode Jesse Owens, clad in track shorts and spikes—looking just as he did that day in 1936.

Jesse stepped to a microphone and spoke to this new generation of Germans. He spoke to them of the advantages of life in a democratic world, the need for peace and good will among mankind. Never before had anyone spoken with such sincerity. When he finished there was a moment of silence and then the children of those who had scorned Jesse filled the air with wild acclaim: "Run, Jesse, run!" they cried.

Slowly, deliberately, the great champion stepped onto the cinder track and jogged around the great oval. When the "Buckeye Bullet" reached the end of the track, and headed for the dressing room, there wasn't a dry eye in the stadium. But the most thrilling moment was yet to come.

Mayor Schrieber of West Berlin, approached Jesse. He raised his hand to silence the crowd. Then, in a quivering, sincere voice, that all could hear, he spoke:

"In 1936, Hitler refused to shake your hand. Mr. Owens, I offer you *both* of mine!"

At last a hero had received his just reward, for surely this is what Jesse had been fighting for all his life. The sports world will never forget those momentous days of 1936, but to Jesse Owens the great moment did not come until fifteen years later.

THE END

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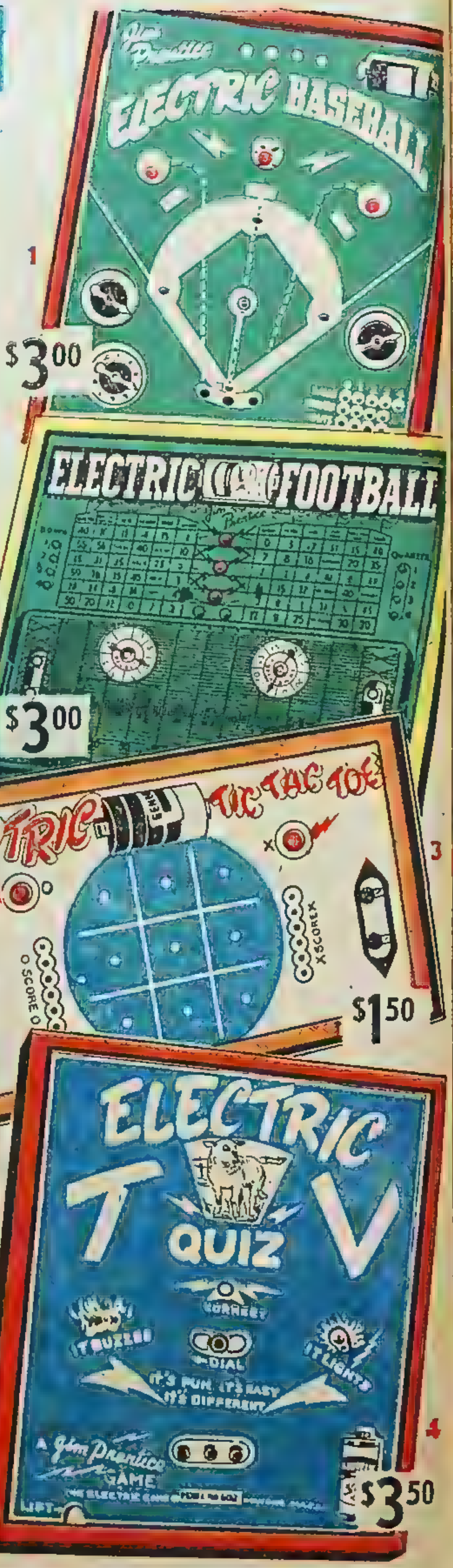

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FOR MORE THAN 5,000 YEARS, THE SPORT OF WRESTLING HAS FLOURISHED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. BUT NEVER HAS IT ENJOYED AS MUCH POPULARITY AS IT DOES TODAY. NEVER HAS IT HAD SO MANY SPECTATORS, FOR ONE TURN OF A DIAL BRINGS THE MAT MASTODONS INTO THE FANS' HOMES. THIS IS THE STORY OF THE ANCIENT SPORT AND ITS EVOLUTION. THIS IS THE STORY OF...

WRESTLING
TV'S PRIDE and JOY

WRESTLING WAS FIRST INTRODUCED TO AMERICA IN COLONIAL TIMES, WHEN A ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE VERSION WAS EXTREMELY POPULAR AMONG ALL CLASSES...

BRAVO! IT LOOKS LIKE A PIN!

GOOD GOING, OLD MAN!

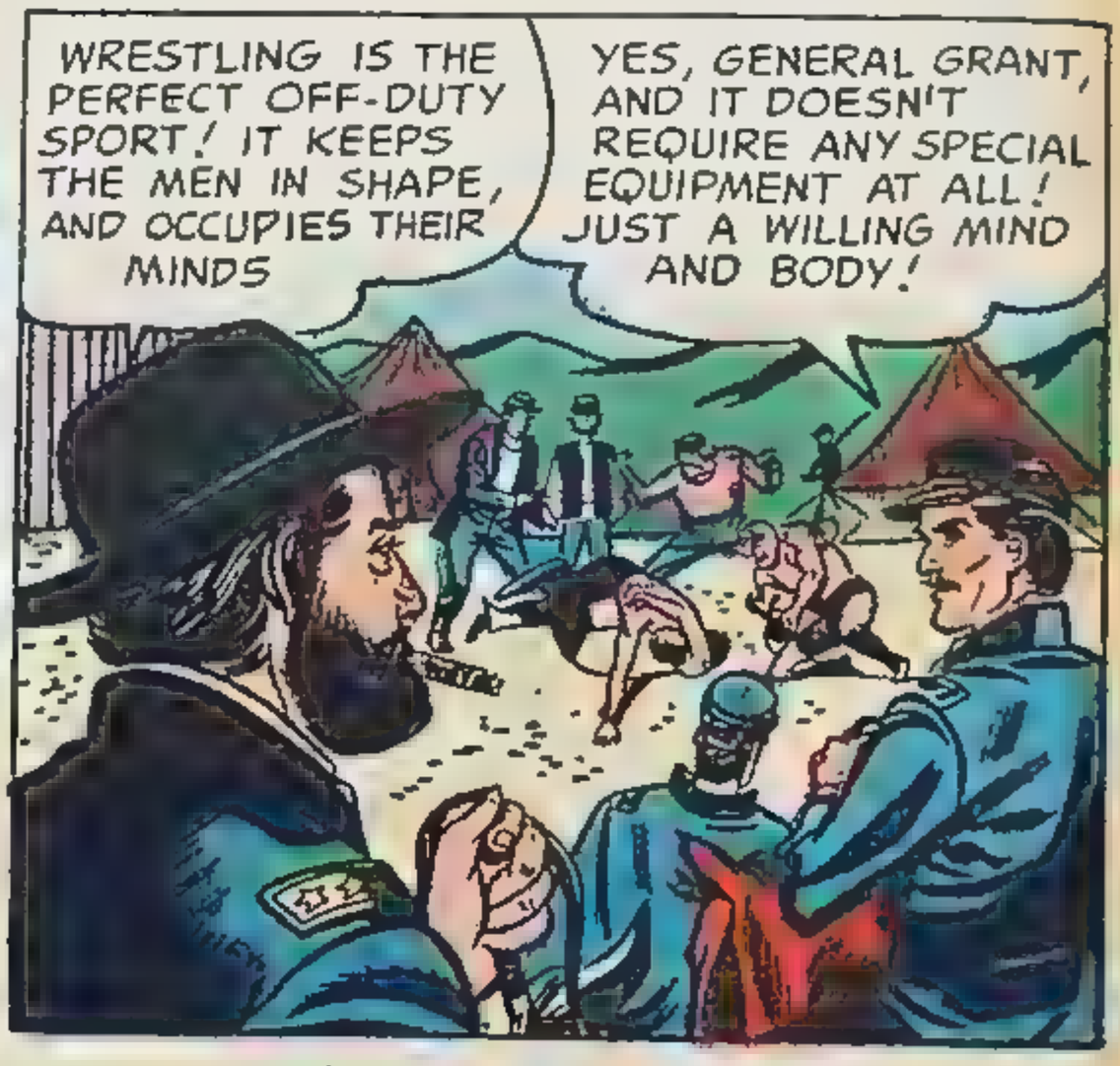
THE WINNER AND NEW CHAMPION OF VIRGINIA, GEORGE WASHINGTON!

BRAVO!

HURRAH!

THE ROUGH SPORT OF WRESTLING BECAME POPULAR AMONG THE PIONEERS OF THE NEW NATION WHICH WAS EXPANDING WESTWARD. THEN, IN THE 1850'S, A YOUNG GIANT WAS GAINING A DOUBLE REPUTATION IN THE SPRAWLING MIDWEST...

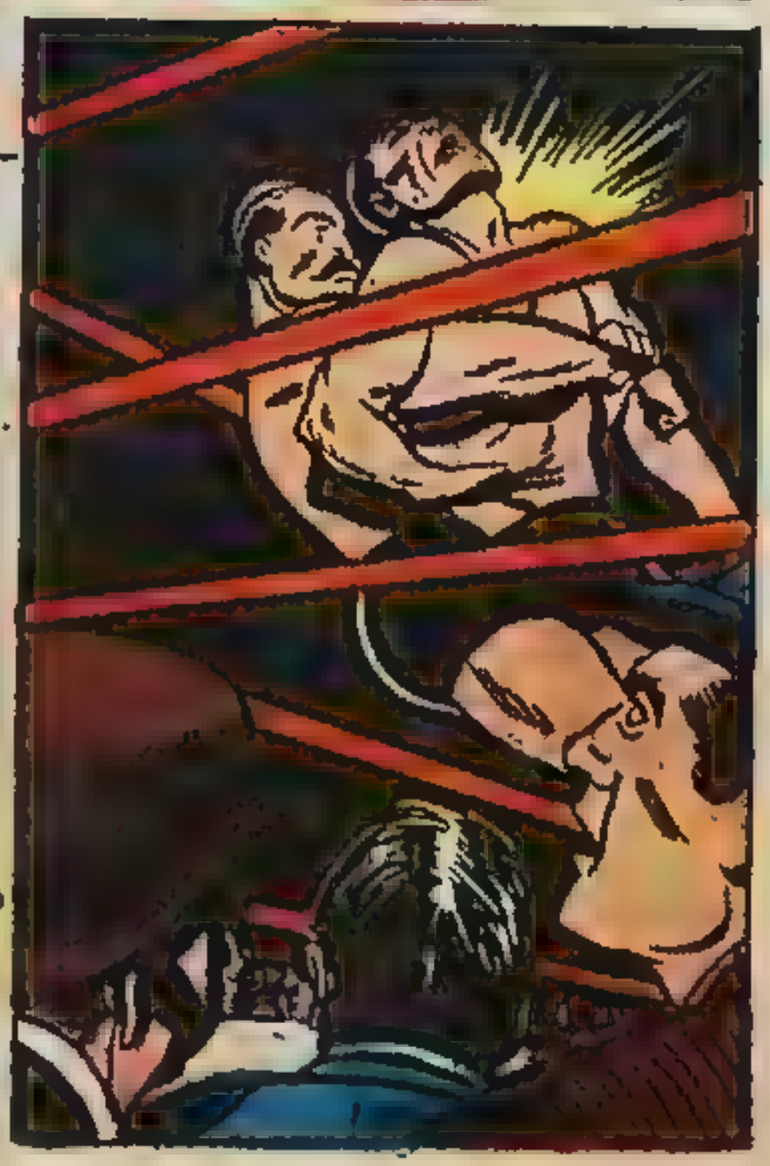
WHEN OUR NATION WAS PLUNGED INTO A WAR BETWEEN THE STATES, THE UNION ARMY FOUND WRESTLING A PRIME DIVERSION...



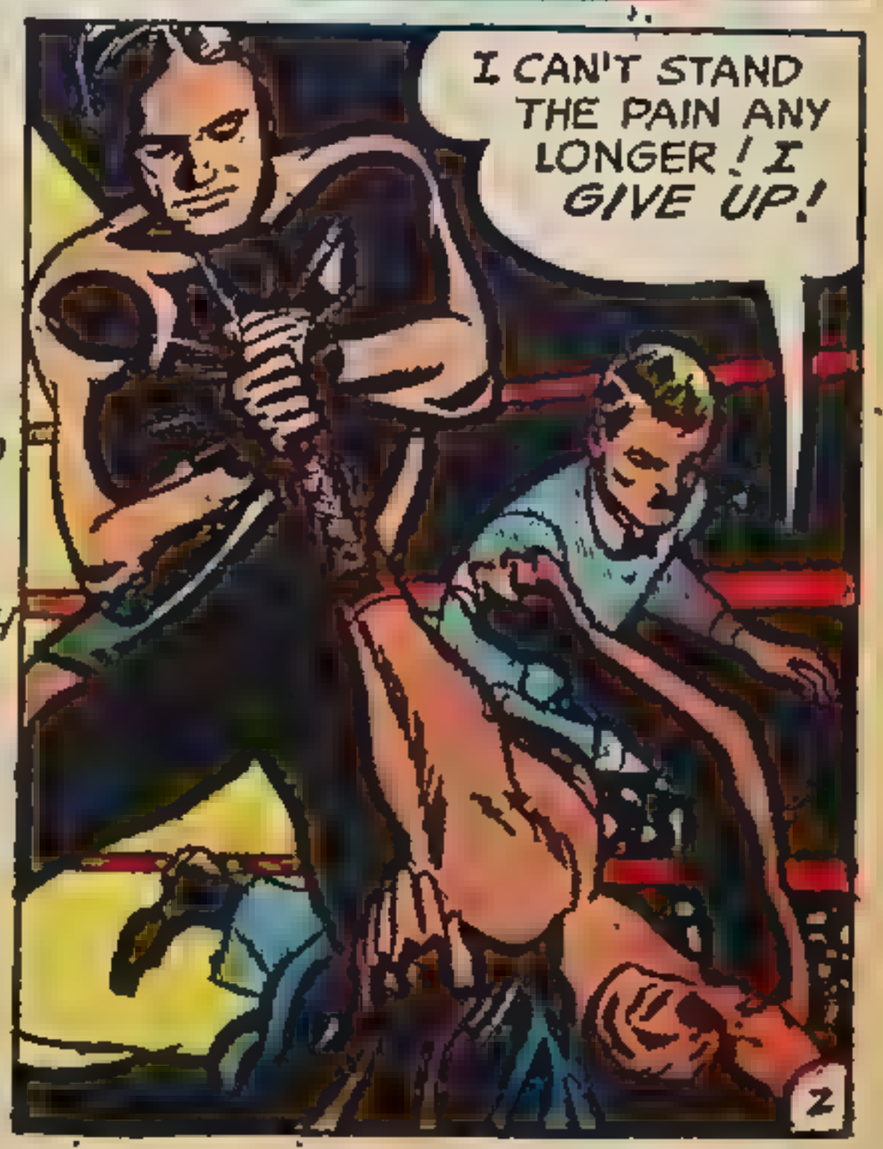
FROM THIS CONFLICT EMERGED AMERICA'S FIRST GREAT CHAMPION--WILLIAM MULDOON, THE SOLID MAN OF SPORT.

AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, MULDOON RETIRED FROM WRESTLING TO ENTER BOXING, A SPORT IN WHICH HE ROSE TO THE TOP AS TRAINER AND OFFICIAL. IN 1905, TOM JENKINS CLAIMED THE HEAVYWEIGHT WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD...

THE RUSSIAN LION WAS GOOD-FOR LATER THAT YEAR HE WRESTLED THE CROWN FROM JENKINS IN TWO QUICK FALLS. STANDING 5'10", THE LION WEIGHED 225 POUNDS. AND WAS AMONG THE MOST AGILE OF ALL CHAMPIONS. HACK COULD SPEAK SEVEN LANGUAGES FLUENTLY AND WAS A GENTLEMAN IN AND OUT OF THE RING.



IN THE LATTER PART OF 1905, A KANSAS FARMBOY WRESTLED HIS WAY TO THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF HIS PAINFUL TOEHOLD. HIS NAME--FRANK GOTCH!



GOTCH ROSE RAPIDLY. THE NEXT THREE YEARS SAW HIM DEFEAT ALL COMERS. AND SO, IT WAS INEVITABLE THAT GOTCH, FOREMOST EXPONENT OF THE AMERICAN CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN STYLE (ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE, IN WHICH HOLDS MAY BE SECURED EITHER IN STANDING OR PRONE POSITION) AND HACKENSCHMIDT, UNDEFEATED MASTER OF THE GRECO-ROMAN (EUROPEAN STYLE, IN WHICH ONLY STANDING HOLDS ARE PERMITTED) SHOULD MEET. SO, IN 1908 IN DEXTER PARK, CHICAGO...

I TELL YA, GOTCH WILL TWIST THIS GUY'S LEG OFF!

WHO YA KIDDIN'? HACK IS TOO FAST AND TOO SMART FOR THE FARMBOY!

Frank GOTCH vs. GEO HACKENSCHMIDT

FOR TWO HOURS NEITHER MAN COULD GAIN AN ADVANTAGE...

THEN, IN A LIGHTNING-LIKE MOVE, GOTCH SNATCHED THE LION'S LEGS FROM UNDER HIM AND APPLIED HIS DEADLY TOE HOLD. HACKENSCHMIDT SUFFERED HIS FIRST DEFEAT-- AND GOTCH WAS WORLD'S CHAMPION!

MANY OTHER GREAT NAMES FLASHED ACROSS THE MAT HORIZON: STANISLAUS ZBYSZKO, THE VIENNESE POET, LAWYER, PHILOSOPHER AND GIANT; GAMA, PRIDE OF INDIA; FRED BEALL, JOE STECHER AND EARL CADDOCK, AMERICAN CHAMPIONS.

FRED BEALL

JOE STECHER

STANISLAUS ZBYSZKO

EARL CADDOCK

GAMA

MEANWHILE, ROBERT FREDERICKS A YOUNG KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY UNDER-GRADUATE AND FOUR-LETTER MAN, HAD BEEN WORKING ON AN INTERESTING PROJECT...

THIS DUMMY HEAD I'VE CONSTRUCTED CONTAINS POWERFUL SPRINGS AND COILS REPRESENTING AREAS OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM! BY APPLYING PRESSURE TO CERTAIN AREAS I CAN PRODUCE DIFFERENT INCAPACITATING EFFECTS!

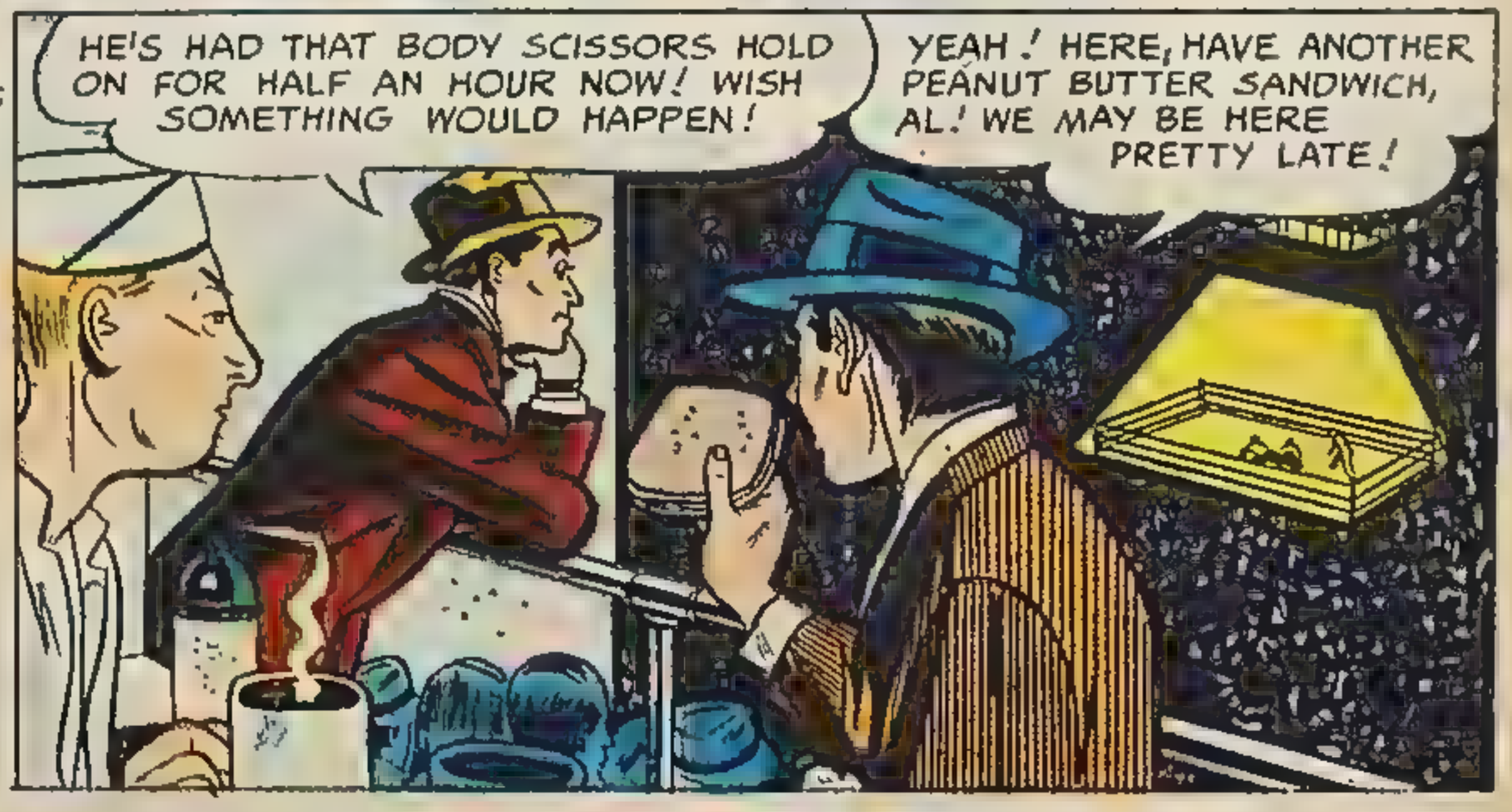
GOSH, BOB! IF YOU TAKE UP THOSE PRO WRESTLING OFFERS YOU'LL BE CHAMP SOME DAY!

UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

YOUNG FREDERICKS **DID** ENTER THE RING. HE ASSUMED THE MAT NAME OF **ED "STRANGLER" LEWIS**, AND WITH HIS DEADLY HEADLOCK STRUCK TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF WRESTLERS EVERYWHERE. WITHIN A FEW YEARS...

AND SO, ON THE NIGHT OF DECEMBER 13, 1920, IN CHICAGO, LEWIS MET AND DEFEATED JOE STECHER FOR THE WORLD TITLE...

ALTHOUGH WRESTLING ATTRACTED LARGE CROWDS THE PERFORMANCES WERE OFTEN DULL. EVEN THOUGH EXPERTLY AND SCIENTIFICALLY EXECUTED, SOME MATCHES LASTED FOR HOURS...



INASMUCH AS THERE WERE ONLY ABOUT 35 ACTIVE WRESTLERS DURING THIS PERIOD, AND A LIMITED NUMBER OF ARENAS, FANS WOULD FLOCK TO THE AUDITORIUM WHENEVER LEWIS, EARL CADDOCK OR ANY OTHER TOPFLIGHT PERFORMER WOULD APPEAR...

BUT LET US GO BACK FOR AWHILE TO 1910 WHEN A YOUNG GREEK IMMIGRANT CAME TO NEW YORK AND JOINED A VAUDEVILLE ACT AS STRONG MAN HIS NAME WAS JIM LONDOS. HIS AMAZING FEATS OF STRENGTH ATTRACTED WIDESPREAD ATTENTION. ONE NIGHT IN 1918...

HEY, LONDOS! YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME AT THIS STUFF! YOU'RE STRONG ENOUGH TO LICK CADDOCK AND STECHER IN THE SAME NIGHT!

THAT FELLOW WAS RIGHT, BOSS! I'M GOING TO TRY MY HAND AT WRESTLING!

O.K., JIM! BUT IF YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND, WE'LL ALWAYS HAVE A SPOT FOR YOU HERE!

AFTER A TWO-YEAR TRAINING PERIOD JIM LONDOS WENT ON TO DEFEAT STECHER AND CADDOCK AND EARNED THE NAME OF "THE GOLDEN GREEK." THE FANS TURNED OUT IN DROVES TO SEE THIS STRONG, HANDSOME LAD DEFEAT THE BEST IN THE GAME--ALL, THAT IS, EXCEPT STRANGLER LEWIS...

THAT MAKES SIX CONSECUTIVE MATCHES THAT LEWIS HAS BEATEN LONDOS!

YEAH! LEWIS SURE IS JIMMY'S JINX!

LONDOS WENT ON TO DEFEAT DICK SHIKAT, JIM BROWNING, ED DON GEORGE AND EVERY BIG NAME IN THE GAME. BUT AFTER FOURTEEN TRIES HE STILL COULD NOT PIN LEWIS...

DICK SHIKAT
JIM BROWNING
ED DON GEORGE
THE STRANGLER

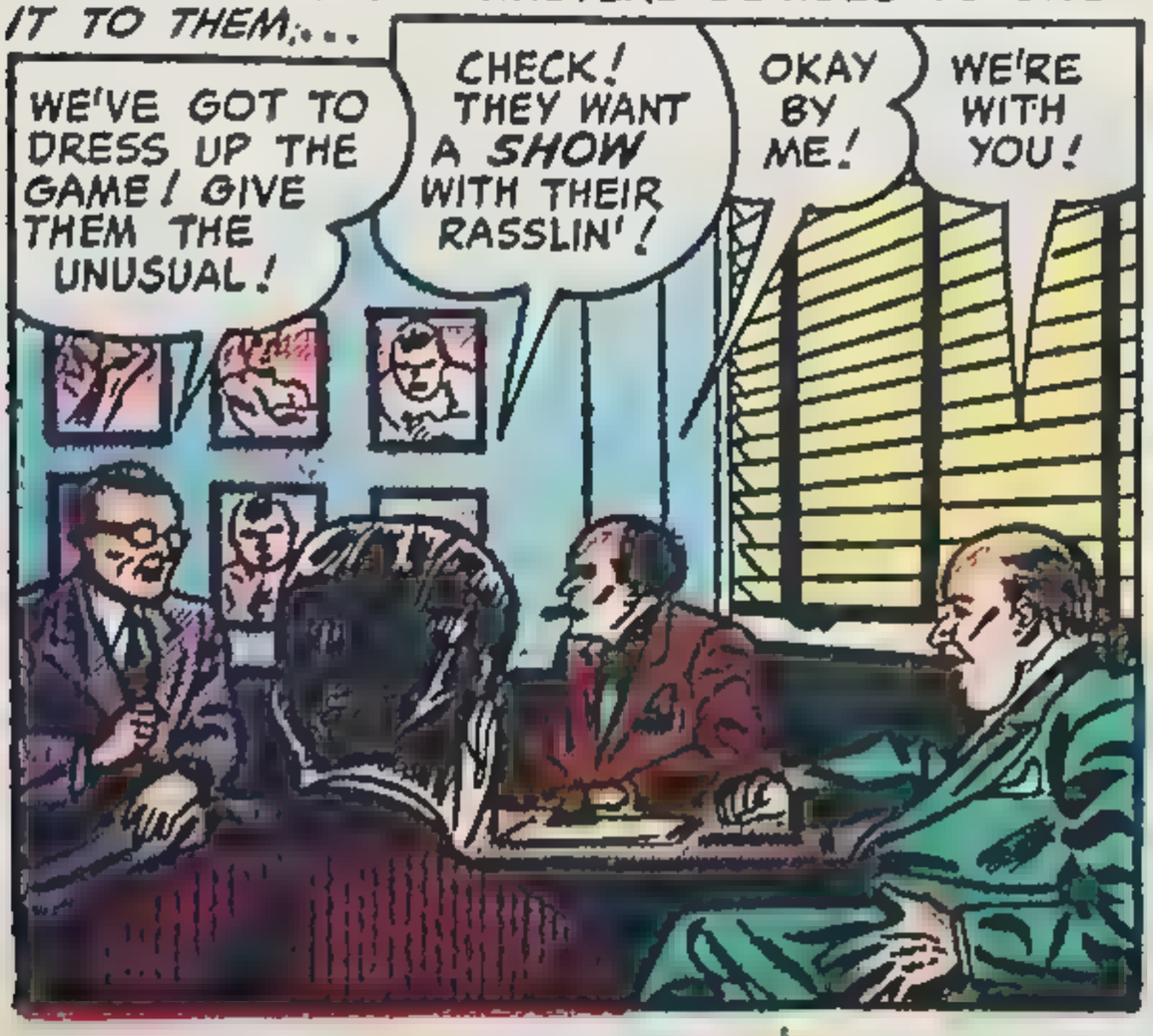
AT LAST, ON A SUMMER'S NIGHT IN 1934, 35,000 FANS PUSHED THEIR WAY INTO WRIGLEY FIELD, CHICAGO, AND PAID $93,602 TO SEE THE FIFTEENTH AND FINAL MATCH OF THE SERIES...

NEVER IN THE HISTORY OF WRESTLING HAVE SO MANY PEOPLE PAID SO MUCH TO SEE A MATCH...

WXYZ

LONDOS WAS NOT TO BE DENIED THIS NIGHT, AND HIS LONG QUEST FOR THE TITLE ENDED IN VICTORY AS THE FADING "STRANGLER" WENT DOWN TO DEFEAT AT LAST!

TWO YEARS PASSED AND GOOD WRESTLERS BECAME SCARCE. THE CROWDS SOON GREW TIRED OF THE SAME FACES. THEY WANTED ACTION. AND THE PROMOTERS DECIDED TO GIVE IT TO THEM:...

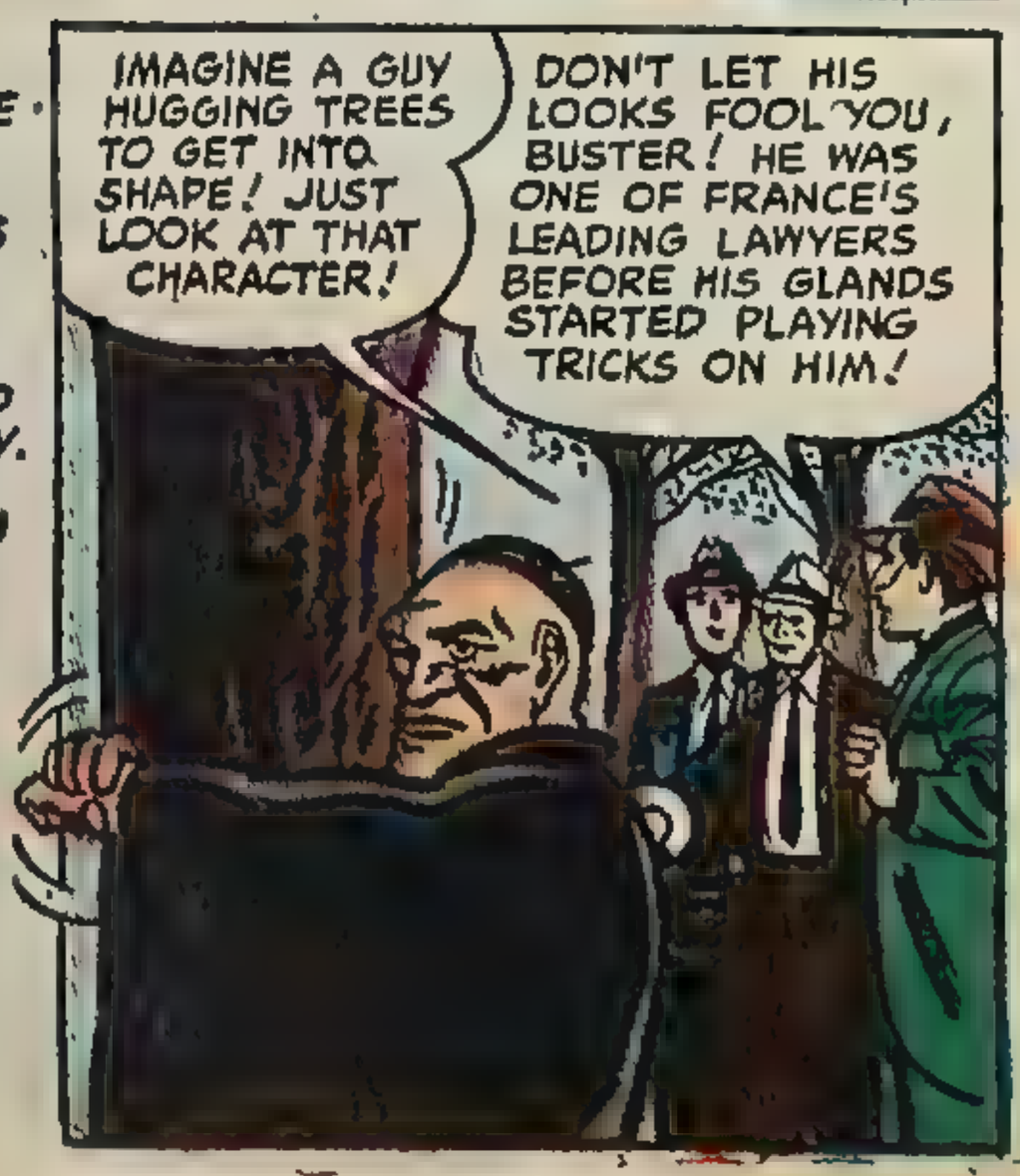


AMONG THE FIRST OF THE "SHOWMEN" TO STRUT HIS STUFF WAS DAN O'MAHONEY, AN IMPORT FROM IRELAND. HIS "IRISH WHIP HOLD" SENT THE FANS SCREAMING. HE DEFEATED LONDOS IN '36, AND IN 154 MATCHES THAT YEAR DREW 810,000 CUSTOMERS WHO PAID $1,882,000.

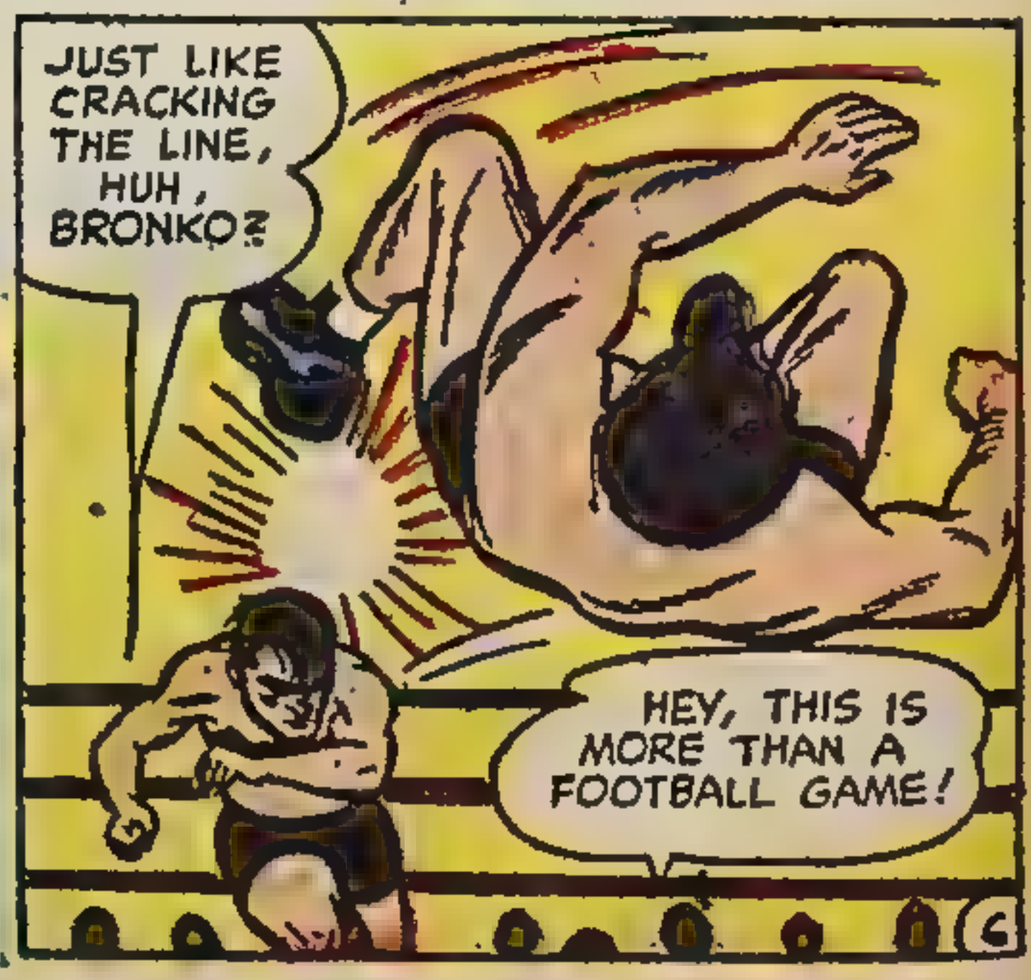
IMPORTED FROM KURDISTAN, TURKEY, THAT SAME YEAR, WAS THE ORIGINAL MR. FIVE BY FIVE- ALI BABA. HE TIPPED THE SCALES AT 210 POUNDS, AND WAS FIVE FEET, FIVE INCHES TALL. ALI BABA'S SPECIAL SKILL IN KURDISTAN WAS WRESTLING BEARS...

ALI WAS A NATURAL FOR AMERICAN FANS. HERE WAS SOMETHING NEW!

ATTENDANCE PICKED UP SLIGHTLY. WRESTLERS BECAME ACTORS AND THE FANS LIKED THE NOVELTY. THEN IN '37, FROM FRANCE, CAME ONE OF MATDOM'S GREATEST ATTRACTIONS... MAURICE TILLET, THE FRENCH ANGEL.



WRESTLING FOUND NEW FANS IN THE GRIDIRON CROWD WHEN BRONKO NAGURSKI, THE IMMORTAL ALL-AMERICAN, TURNED HIS BRUTE STRENGTH LOOSE ON THE MAT...



THEN ONE DAY IN HOUSTON, TEXAS...

HEY, LOOK AT THAT! I THOUGHT I'D SEEN EVERYTHING! WHAT IS IT?

WHY, THAT'S LEO "DANIEL BOONE" SAVAGE! BOY! CAN HE RASSLE!

HERE, MR. REFEREE, HOLD MAH RACCOON WHILST I GIT STRIPPED DOWN TO MAH RASSLIN' TOGS!

THE PANIC WAS ON. SHOWMEN OF EVERY DESCRIPTION FILLED THE WRESTLING ARENAS. THE WAR YEARS BROUGHT THEM OUT IN FULL FORCE. AS ENTERTAIN-MENT-HUNGRY WAR-WORKERS FLOCKED TO THE ARENAS...

HEY, YOU GOING TO THE MATCHES TONIGHT?

YEAH, I UNDERSTAND THEY GOT SOME GUY RASSLIN' AN ALLIGATOR!

...HE WASN'T JOKING, FOR TUFFY TRUESDALE MADE A SMALL FORTUNE WRESTLING A LIVE ALLIGATOR...

ENTERPRISING PROMOTERS, SUCH AS JACK PFEFFER, CREATED MANY NEW NOVELTIES FOR THE FANS. ONE DAY PFEFFER CORNERED WRESTLER OLAF SWENSON...

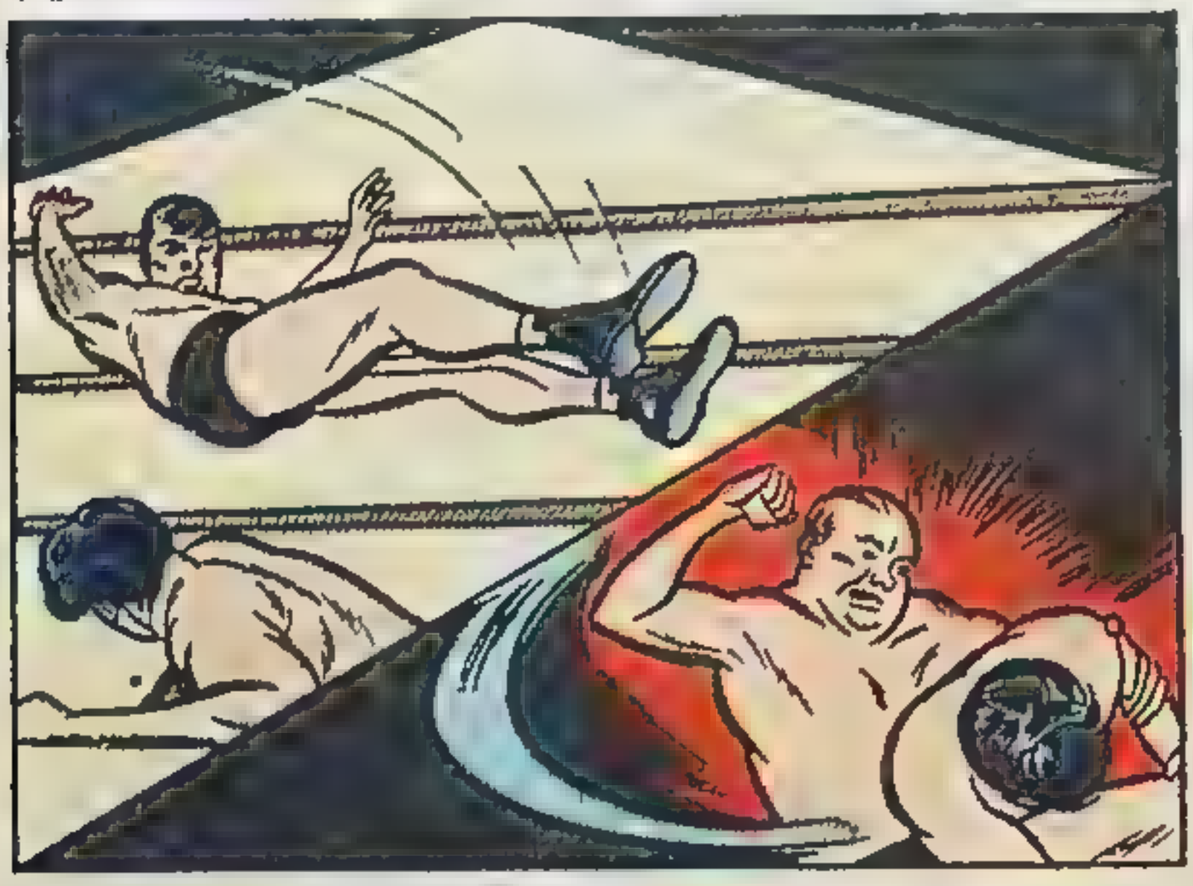
OLAF, YOU LOOK TOO NATURAL! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE SOME CHANGES! BEND OVER SO I CAN CUT YOUR HAIR!

TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

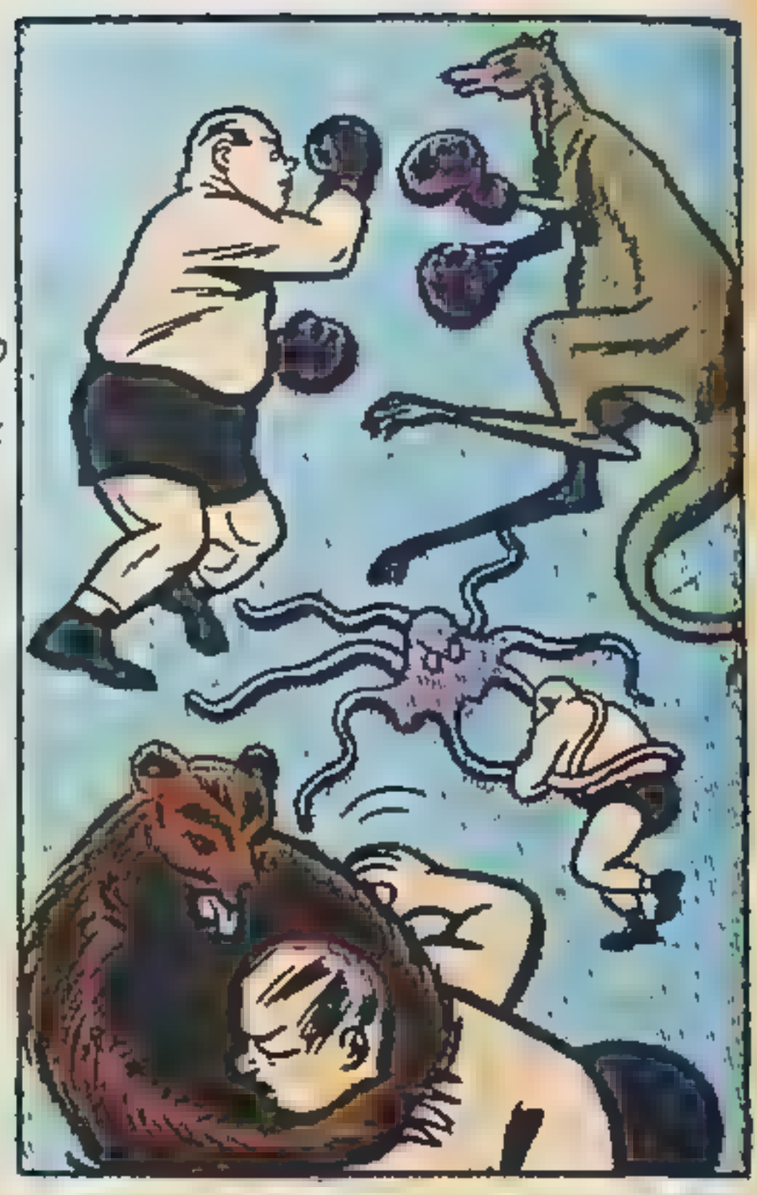
GOOD! WONDERFUL! NOW MAKE AN UGLY FACE! THAT'S IT! YOU ARE NOW THE SWEDISH ANGEL!

SO SUCCESSFUL WAS THIS TRANSFORMATION THAT PFEFFER SIMILARLY CREATED THE SUPER SWEDISH AND THE COLORADO ANGELS, AMONG OTHERS.

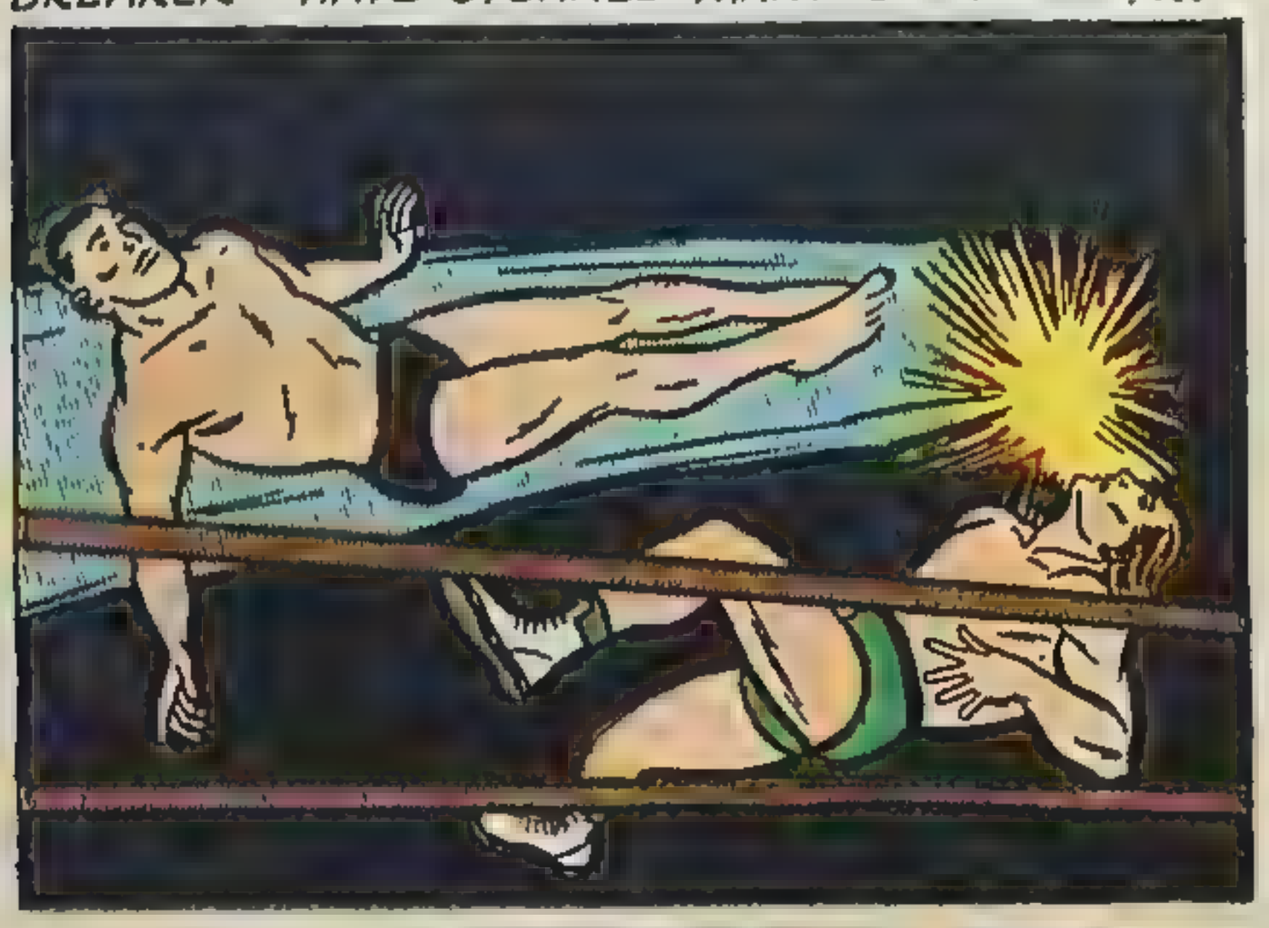
AFTER WORLD WAR II TELEVISION CAME INTO ITS OWN AND CREATED MILLIONS OF NEW FANS. MORE WRESTLERS WERE NEEDED TO SATISFY THE UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND. AMONG THOSE WHO ENTERED THE SPORT WERE FORMER HEAVY-WEIGHT BOXING CHAMP PRIMO CARNERA AND CONTENDER TONY GALENTO...



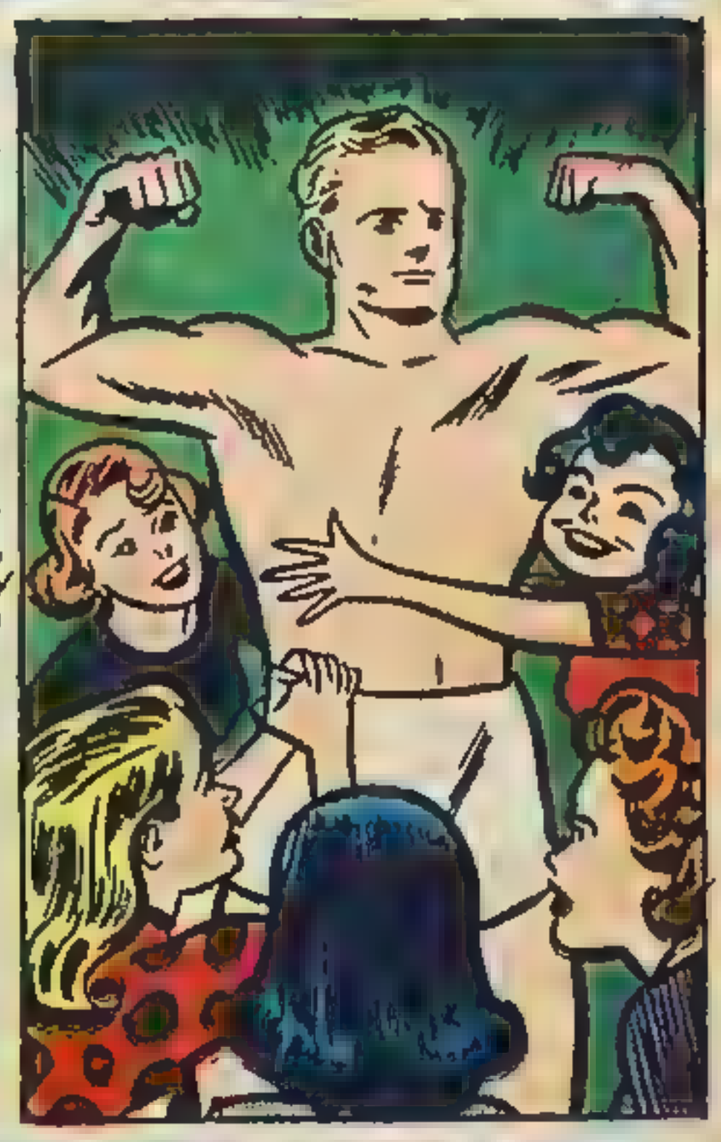
WHILE CARNERA PLAYED THE PART OF THE HERO, GALENTO MAINTAINED HIS VILLAINOUS POSE. HE WRESTLED AN OCTOPUS IN SEATTLE, BOXED A KANGAROO IN ATLANTIC CITY AND WRESTLED TEDDY, A 550-POUND BOXING BEAR.



ANTONINO ROCCA, THE BAREFOOTED SOUTH AMERICAN, CAPTURED THE FANCY OF FANS EVERYWHERE WITH HIS AMAZING ACROBATIC FEATS. HIS "FLYING DROPKICK" AND "BACK-BREAKER" HAVE STUNNED MANY OPPONENTS...



GENE STANLEE (MR. AMERICA) WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GREAT ATTRACTION OF WOMEN TO WRESTLING. A HANDSOME, MAGNIFICENTLY PROPORTIONED APOLLO, HE PUT GLAMOUR BACK INTO WRESTLING...



TWO OF THE OUTSTANDING CLAIMANTS TO THE NON-EXISTENT TITLE ARE FRANK SEXTON, FORMER OHIO STATE GRIDMAN, AND YOUNG DON EAGLE, A FULL-BLOODED MOHAWK INDIAN, WHOSE "INDIAN DEATHLOCK" GRIP IS THE RAGE OF MAT CIRCLES. IN 1950 EAGLE DEFEATED SEXTON IN CLEVELAND, OHIO...

GORGEOUS GEORGE WAS PERHAPS THE MOST PUBLICIZED OF ALL WRESTLERS. HIS NOVEL APPROACH, GLAMOROUS ROBES, MARCELLED HAIR AND SANITARY STANDARDS EARNED HIM MORE THAN $100,000 A YEAR. HIS STAR NO LONGER BURNS BRIGHT, BUT IT HAS LEFT ITS MARK...

MOST APPEALING OF THE CURRENT CROP IS VERN GAGNE, 1948 OLYMPIC WRESTLING CHAMP, WHO IS BRINGING BACK SPEED AND SCIENCE TO THE SPORT...

HEY, THIS IS MORE LIKE WRESTLING! THIS KID'S GOOD!

ONE OF THE FAVORITE FORMS OF WRESTLING TODAY'S TAG-TEAM WRESTLING IN WHICH TWO WRESTLERS WORK AS A TEAM AND ALTERNATE UNTIL ONE TEAM OR THE OTHER IS ELIMINATED. FOREMOST EXPONENTS OF THIS ART ARE THE DUSEK, GARIBARDI AND ZAHARIAS FAMILIES...

WRESTLING HAS ITS COMPENSATIONS. MANY OF THE TOP-LINERS RECEIVE UP TO $100,000 PER YEAR. OTHERS WORKING A REGULAR CIRCUIT AS PRELIMINARY MEN EARN ABOUT $10,000 PER YEAR.

...AND YOU CAN TELL YOUR READERS THIS. NOBODY EVER HAS TO THROW A BENEFIT FOR A WRESTLER! THE BOYS ARE WELL PAID AND ARE INTELLIGENT FELLOWS WHO KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THEIR MONEY!

JACK CURLEY PROMOTER

A RAPIDLY INCREASING PHASE OF WRESTLING, DUE TO TELEVISION AND THE DEMANDS MADE BY ITS VIEWERS, IS **LADY WRESTLING!** BARRED FROM APPEARING IN MANY STATES, THE GALS CAN BE SEEN ON TELEVISION SCREENS ANYWHERE...

FOREMOST LADY WRESTLER IS MILDRED BURKE WHO HAS BEEN UNDEFEATED CHAMPION FOR FIFTEEN YEARS. MILLIE TAKES HOME $50,000 A YEAR AND IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GREAT INTEREST IN FEMALE WRESTLING. INSIDE THE RING, MILDRED IS AS TOUGH AS THEY COME...

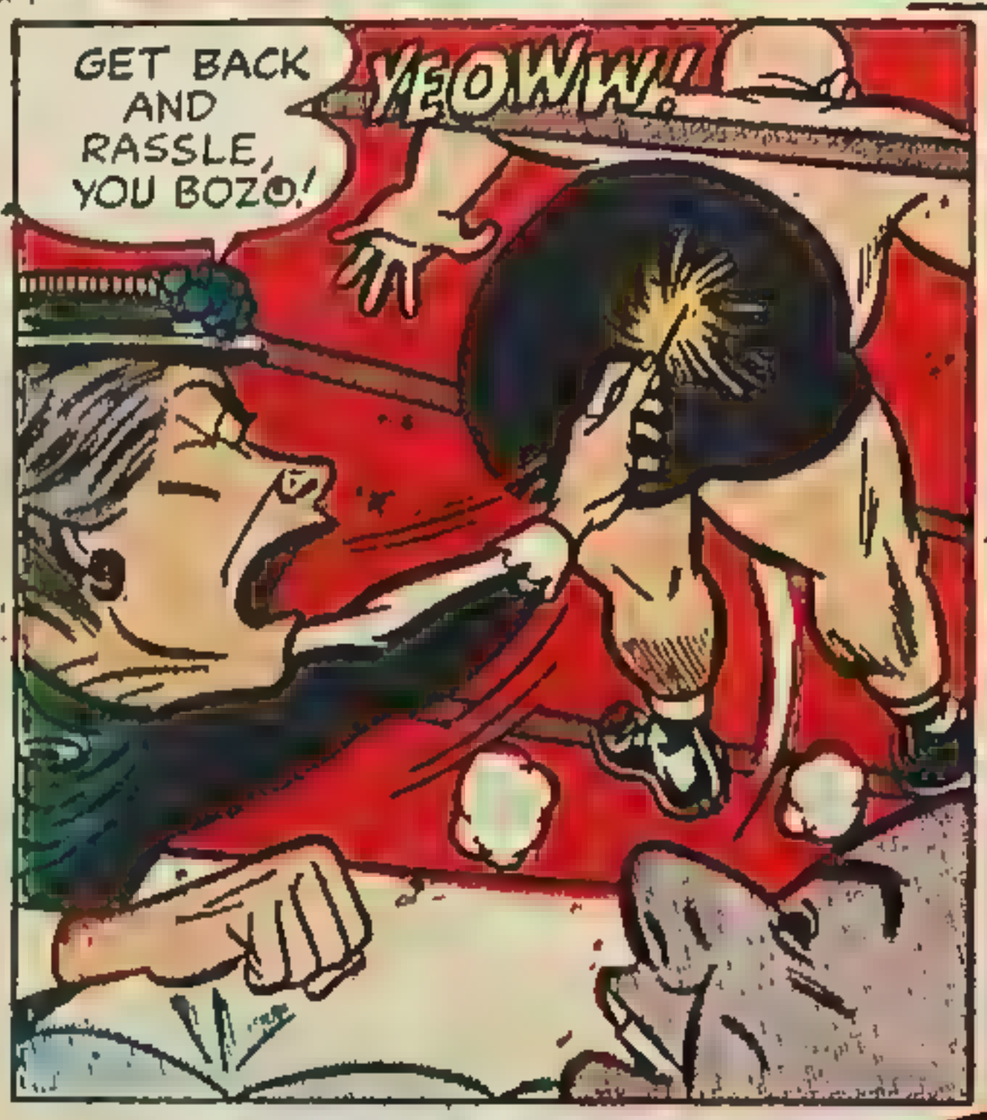
THE MAT GAME IS NOT THE SOFT TOUCH MANY THINK! IT IS HIGHLY DANGEROUS. MILDRED HAS SUSTAINED MANY BROKEN BONES AND RECENTLY HER DAUGHTER LOST HER LIFE IN THE RING.

MIRACLE MAN OF THE MAT IS "DANGEROUS" DANNY McSHAIN WHO IN HIS CAREER HAS SURVIVED THE FOLLOWING INJURIES: SIX BROKEN NOSES, CAULIFLOWER EARS, 17 HEAD AND EYE STITCHES, TWO SHOULDER DISLOCATIONS, BROKEN CHEST BONES AND HANDS, BROKEN ANKLE AND BROKEN LEG!

MORE DANGEROUS THAN AN OPPONENT IS ONE OF THE MANY BERSERK FANS A WRESTLER OFTEN ENCOUNTERS. FOR EXAMPLE, IN ANGLETON, TEXAS, ONE EVENING, AS SONNY MEYERS WAS TOSSED FROM THE RING...

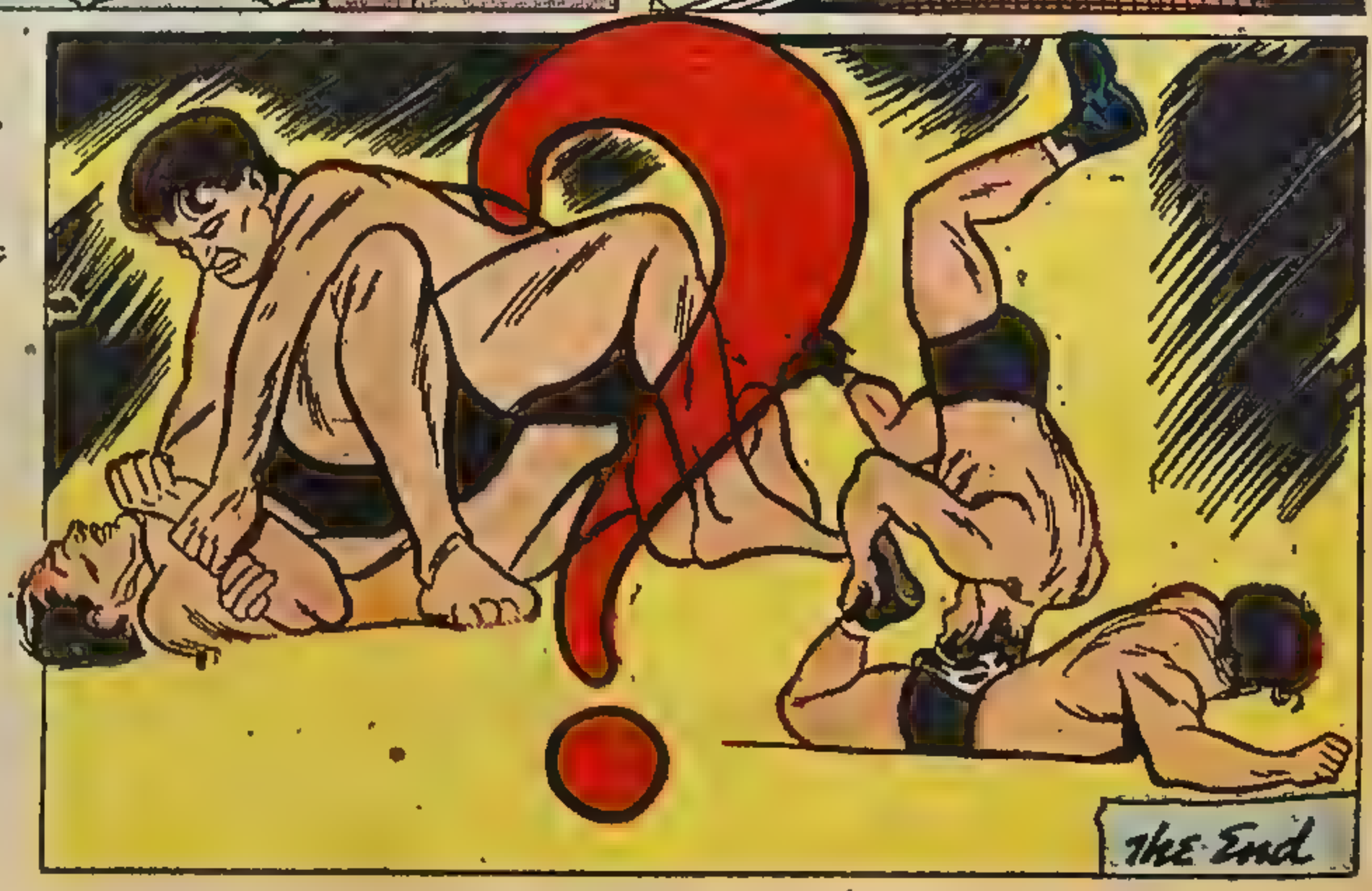
WHEN THEY GOT THROUGH WITH HIM MEYERS REQUIRED 273 STITCHES...

OTHER FANS HAVE TOSSED WRENCHES, CHAIRS, BOTTLES AND SHOES AT BEWILDERED MATMEN. BUT MOST FAMOUS HECKLER OF ALL IS HAT-PIN MARY, A FAVORITE WITH TV AUDIENCES...



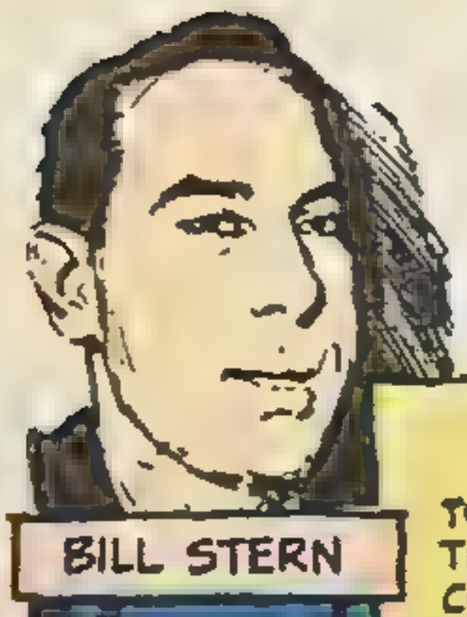
AFTER MARY'S FIRST PERFORMANCE THE TV STUDIO RECEIVED AN AVALANCHE OF MAIL...

THERE YOU HAVE IT. THE MAT SPORT OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY. WRESTLING HAS BECOME A SPORT THAT CHANGES WITH THE WHIMS OF THE FANS. **HAS TV DOOMED WRESTLING AS A SPORT?** HAS IT BECOME A CARNIVAL? WHAT IS THE MAT GAME'S FUTURE? ONLY TIME WILL TELL!



BILL STERN'S SPORTS SURPRISE

The LION ROARS



BILL STERN

LOU LITTLE

"IN 1933 LOU LITTLE'S COLUMBIA LIONS CLAWED THEIR WAY TO AN ALMOST PERFECT SEASON. THEIR ONLY LOSS WAS TO UNDEFEATED PRINCETON, WHICH WAS EXPECTED TO RECEIVE THE ROSE BOWL BID. CERTAIN THAT COLUMBIA WOULD NOT BE CONSIDERED BY MIGHTY STANFORD, UNDEFEATED HOST TEAM OF THE BOWL, LOU SENT HIS BOYS HOME FOR THEIR CHRISTMAS VACATIONS. THEN, ONE COLD WINTER EVENING, LOU WAS ROUSED FROM SLEEP BY THE RING OF HIS TELEPHONE.."

...YES, I'M AWAKE...BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! YOU SURE THEY WANT **US** TO PLAY STANFORD IN THE ROSE BOWL? ...OF COURSE, WE'LL GO -- THAT IS IF OUR BOARD OF TRUSTEES APPROVES!.

"THE NEXT MORNING, AT A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY BOARD OF TRUSTEES, CHAIRMAN BILL DONOVAN FACED LITTLE..."

STANFORD IS RATED THE TOP POWERHOUSE IN THE COUNTRY, LOU! THEY'VE GOT BOB REYNOLDS AT RIGHT TACKLE, MONK MOSCRIP AT RIGHT END, BILL CORBUS AT LEFT GUARD, AND BOBBY GRAYSON AT FULLBACK... EACH ONE AN ALL-AMERICAN! HOWEVER, IF YOU THINK OUR BOYS HAVE A CHANCE-- GO TO IT!

THANKS, MR. DONOVAN! I WANT YOU TO KNOW ONE THING, GENTLEMEN! WE'RE NOT TRAVELLING 3,000 MILES JUST FOR THE RIDE. WE'RE OUT FOR STANFORD SCALPS!

"A FEW DAYS LATER...

I DIDN'T CALL YOU BOYS BACK FROM YOUR THANKSGIVING DAY WEEK-END TO GO ON A SCENIC TOUR OF CALIFORNIA! YOU'RE GOING TO WORK HARDER THAN EVER BEFORE! AND ANYONE WHO DOESN'T WANT TO, CAN GO HOME AND DECORATE HIS CHRISTMAS TREE RIGHT NOW!

WE'RE WITH YOU, MR. LITTLE! STANFORD, HERE WE COME!

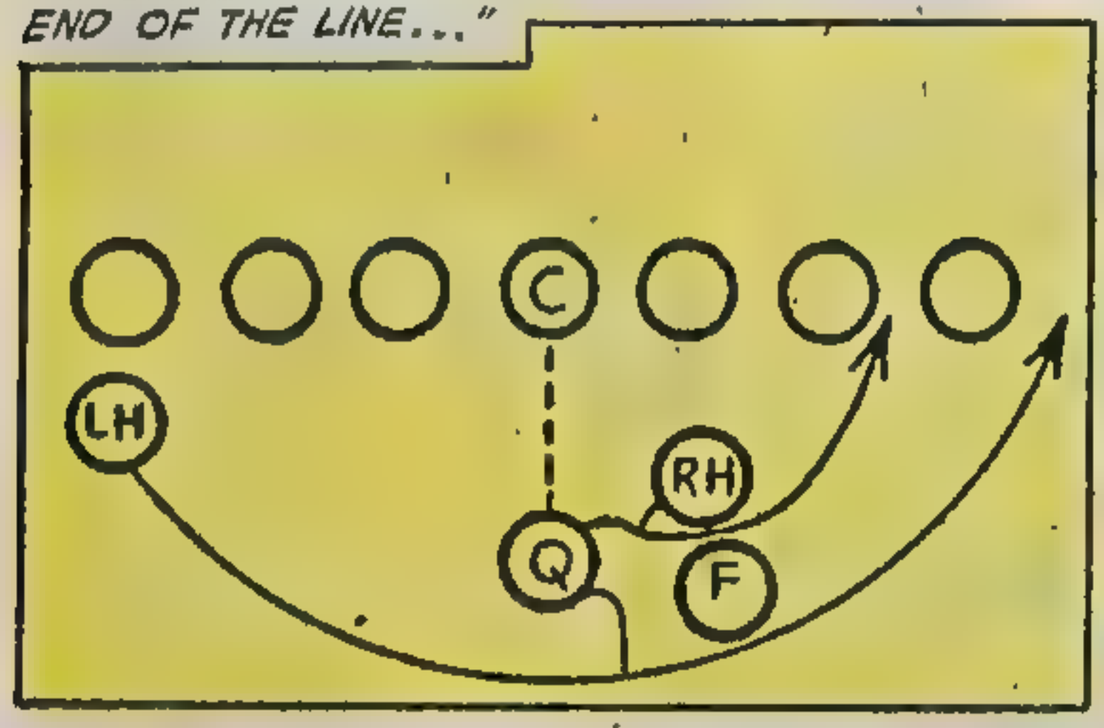
LOU. THERE ARE SEVERAL FUNCTIONS THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION WOULD LIKE YOU AND THE BOYS TO ATTEND! NOW, THERE'S THE ALUMNI DINNER ON WEDNESDAY, AND THE...

THANKS, BUT WE CAN'T MAKE IT! WE CAN'T BEAT STANFORD ON ICE-CREAM AND AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

"AND WORK THEY DID. LOU WAS A HUMAN BUZZ-SAW AS HE DRILLED HIS CHARGES..."

COME ON, YOU GUYS! THE ONLY WAY WE CAN BEAT STANFORD IS WITH SPEED AND DECEPTION! BARABAS -- GET SOME GLUE ON YOUR FINGERS, MAKE THAT BALL STICK! THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO, BROMINSKI, MONTGOMERY, NEVEL! OKAY, LET'S TRY 79 AGAIN!

"LOU LITTLE'S FAVORITE PLAY WAS A SPINNER CALLED **KF 79.** *IN THIS PLAY THE BALL IS SNAPPED TO THE QUARTERBACK WHO SPINS AND FAKES A HANDOFF TO THE RIGHT HALFBACK WHO CHARGES OFF RIGHT TACKLE, DRAWING THE SECONDARY DEFENSE. THE LEFT HALF THEN COMES BY THE QUARTERBACK AT HALF-SPEED, TAKES THE BALL, CONCEALS IT BEHIND HIS LEFT HIP AND EITHER SNEAKS OR RUNS AROUND THE RIGHT END OF THE LINE..."*



"TEN DAYS BEFORE THE GAME LOU PILED HIS BOYS ABOARD A TRAIN AND HEADED WEST. LOU WAS RIGHT. THIS WAS TO BE NO SCENIC TOUR..."

THESE SKULL SESSIONS ARE INTENDED TO KEEP YOU ALERT! FROM NOW UNTIL NEW YEAR'S DAY I WANT YOU TO EAT, SLEEP AND DRINK NOTHING BUT FOOTBALL!

HB FB

"EVERY WAY-STATION AND STOPOVER WAS A POTENTIAL PRACTICE FIELD FOR LOU..."

LET'S TRY KF-79 AGAIN!

SHAKE IT UP, MONTGOMERY! IF YOU DON'T GET THIS PLAY RIGHT WE'RE GOING TO LEAVE YOU RIGHT HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE!

ALL ABO-O-ORD!

"LITTLE BROKE PRECEDENT BY NOT GOING DIRECTLY TO PASADENA. HE SET UP HIS FINAL TRAINING CAMP IN TUCSON, ARIZONA. UNUSUAL, ALSO, WAS HIS INVITATION TO ALL THE CALIFORNIA NEWSPAPERMEN TO VISIT HIS CAMP AND THE OPEN PRACTICE SESSIONS."

STANFORD SHOULD BE 25 POINT FAVORITES AT GAME TIME! DIDJA EVER SEE SUCH HALF-PINTS?

YEAH! THIS COLUMBIA OUTFIT LOOKS LIKE A ***POMONA HIGH SCHOOL TEAM!***

AN' WHERE'D THEY EVER GET THIS ***LION*** BUSINESS? THEY LOOK MORE LIKE ***PUSSY-CATS!***

"ON DECEMBER 30, WHEN LOU BROUGHT HIS BOYS INTO PASADENA READY FOR ACTION, A TORRENTIAL DOWNPOUR THREATENED TO POSTPONE THE GAME. TY THORNHILL STANFORD COACH, PROPOSED A DELAY, BUT THE LIONS WOULD NOT BE PUT OFF..."

WE STAND FIRM ON OUR DECISION, GENTLEMEN! PLAY TOMORROW, ***RAIN OR SHINE***! ISN'T THAT RIGHT GANG?

EVEN IF WE HAVE TO SWIM, COACH!

"THE FOLLOWING DAY THE FIELD WAS A MASS OF MUD AS THE TEAMS TOOK THE FIELD. A DRIVING RAIN KEPT THE ATTENDANCE DOWN TO 40,000. FOR NEARLY TWO QUARTERS MIGHTY STANFORD'S ALL-AMERICAN FULLBACK BOBBY GRAYSON, HAMMERED AT THE LION LINE. BUT TO NO AVAIL..."

"THEN COLUMBIA BEGAN TO MOVE... CLIFF MONTGOMERY DECIDED TO TAKE A CHANCE..."

THEY WON'T BE LOOKING FOR A PASS IN THIS STEW! GO DOWN DEEP, TONY!

OKAY, KID, ***FLIP IT NEAT!***

"DOWN THE FIELD TONY NATAL CHURNED, DEEP INTO THE SECONDARY. MONTGOMERY FADED BACK, FOUGHT FOR A GRIP ON THE SLIMY BALL AND GOT OFF A LONG, WOBBLY PASS..."

NATAL CAUGHT THAT ONE ON THE SEVENTEEN!

42

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE SPOT, BARABAS! WHAT D'YA SAY?

HOKEY, DOKEY, CLIFF! KF-79!

"THERE IN THE SLIME AND MUD, WHERE TRICKY, DECEPTIVE FOOTWORK WAS ALL BUT IMPOSSIBLE, MONTGOMERY DECIDED TO GAMBLE. THE SNAPBACK WENT TO CLIFF WHO SPUN AND FAKED TO RIGHT-HALF BROMINSKI..."

"THE STANFORD SECONDARY WAS FAKED OUT COMPLETELY..."

BROMINSKI'S GOT THE BALL! GET HIM!

"WHILE BROMINSKI WAS BEING PLOWED UNDER, AL BARABAS DOG-TROTTED PAST MONTGOMERY, WAS HANDED THE BALL, TUCKED IT BEHIND HIS HIP AND RAN OVER RIGHT END UNMOLESTED TO SCORE STANDING UP! **COLUMBIA 6, STANFORD 0...**"

"WHEN THE FINAL GUN SOUNDED THE SCORE STILL STOOD AT **7-0** AND TINY, UNDER-RATED COLUMBIA HAD PULLED THE ROSE BOWL UPSET OF THE CENTURY. LOU LITTLE AND HIS INSPIRED LIONS HAD THE LAST LAUGH AFTER ALL..."

"BILL WILDER WAS BROUGHT BACK FROM CENTER TO CONVERT THE EXTRA POINT. HIS TOE MET THE BALL SQUARELY AND COLUMBIA SHOT AHEAD 7-0..."

"AHEAD BY SEVEN POINTS COLUMBIA REVERTED TO DEFENSIVE BALL. FOUR TIMES STANFORD THREATENED IN THE LAST HALF, ONCE FROM THE ONE-YARD-LINE, AGAIN FROM THE 14, 20 AND EIGHT-- **BUT COLUMBIA HELD!**"

HEY, GUYS! WHAT D'YA THINK OF OUR HALF-PINTS AND PUSSYCATS **NOW?**

THE END

The Man They Call The Rocket...

MAURICE RICHARD

"FOR THE PAST EIGHT YEARS THE HIGHEST-SCORING FORWARD IN THE HISTORY OF THE NATIONAL HOCKEY LEAGUE HAS BEEN MONTREAL'S MAURICE RICHARD--THE MAN THEY CALL 'THE ROCKET'!

ON SIX OF THOSE EIGHT YEARS HE WON A STARTING POSITION ON THE LEAGUE ALL-STAR TEAM, AND HAS MADE THE SECOND TEAM TWICE. ONLY 5 FEET, 10 INCHES TALL AND WEIGHING BUT 170 POUNDS, THE 31-YEAR-OLD RICHARD MIXES WITH THE BIGGEST AND TOUGHEST COMPANY IN HOCKEY--AND SELDOM COMES OUT SECOND BEST!"

BILL STERN

"ONE DAY IN 1941, A YOUNG FRENCH-CANADIAN OPENED THE DOOR OF TOMMY GORMAN'S OFFICE, AND WITHOUT WAITING TO BE ANNOUNCED, WALKED RIGHT IN TO THE PRIVATE OFFICE OF THE MANAGER OF THE MONTREAL CANADIENS."

MY NAME IS MAURICE RICHARD! I THINK I'M GOOD ENOUGH TO PLAY FOR THE CANADIENS! HOW ABOUT A JOB?

WHAT? SAY, BOY, YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF SPUNK! OKAY, IF YOU THINK YOU'RE SO GOOD, SUIT UP AND WE'LL GIVE YOU A TRIAL!

"DETERMINED TO TEACH THE FRESH KID SOME MANNERS, MANAGER GORMAN SPOKE TO MURPH CHAMBERLAIN, ONE OF THE LEAGUE'S TOUGHEST, MOST HARDENED VETS..."

MURPH, WE'VE GOT A WISE KID ON OUR HANDS! TEACH HIM A FEW THINGS--THE HARD WAY!

LEAVE IT TO OL' MURPH, MR. GORMAN!

"MURPH WASTED LITTLE TIME IN GIVING YOUNG RICHARD 'THE BUSINESS'..."

YOU'RE PLAYIN' IN A MAN'S LEAGUE, NOW, KID!

ULP!

CRASH!

"YOUNG RICHARD SAW RED! INFURIATED AT THE UNFAIR TREATMENT HE HAD RECEIVED AT THE HANDS OF CHAMBERLAIN HE RIPPED OFF HIS GLOVES, AND..."

I'VE TAKEN ENOUGH OF YOUR DIRTY HOCKEY, CHAMBERLAIN! I'M GONNA LICK THE DAY-LIGHTS OUT OF YOU!

OOF!

OKAY, KID TAKE IT EASY!

LAY OFF, RICHARD!

YOU'VE GOT THE SPIRIT I LIKE, RICHARD! I THINK WE CAN FIND A PLACE FOR YOU IN THE MONTREAL ORGANIZATION!

"MANAGER GORMAN SENT RICHARD TO A FARM TEAM IN THE QUEBEC HOCKEY LEAGUE. RICHARD, WHO HAD LEARNED THE SPORT ON THE PUBLIC RINKS, WAS AN IMMEDIATE HIT..."

"MAURICE TRIED HARD TO PLEASE THE FANS. THE OVER-ZEALOUS YOUTH SKATED WITH RECKLESS ABANDON. ONE EVENING..."

"THE ANKLE HEALED QUICKLY, AND MAURICE WAS SOON READY FOR ACTION. HE WAS EAGERLY RECEIVED BY THE FANS..."

SHOOT, MAURICE-- SHOOT!

OOH! MY ANKLE!

THAT WAS A NASTY SPILL, MAURICE! I'M AFRAID IT'S BROKEN!

WELCOME BACK, RICHARD!

HEY, MAURICE-- SINK ONE FOR ME!

THANK YOU!

"A FEW DAYS LATER, BACK IN THE OFFICE OF TOMMY GORMAN, AT MONTREAL..."

SAY, TOMMY, YOU KNOW THAT RICHARD KID WE FARMED OUT? THE ONE WHO BROKE HIS ANKLE? WELL, HE DID IT AGAIN-- ONLY IT WAS HIS ***WRIST*** THIS TIME!

THAT'S TOO BAD! I HAD HOPES OF BRINGING HIM UP! IF HE DOESN'T QUIT AFTER THIS, WE'LL FIND A SPOT FOR HIM ON THE CANADIENS!

"RICHARD RETURNED EAGER TO PLAY. IN 1942 HE WAS BROUGHT UP TO MONTREAL AND GIVEN A SPOT ON THE FORWARD LINE."

MAURICE RICHARD-- A CANADIEN! MR. GORMAN WILL NEVER REGRET THIS MOVE!

OKAY, KID! GET THE STAR DUST OUT OF YOUR EYES! WE'VE GOT A TOUGH GAME TO PLAY!

YEAH! WAIT'LL YOU MEET UP WITH SOME OF THE MONSTERS ON THE BOSTON BRUINS TONIGHT!

"LATER AS MAURICE PUT ON A ONE-MAN SHOW OF SPEED AND AGILITY..."

"...HE FORGOT HIS TEAM-MATE'S WARNING. SUDDENLY, BIG JACK CRAWFORD CHECKED HIM WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH AND RICHARD PITCHED FORWARD TO THE ICE--HIS RIGHT ANKLE BROKEN. ***THREE BONE FRACTURES IN LESS THAN TWO YEARS!***"

THE BOY SKATES LIKE A ROCKET, BUT HE'S TOO FRAGILE!

YEAH! I'M AFRAID RICHARD IS THROUGH! HOW MUCH CAN HE TAKE?

EXIT

"BUT KEEPING RICHARD DOWN AND OUT WAS IMPOSSIBLE! THE FOLLOWING YEAR HE WAS BACK FASTER AND STRONGER THAN EVER. TEAMING UP WITH TOE BLAKE AND ELMER LACH, THE TRIO BECAME KNOWN AS "***THE PUNCH LINE***"..."

"BECAUSE OF HIS RAM-ROD STYLE OF PLAY, AND UNORTHODOX METHOD OF PUSHING THE PUCK STRAIGHT AHEAD ON ONE SIDE OF THE STICK WITH NO ATTEMPT AT DECEPTION, THE FAST-FLYING CANADIEN SOON BECAME KNOWN AS ***'THE ROCKET'***!..."

"THE NIGHT OF DECEMBER 28, 1944 IS ONE WHICH HOCKEY FANS WILL NEVER FORGET. MONTREAL WAS SCHEDULED TO PLAY THE DETROIT RED WINGS. EVERYONE WAS READY-- EVERYONE BUT RICHARD. AT THE LAST MOMENT HE CAME STAGGERING INTO THE LOCKER ROOM, AND..."

AM I EXHAUSTED! I HELPED MY BROTHER MOVE TODAY! WE COULDN'T GET A TRUCK SO I MOVED EVERYTHING ON MY BACK! DON'T EXPECT TOO MUCH OF ME TONIGHT, BOYS!

"BUT ONCE ON THE ICE, THE ROCKET CHANGED HIS TUNE."

RICHARD'S GOING WILD!

YEAH! HE'S TREATING THAT PUCK AS IF HE OWNED IT--WOW! THERE GOES ANOTHER SCORE!

"HE CHECKED AND SLAMMED ABOUT THE ICE..."

"THERE WAS NO STOPPING THE MONTREAL ROCKET. HE PUT ON THE GREATEST ONE-MAN SHOW EVER SEEN ON ICE. **FIVE GOALS AND THREE ASSISTS!** NOT BAD FOR A **TIRED MAN!**"

"AT THE END OF THE '44-'45 SEASON RICHARD HAD SCORED AN UNPRECEDENTED **50 GOALS.** THE 'PUNCH LINE' SHARED A FORWARD LINE TOTAL OF 220 POINTS--105 GOALS AND 115 ASSISTS. SINCE THAT TIME, THE SEASON HAS BEEN EXTENDED FROM 50 TO 70 GAMES, AND STILL NO LINE HAS EVEN APPROACHED THIS RECORD!"

"FROM THEN ON THE WORD IN THE LEAGUE WAS 'GET RICHARD AND YOU STOP THE CANADIENS.' ONE EVENING IN CHICAGO, AGAINST THE BLACKHAWKS, MAURICE WAS RIPPING DOWN THE ICE. 'RED' HAMMILL AND A DEFENSE MAN DOUBLE-TEAMED HIM. FIRST RED THREW A VICIOUS CHECK INTO THE ROCKET..."

"...AS MAURICE CAROMED OFF RED THE OTHER HAWK SLAMMED HIM TO THE ICE, BUT EVEN AS HE FELL, MAURICE FLUNG OUT HIS STICK AND RAMMED THE PUCK INTO THE NETS FOR A GOAL. THEY JUST COULDN'T STOP THE ROCKET..."

"BECAUSE OF THE ROUGH TACTICS USUALLY EMPLOYED BY OPPONENTS TO STOP HIM, RICHARD OFTEN RETALIATED WITH HIS FISTS..."

"ON ANOTHER EVENING AGAINST THE NEW YORK RANGERS, RICHARD FACED A TYPICAL ONSLAUGHT AS HE FLASHED TOWARD THE GOAL. TONY LESWICK, NOW WITH THE RED WINGS, TEAMED UP WITH ROUGH GUS KYLE. MAURICE WENT SPINNING TO THE ICE..."

"KYLE FELL ON TOP OF HIM AND LESWICK LEAPED TO JOIN THE ROUGH-HOUSE PARTY. BUT MAURICE, EVER ALERT, FEINTED GOALIE CHUCK RAYNER OUT OF POSITION AND PUSHED THE PUCK HOME FOR A SCORE..."

WHY DIDN'T YOU HOLD HIM, TONY?

WHAT DID YOU WANT ME TO DO--LASSO HIM AND TIE HIM UP?

"RICHARD'S REAL TRADE AND HOBBY IS TOOLMAKING. ONE EVENING, BEFORE THE '50-'51 STANLEY CUP PLAYOFFS, MAURICE ENTERED HIS SHOP AND WENT TO WORK..."

"A FEW NIGHTS LATER..."

HERE, MY FRIENDS, IS THE STICK OF A CENTURY! DESIGNED FOR MAURICE RICHARD BY THAT GREAT TOOLMAKER AND DESIGNER, MAURICE RICHARD!

IT HAD BETTER BE GOOD, MAURICE! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A ROUGH TIME WITH THOSE RED WINGS!

"RICHARD WAS PERSONALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR ELIMINATING THE DETROIT RED WINGS FROM THE PLAYOFFS. HE SCORED THE WINNING GOAL IN THREE OF THE FOUR VICTORIES ..."

"ON THE DETROIT BENCH COACH JACK ADAMS, WHO HAS BEEN IN THE RINK GAME A GREAT NUMBER OF YEARS, HAD THIS TO SAY TO HIS MEN AS THE ROCKET STREAKED DOWN THE ICE..."

TAKE A GOOD LOOK, MEN! THERE GOES THE BEST PLAYER I'VE SEEN IN THE PAST TWENTY YEARS!

"MAURICE HAS HAD MANY WONDERFUL EVENINGS IN THE RINK. BUT PERHAPS THE GREATEST WAS JUST PRIOR TO THE '50--'51 PLAYOFFS WHEN THE FANS OF MONTREAL TURNED OUT FOR A 'MAURICE RICHARD NIGHT'..."

I WANT TO THANK YOU ALL FOR THIS MAGNIFICENT EVENING! I WANT TO THANK ALL MY TEAMMATES PAST AND PRESENT, AND MY COACH, DICK IRWIN, WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY SUCCESS I MAY HAVE ATTAINED!

GOOD LUCK

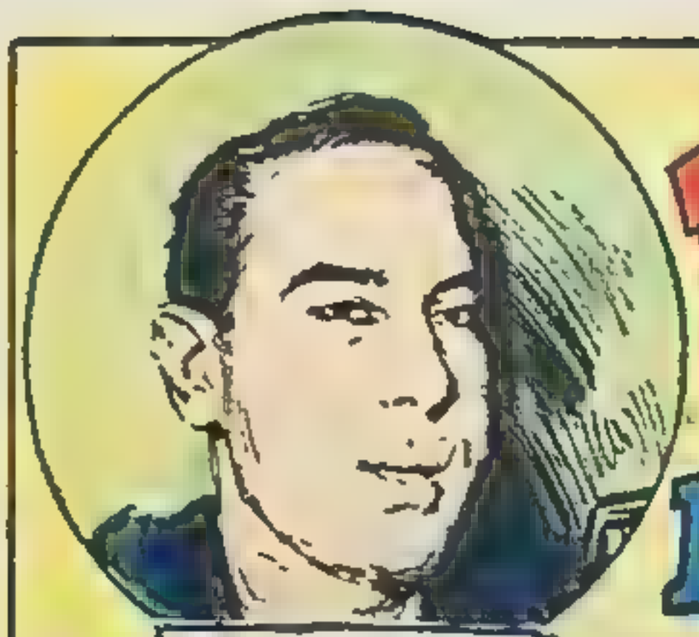
HURRAY FOR THE ROCKET!

"THEN, TED LINDSAY, OF THE DETROIT RED WINGS, TO WHOM THE CANADIENS HAD JUST LOST, SKATED OVER TO TALK TO RICHARD. TED AND MAURICE WERE ARCH ENEMIES ON THE ICE ..."

SORRY I'M SO ROUGH ON YOU AT TIMES, MAURICE, BUT YOU'RE JUST TOO DARN GOOD! HOW ABOUT SHAKING MY HAND WHILE NEITHER OF US ARE HOLDING A STICK!

"THIS SEASON MAURICE RICHARD CAN'T HELP BREAKING NELS STEWART'S 15-YEAR LIFE-TIME RECORD OF 324 GOALS. IN ONLY EIGHT YEARS OF PLAY RICHARD ALREADY HAS **OVER** 300. AS THE HIGHEST SALARIED PLAYER IN THE GAME--$15,000 PLUS BONUSES--MAURICE 'THE ROCKET' RICHARD HAS COME A LONG WAY SINCE MURPH CHAMBERLAIN GAVE A GREEN KID THE WORKS ..."

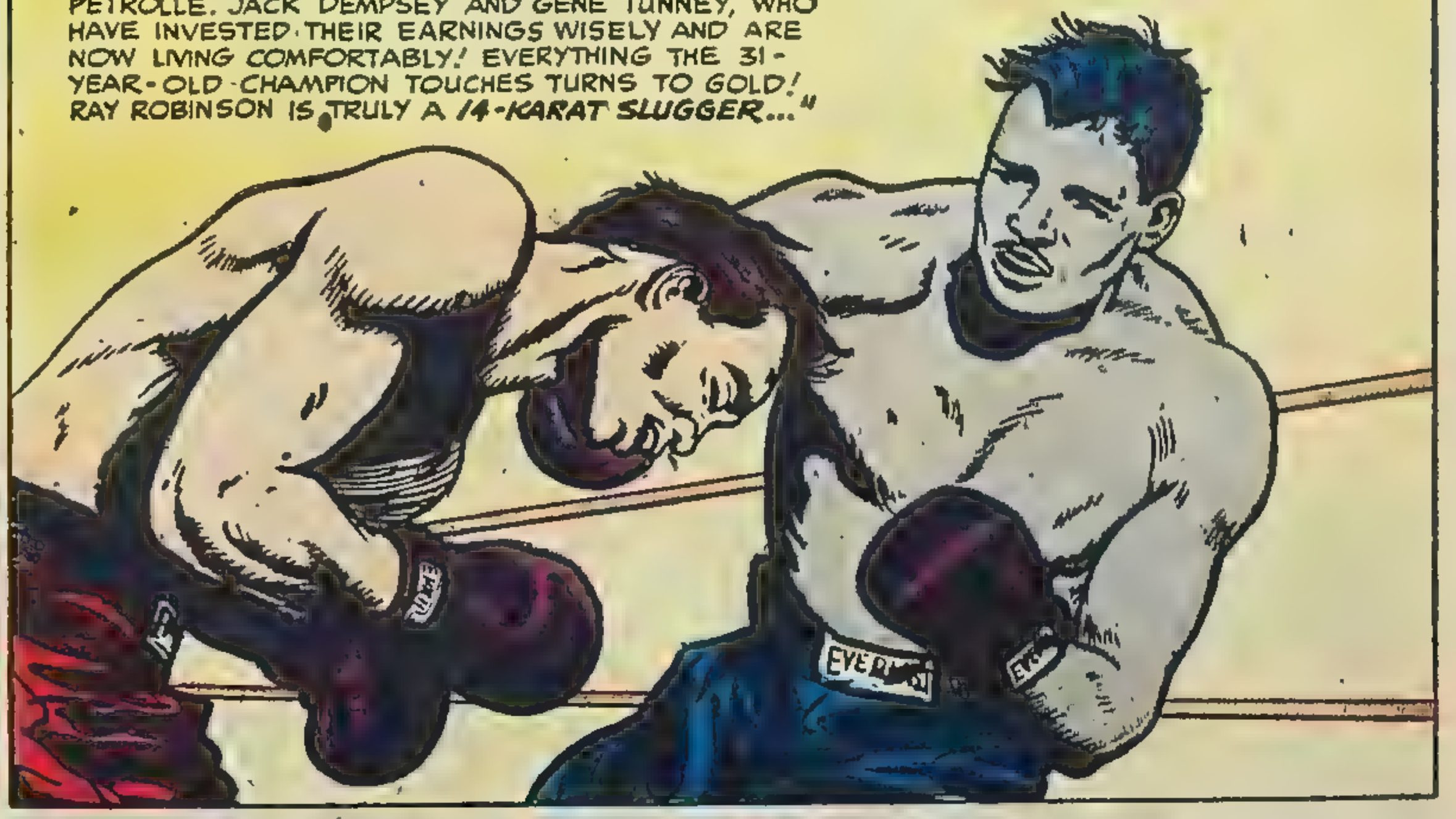
The End



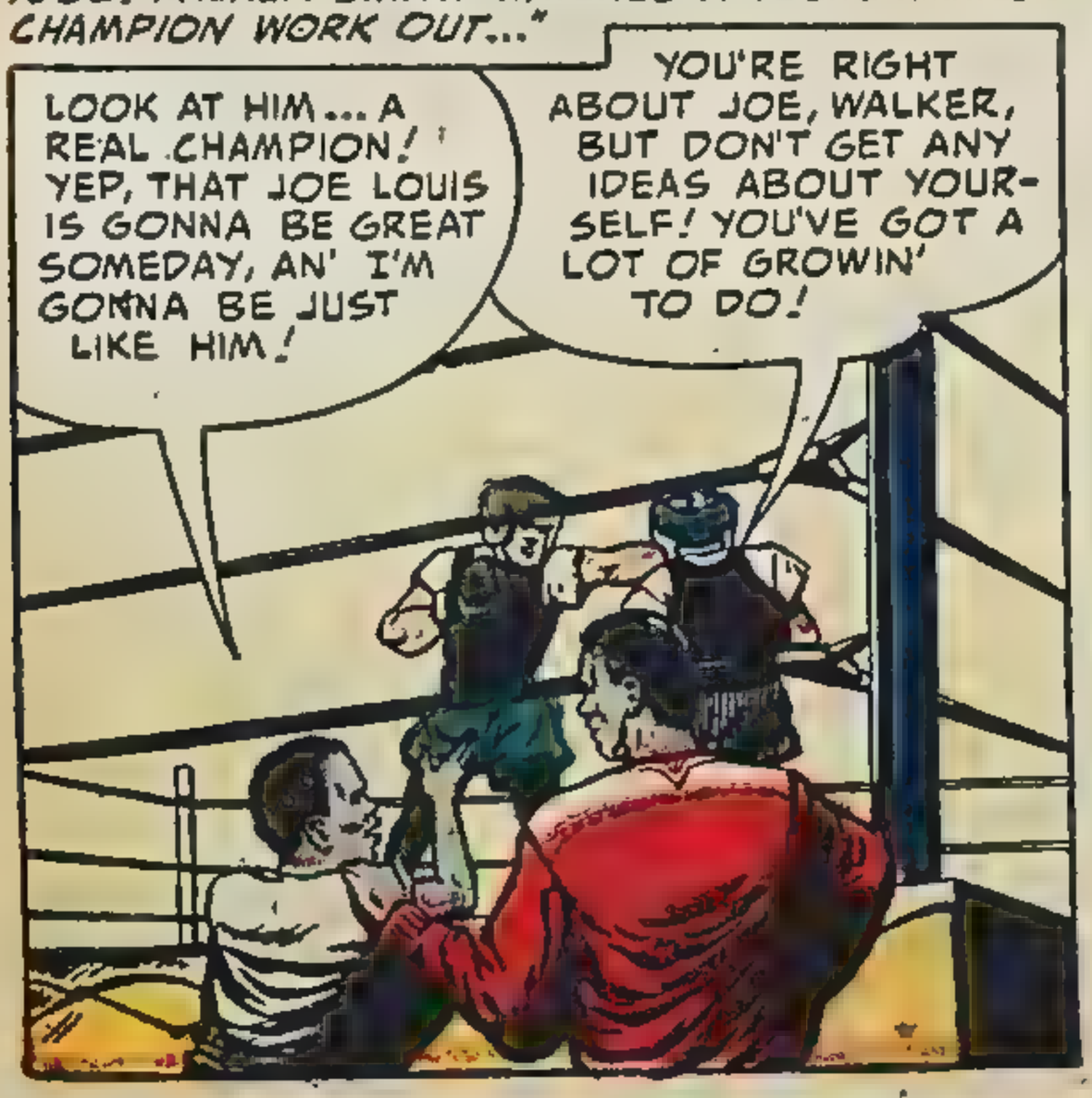
BILL STERN

RAY ROBINSON— 14-KARAT SLUGGER

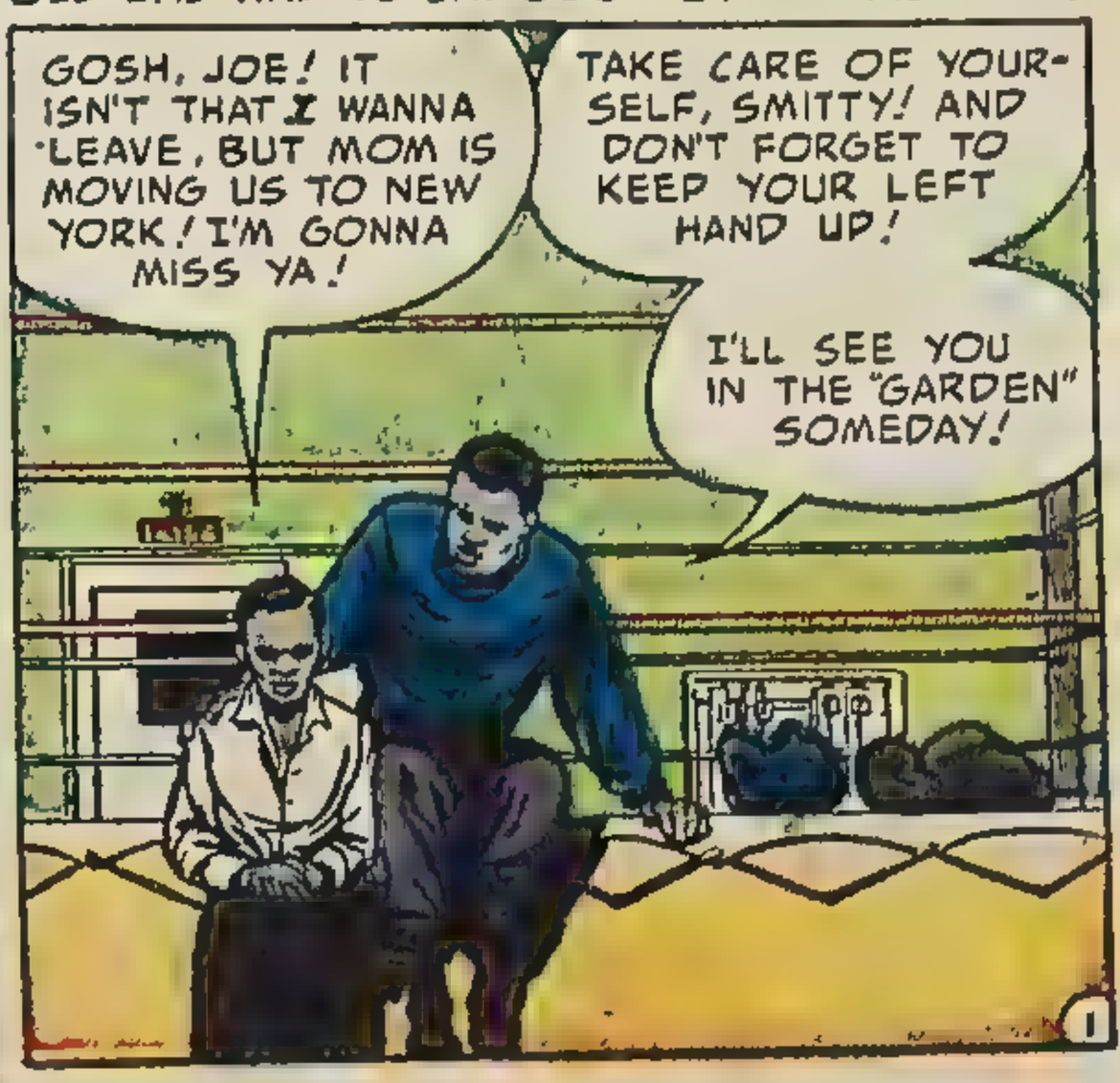
"SUGAR RAY ROBINSON IS RECOGNIZED AS ONE OF THE GREATEST FIGHTERS EVER TO STEP INTO A RING! UNLIKE OTHER BOXERS, WHO HAVE MADE AND LOST THEIR FORTUNES, ROBINSON IS IN A CLASS WITH BILLY PETROLLE, JACK DEMPSEY AND GENE TUNNEY, WHO HAVE INVESTED THEIR EARNINGS WISELY AND ARE NOW LIVING COMFORTABLY! EVERYTHING THE 31-YEAR-OLD CHAMPION TOUCHES TURNS TO GOLD! RAY ROBINSON IS TRULY A *14-KARAT SLUGGER*..."



"LET'S LOOK INTO THE ROBINSON STORY! IT STARTS IN THE BREWSTER GYM IN DETROIT IN 1932! WALKER SMITH WATCHES A YOUNG AMATEUR CHAMPION WORK OUT..."



"LOUIS WAS FOND OF YOUNG WALKER SMITH, WHO WAS HIS FAVORITE ERRAND BOY! SO IT WAS A SAD DAY AT BREWSTER'S WHEN THE 12-YEAR-OLD LAD HAD TO SAY GOOD-BYE TO HIS IDOL..."



"ANOTHER BOYHOOD IDOL OF WALKER'S WAS BILL 'BOJANGLES' ROBINSON, THE FAMED TAP DANCER! BOJANGLES WOULD OFTEN VISIT WALKER AND HIS FRIENDS ON THE BUSY CORNERS OF NEW YORK'S HARLEM, AND TEACH THEM THE LATEST STEPS..."

AND NOW YOU FINISH IT OFF WITH THIS BIT... SEE!

LET ME GIVE IT A TRY, UNCLE BILL!

SAY, LOOKIT SMITTY GO! HE'S A REGULAR DANCER!

GO TO IT, SMITTY!

HOT DOG! BOJANGLES THE SECOND!

"WALKER FORMED HIS OWN NEIGHBORHOOD DANCE GROUP AND THE KIDS TOURED THE CORNERS, DANCING FOR PENNIES! ONE EVENING..."

HEY, GANG! GET A LOAD OF THAT MONKEY ON A STRING! SMITTY, THE DANCING SISSY! WATCH ME MESS HIM UP!

"WALKER ROSE TO THE CHALLENGE AND SAILED INTO HIS TORMENTOR WITH FISTS FLYING..."

I'LL SHOW YA WHO'S A DANCIN' SISSY!

"A FEW MINUTES LATER WALKER'S FISTS HAD THE BULLY AND HIS GANG ON THE RUN! ONE OF THE AMUSED BYSTANDERS HAD WATCHED THIS SET-UP WITH PARTICULAR INTEREST..."

SAY, KID, YOU'RE PRETTY HANDY WITH THOSE FISTS! GOT A REAL NATURAL STYLE! IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN A RING CAREER DROP BY THE GYM AND SEE ME SOME DAY! MY NAME'S GAINFORD... GEORGE GAINFORD! HERE'S MY CARD!

I SHOWED THEM, DIDN'T I, MR. GAINFORD? JUST BECAUSE YOU LIKE TO DANCE DON'T MEAN YOU'RE A SISSY!

"AFTER A FEW MORE MEETINGS GAINFORD FELT THAT YOUNG SMITH REALLY HAD SOMETHING! HE GENEROUSLY OUTFITTED WALKER WITH RING TOGS AND ORDERED HIM TO REPORT BACK THE NEXT DAY! WALKER REPORTED AS ORDERED, BUT..."

...WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU HOCKED THE EQUIPMENT? HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO WORK OUT?

I DIDN'T MEAN NO HARM, MR. GAINFORD! WE JUST NEEDED THE MONEY AT HOME! I'M AWFUL SORRY!

OKAY, WISE GUY, YOU'LL WORK OUT IN YOUR UNDERSHIRT AND SHORTS UNTIL YOU EARN ENOUGH TO BUY BACK YOUR EQUIPMENT! NOW, MOVE!

YES, SIR, MR. GAINFORD! YES, SIR!

"GAINFORD WORKED HARD WITH THE BOY! AFTER MONTHS OF TRAINING, WALKER WAS ANXIOUS TO BOX IN A REGULAR AAU BOUT, BUT WAS TOO YOUNG TO OBTAIN A CARD! ONE EVENING GEORGE ARRANGED AN AAU MATCH FOR WALKER! AS THEY CAME DOWN THE AISLE..."

HERE, KID, GIVE THIS CARD TO THE ANNOUNCER! THE GUY WHO OWNED IT RETIRED A LONG TIME AGO! IT'S THE **ONLY** WAY YOU CAN GET INTO THE RING!

OKAY, MR. G..!

AND WEARING RED TRUNKS WITH BLACK STRIPES, WEIGHING 126 POUNDS, **RAY ROBINSON!**

RAY ROBINSON? THAT MUST BE **ME!**

"WALKER SMITH, **NOW RAY ROBINSON,** SET THE AMATEUR RING ABLAZE WITH 89 CONSECUTIVE VICTORIES! HE KNOCKED OUT 69 OPPONENTS, 44 OF THEM IN THE FIRST ROUND..."

"THEN ONE EVENING IN '38, AT WATERTOWN, CONNECTICUT, AS RAY ROBINSON WAS BUSY STOWING AWAY ANOTHER VICTIM..."

YOU'VE GOT A SWEET FIGHTER THERE, GEORGE! REAL SWEET!

YEAH! SWEET AS SUGAR! SAY, THAT AIN'T BAD! "**SUGAR**" RAY ROBINSON!

"IN JANUARY '39, RAY WON HIS FIRST TITLE IN THE NEW YORK CITY GOLDEN GLOVES..."

WINNER AND NEW GOLDEN GLOVES LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPEEN ..."SUGAR" RAY ROBINSON!

"THE FOLLOWING YEAR RAY REPEATED HIS EARLIER TRIUMPHS AND THIS TIME WON THE AMATEUR WELTER TITLE! GEORGE GAINFORD, CONCERNED WITH RAY'S FUTURE, SOLD ROBINSON'S CONTRACT TO WEALTHY CURT HORRMAN... A MAN WITH A GREAT DEAL OF INFLUENCE..."

GEORGE FEELS THAT A MAN OF MY POSITION CAN MOVE YOU ALONG FASTER, RAY! OF COURSE I'M RETAINING GEORGE AS YOUR TRAINER!

MY DEAL WITH MR HORRMAN CALLS FOR HIM TO SET ASIDE A REGULAR SALARY FOR YOU EACH WEEK, RAY! HE'LL PAY YOUR MOTHER'S RENT, TOO! IT'S MORE THAN I CAN DO FOR YOU, KID!

THANKS, MR. G.! WHATEVER YOU SAY GOES!

"HORRMAN SIGNED RAY TO FIGHT JOE ECHEVERRIA AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ON OCTOBER 4, 1940! RAY EARNED $100 FOR HIS FIRST PRO FIGHT BY STOPPING JOE IN TWO ROUNDS..."

EIGHT-- NINE-- TEN!

"BY THIS TIME, RAY'S OLD FRIEND, JOE LOUIS, HAD BECOME HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION, BUT HE HADN'T FORGOTTEN LITTLE 'SMITTY!' WHEREVER HE WENT JOE PUT IN A GOOD WORD FOR SUGAR RAY..."

YOU PUT DOWN THAT THE SUGAR BABY HERE IS GONNA BE CHAMP REAL SOON! JUST TELL YOUR READERS THAT OL' JOE TOLD YOU SO!

"SUGAR RAY'S FLASHING FISTS BACKED UP LOUIS' STATEMENT! IN HIS NEXT 20 FIGHTS HE KNOCKED OUT 17 OF HIS OPPONENTS, ALL TOP-NOTCHERS... AMONG THEM, NICK CASTIGLIONE, NORMENT QUARLES AND PETE LELLO..."

"ON JULY 21, 1941 RAY GOT HIS FIRST BIG CHANCE AGAINST FORMER LIGHTWEIGHT KING SAMMY ANGOTT, AT PH'LADELPHIA..."

THE WINNER BY UNANIMOUS DECISION, RAY ROBINSON!

THIS KID IS ON THE BALL! IT TAKES A GOOD MAN TO BEAT SAMMY!

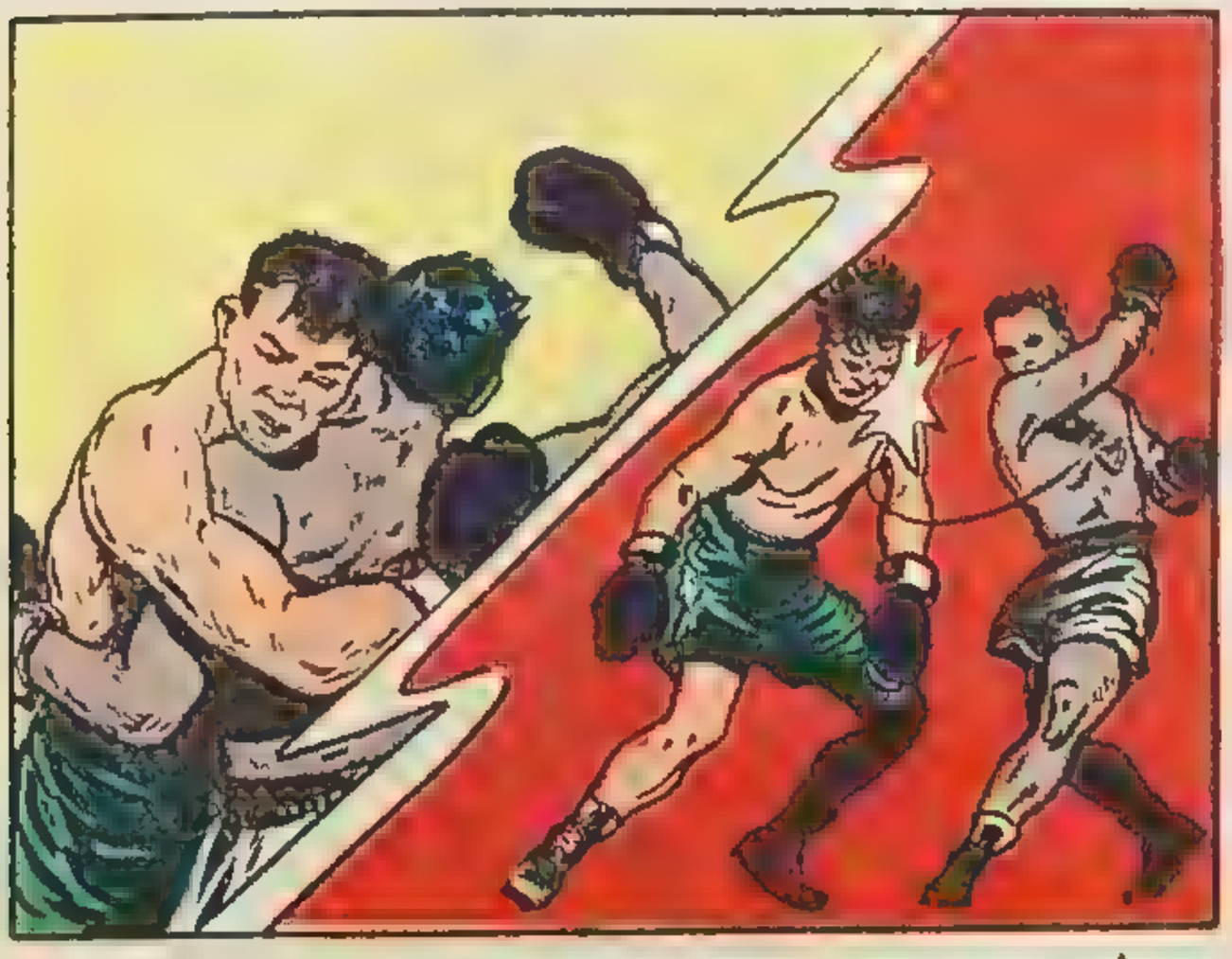
YEAH! ROBINSON'S GOIN' PLACES!

"SUBSEQUENT VICTORIES OVER MAXIE SHAPIRO AND MARTY SERVO CREATED INTEREST IN A MATCH WITH ROUGH, TOUGH, FORMER WELTER KING, FRITZIE ZIVIC! FRITZIE WAS AFRAID OF NO MAN.. ESPECIALLY ROBINSON..."

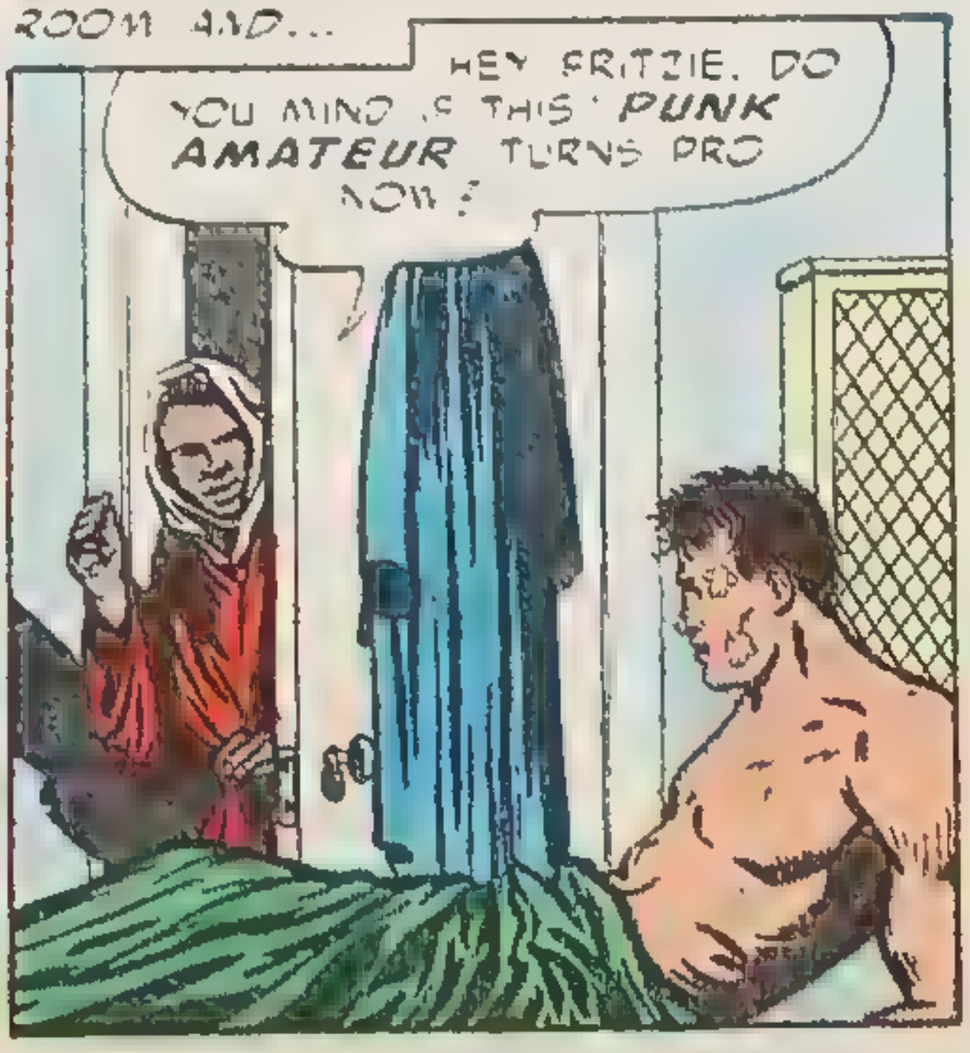
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ROBINSON, FRITZIE? DO YOU EXPECT ANY TROUBLE WITH HIM?

ROBINSON? HAH! HE'S ONLY A *PUNK AMATEUR KID!* WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH HIM HE WON'T EVEN BE ABLE TO GO BACK TO TAP DANCIN'! YOU CAN QUOTE ME ON THAT!

ON OCTOBER 31, 1941, A CAPACITY CROWD JAMMED THE GARDEN TO WATCH ROBINSON HAND ZIVIC A TERRIBLE BEATING FOR 10 ROUNDS..."

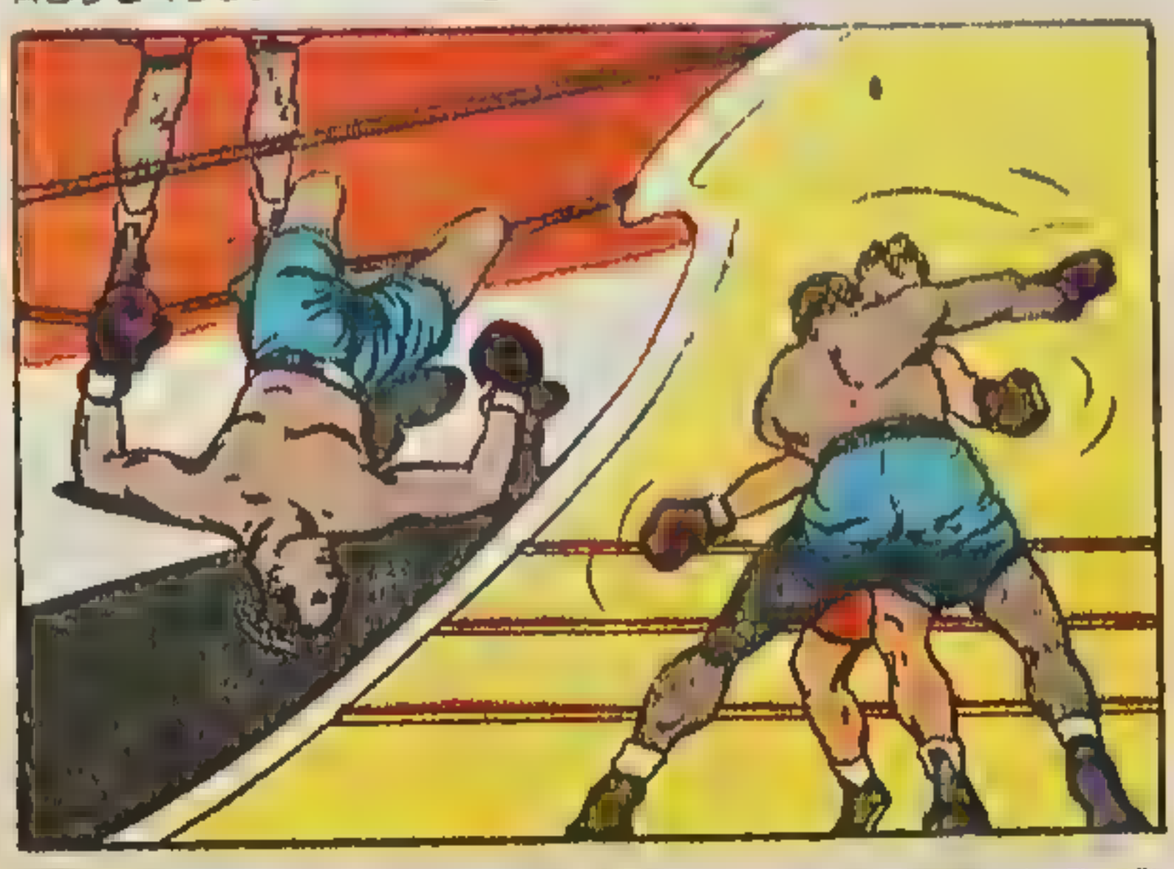


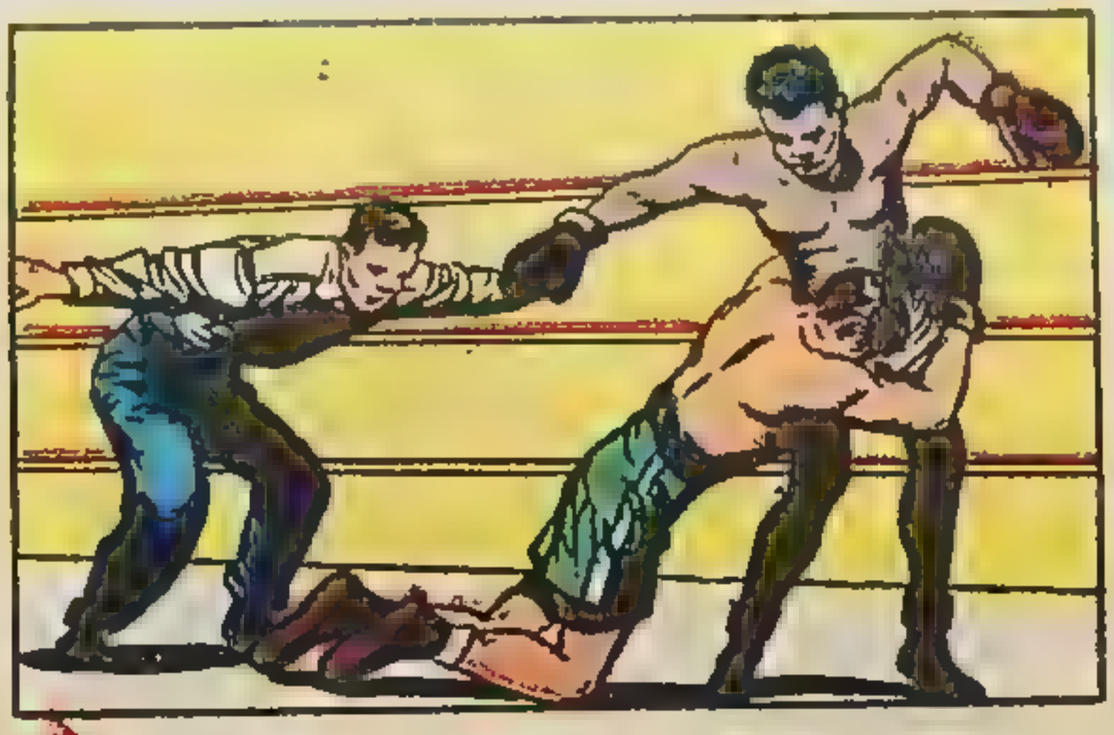
IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE BOUT RAY FOLLOWED ZIVIC BACK TO HIS DRESSING ROOM AND...



"CURT HORRMAN'S OUTSIDE BUSINESS INTERESTS TOOK UP TOO MUCH OF HIS TIME, SO HE SOLD RAY'S CONTRACT BACK TO GAINFORD FOR $10,000! THEN IN JANUARY '42, RAY KO'D FRITZIE IN TEN ROUNDS IN THEIR RETURN BOUT, AND WENT ON TO DEFEAT MARTY SERVO AND SAMMY ANGOTT AGAIN! HE ADDED A KO OVER IZZY JANNAZZO AND A DECISION OVER MIDDLEWEIGHT JAKE LAMOTTA, FOR A **WIN STREAK OF 40 BOUTS...**"

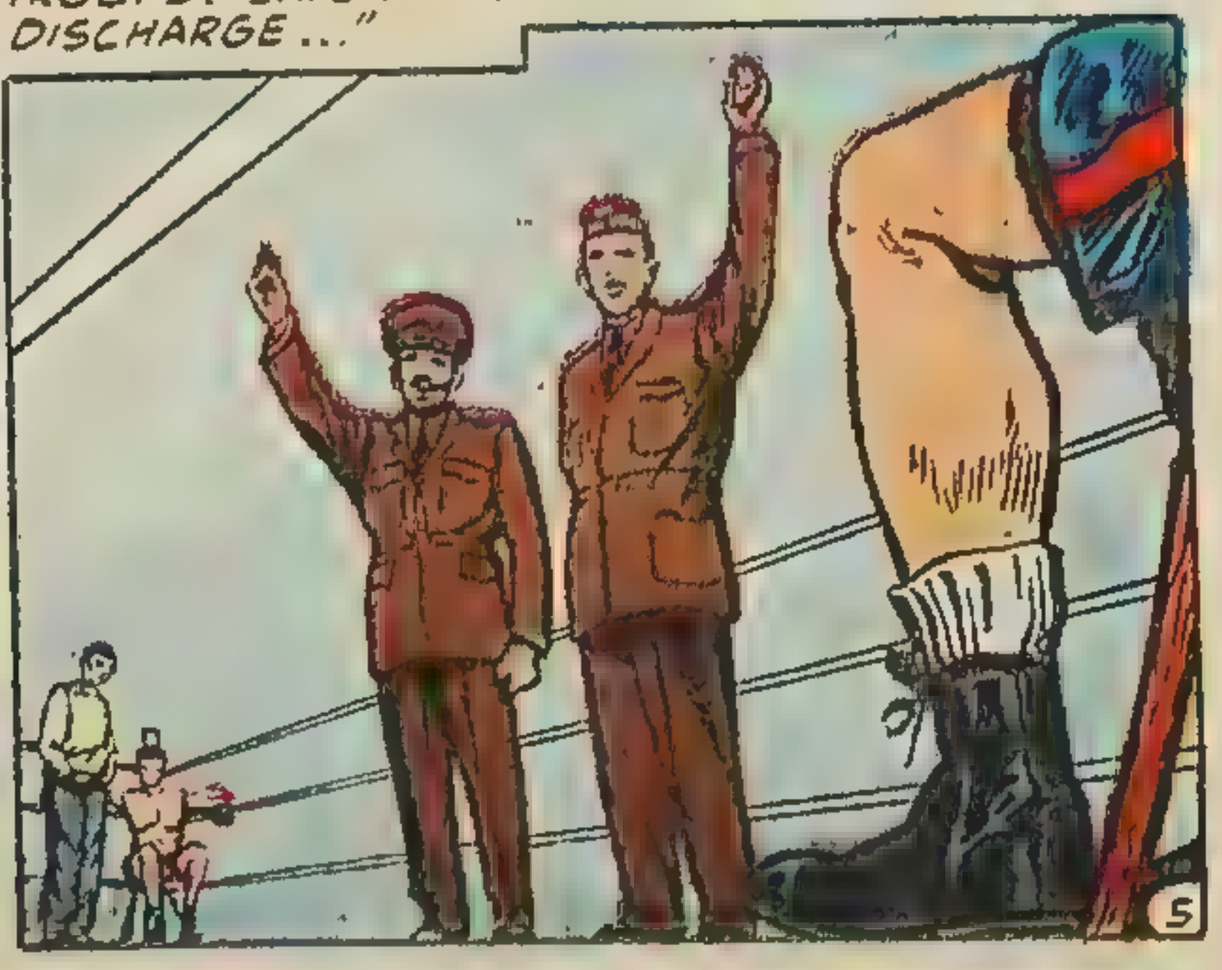
"AT DETROIT ON FEBRUARY 5, 1943, IN A RETURN BOUT, LAMOTTA, WITH A WEIGHT EDGE OF 15 POUNDS BLASTED RAY OUT OF THE RING! BUT ROBINSON DISPLAYED THE HEART OF A CHAMPION AND CRAWLED BACK IN. HE WEATHERED THE STORM AND FINISHED ON HIS FEET BUT HE HAD ABSORBED HIS FIRST LOSS..



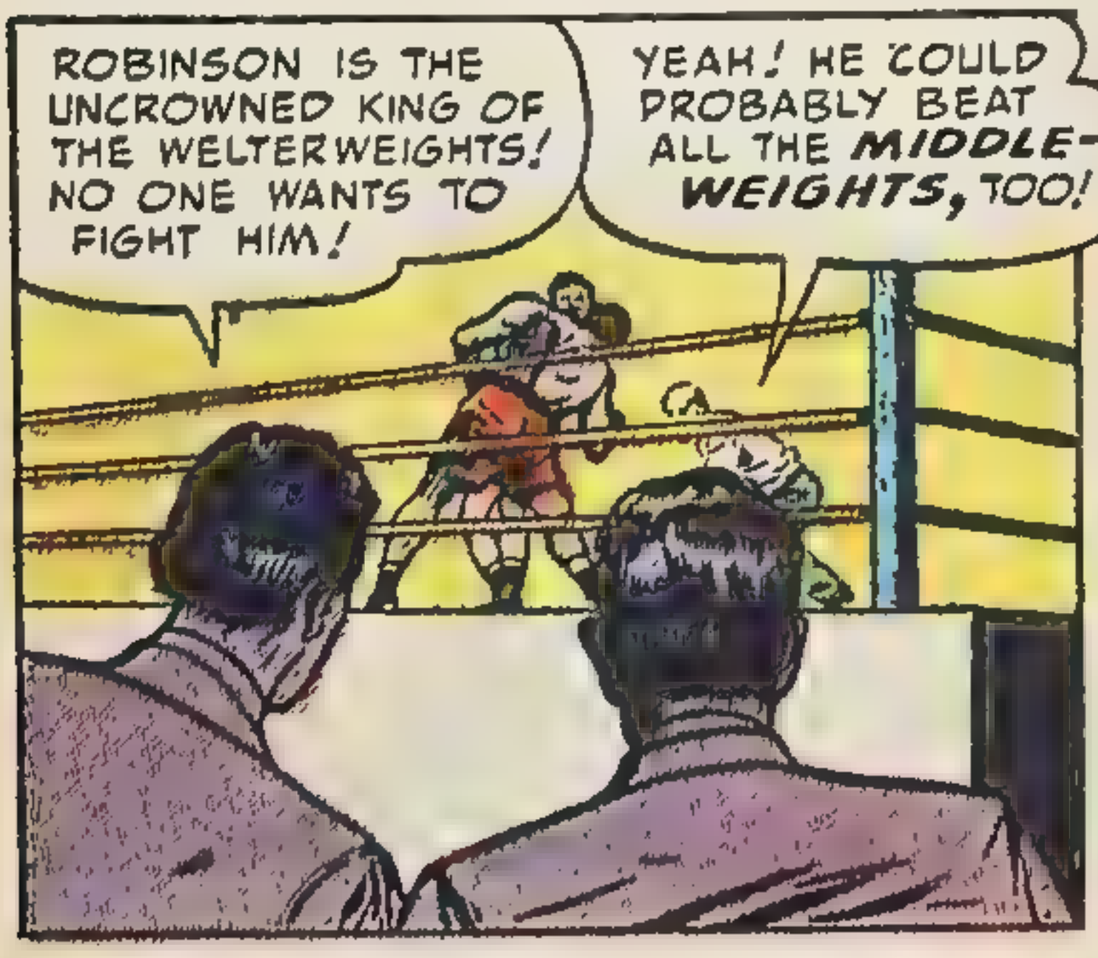


"IN THE SPACE OF THE NEXT FEW MONTHS, RAY DEFEATED LAMOTTA TO AVENGE HIS ONLY LOSS, BEAT HENRY ARMSTRONG, FORMER TRIPLE TITLE-HOLDER, AND MARRIED EDNA MAE HOLLEY! RAY TOPPED OFF THAT EXCITING YEAR BY JOINING THE ARMY..."

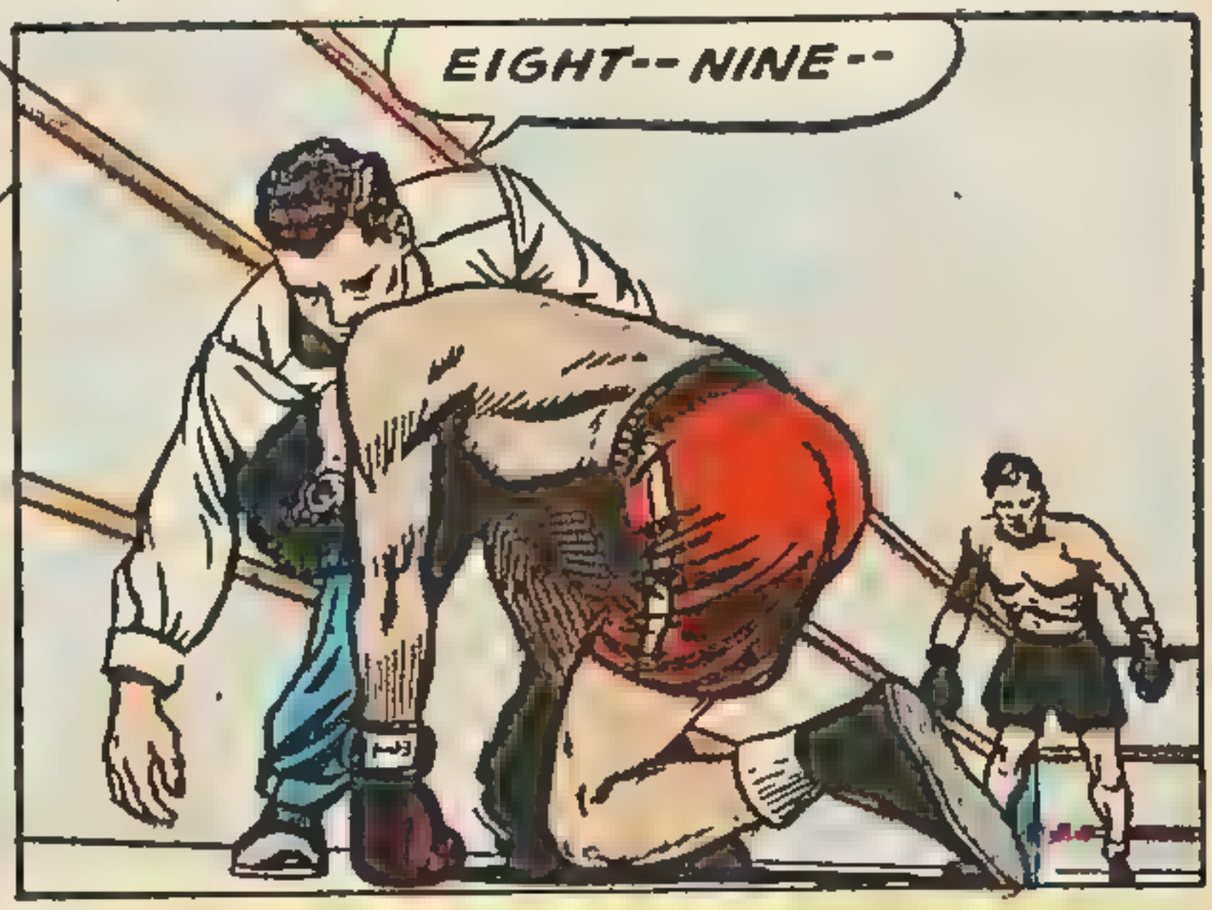
"ONCE AGAIN RAY WAS TOGETHER WITH HIS OLD FRIEND JOE LOUIS.' TOGETHER THEY TOURED THE ARMY CAMPS AND HELPED ENTERTAIN THE TROOPS.' LATER IN '44 RAY RECEIVED A MEDICAL DISCHARGE..."



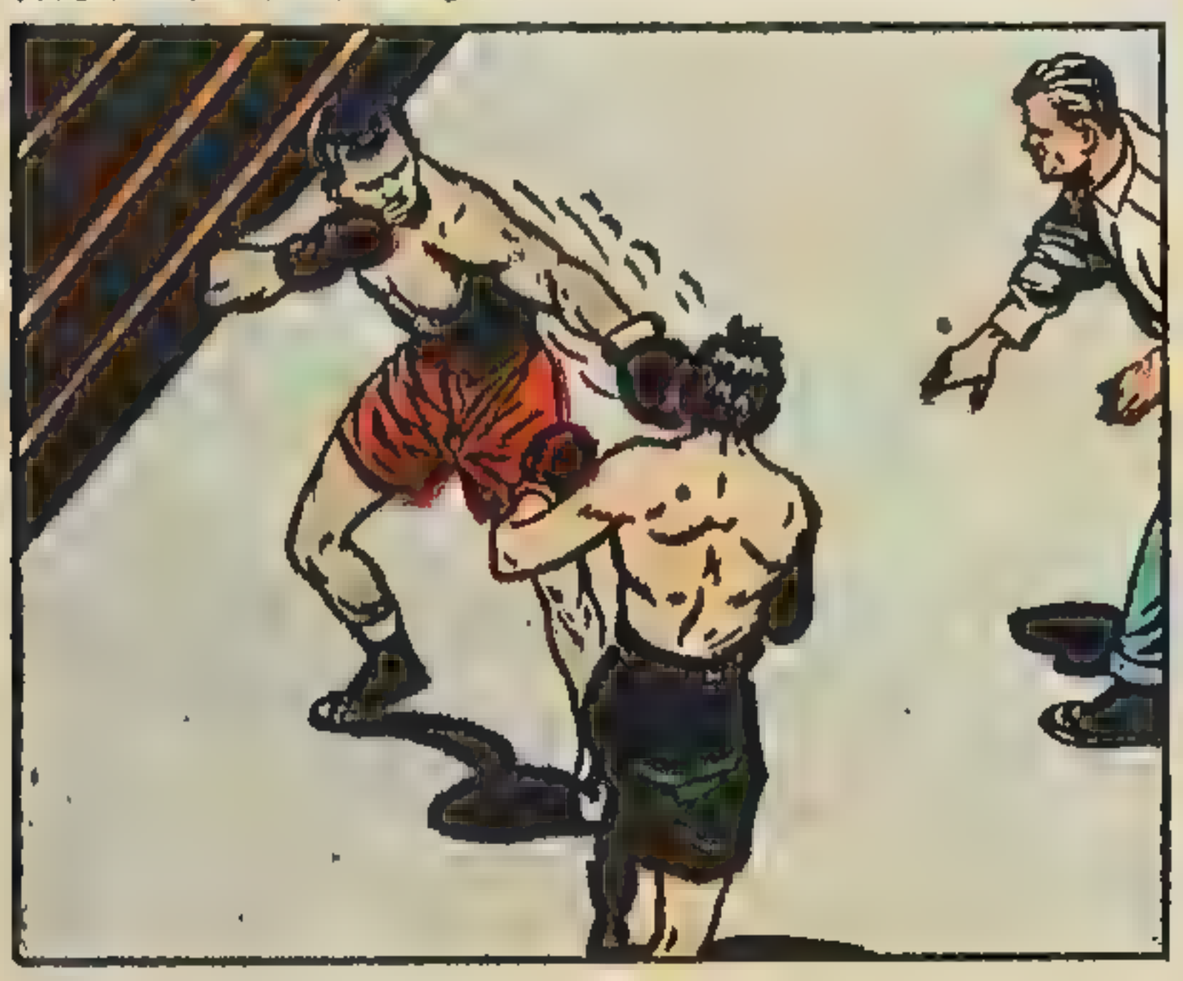
"RAY RESUMED HIS ACTIVITY AND SWEPT THE DIVISION CLEAN OF OPPONENTS! HE DEFEATED LAMOTTA TWICE MORE, LICKED TOMMY BELL, KO'D JIM McDANIELS, JOE CURCIO AND CECIL HUDSON..."



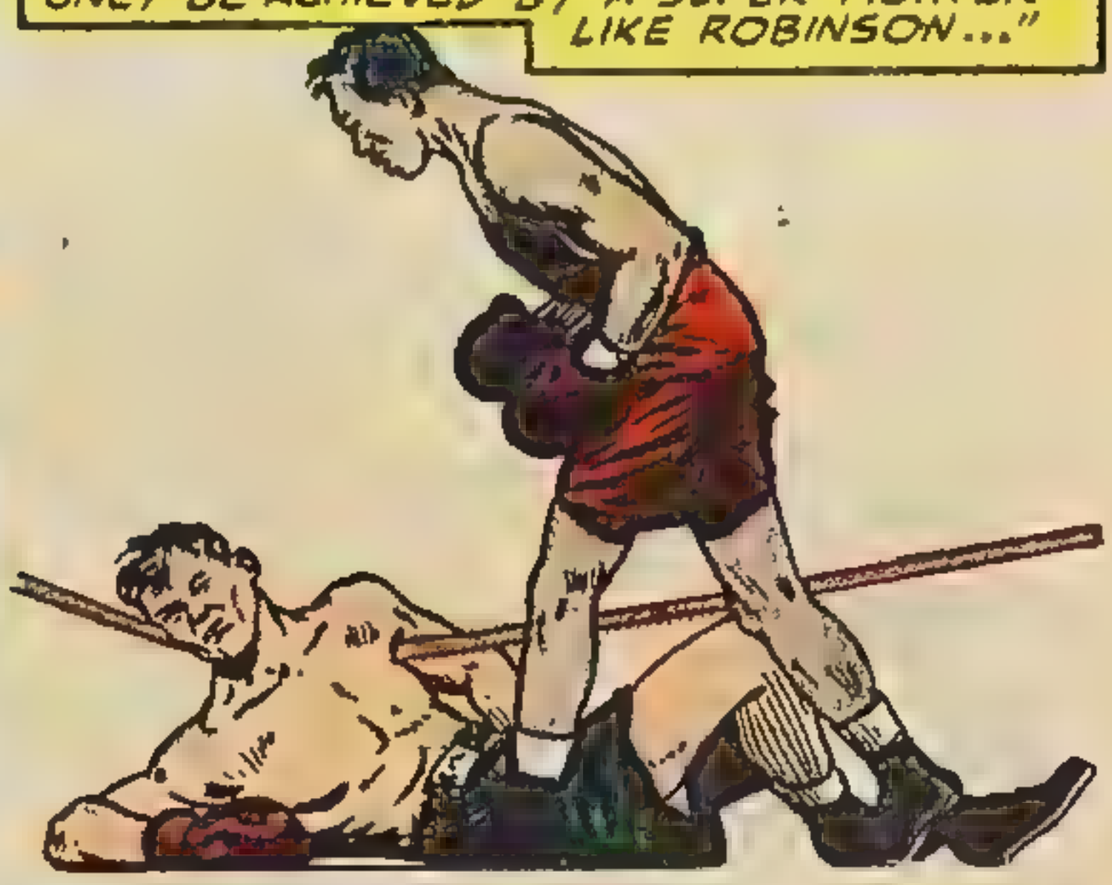
"AT CLEVELAND, OHIO, IN NOVEMBER 1946, RAY TOOK ON TOP MIDDLEWEIGHT CONTENDER, ARTIE LEVINE, WHO HAD A STREAK OF FIVE KNOCK-OUT VICTORIES. RAY SPOTTED ARTIE 12 POUNDS! HE BREEZED ALONG UNTIL THE FIFTH ROUND WHEN THE ROOF FELL IN ON HIM! LEVINE CONNECTED..!



"SAVED BY THE BELL, RAY GOT ONTO HIS BICYCLE AND PUT ON A MASTERFUL BOXING EXHIBITION! HE JABBED HIS WAY OUT OF TROUBLE IN THE SUCCEEDING ROUNDS..."



"ON THE 10TH ROUND ROBINSON TURNED DEFEAT INTO VICTORY AS HE UNLEASHED A FLURRY OF LEFT HOOKS AND RIGHT HAND SMASHES THAT SENT LEVINE DOWN FOR THE FINAL COUNT! A COMEBACK THAT COULD ONLY BE ACHIEVED BY A SUPER-FIGHTER LIKE ROBINSON..."



"DUE TO CHAMPION MARTY SERVO'S SUDDEN RETIREMENT, THE WELTERWEIGHT TITLE WAS DECLARED. RAY AND TOMMY BELL OF OHIO, WERE DESIGNATED TO BATTLE FOR THE VACANT CROWN AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ON DECEMBER 20, 1946! RAY SCORED A UNANIMOUS VICTORY OVER BELL BEFORE A PACKED HOUSE OF 18,000!"

"RAY WAS VERY DEVOTED TO HIS MOTHER! THAT CHRISTMAS FOUND THE NEW CHAMPION AT HIS MOTHER'S SIDE..!"

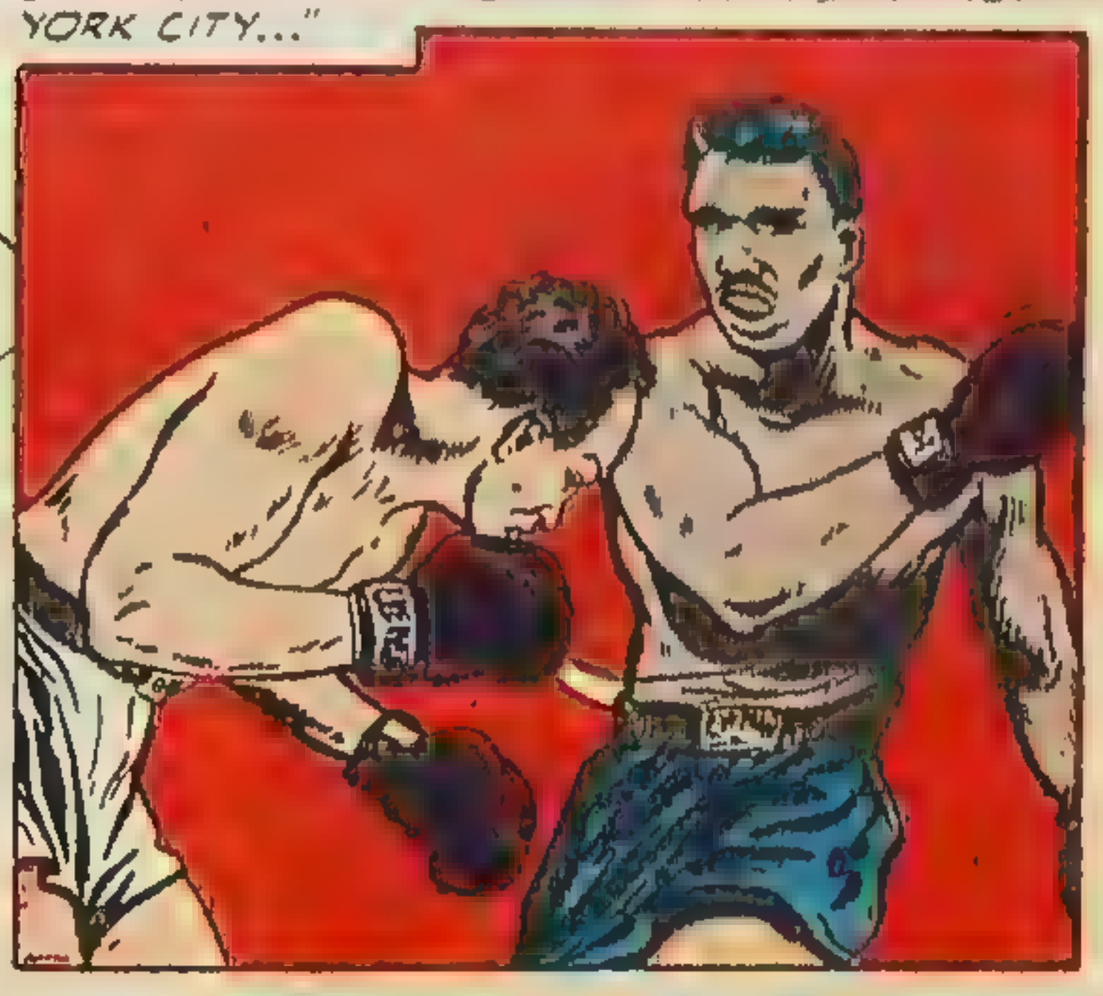
"OTHER INTELLIGENT INVESTMENTS BROUGHT RAY TWO MORE SOLID BUSINESS PROPERTIES..."

"ON JUNE 24, 1947, TRAGEDY STRUCK WHEN RAY'S KO OF JIMMY DOYLE, IN DEFENSE OF HIS CROWN AT CLEVELAND, RESULTED IN DOYLES DEATH..."

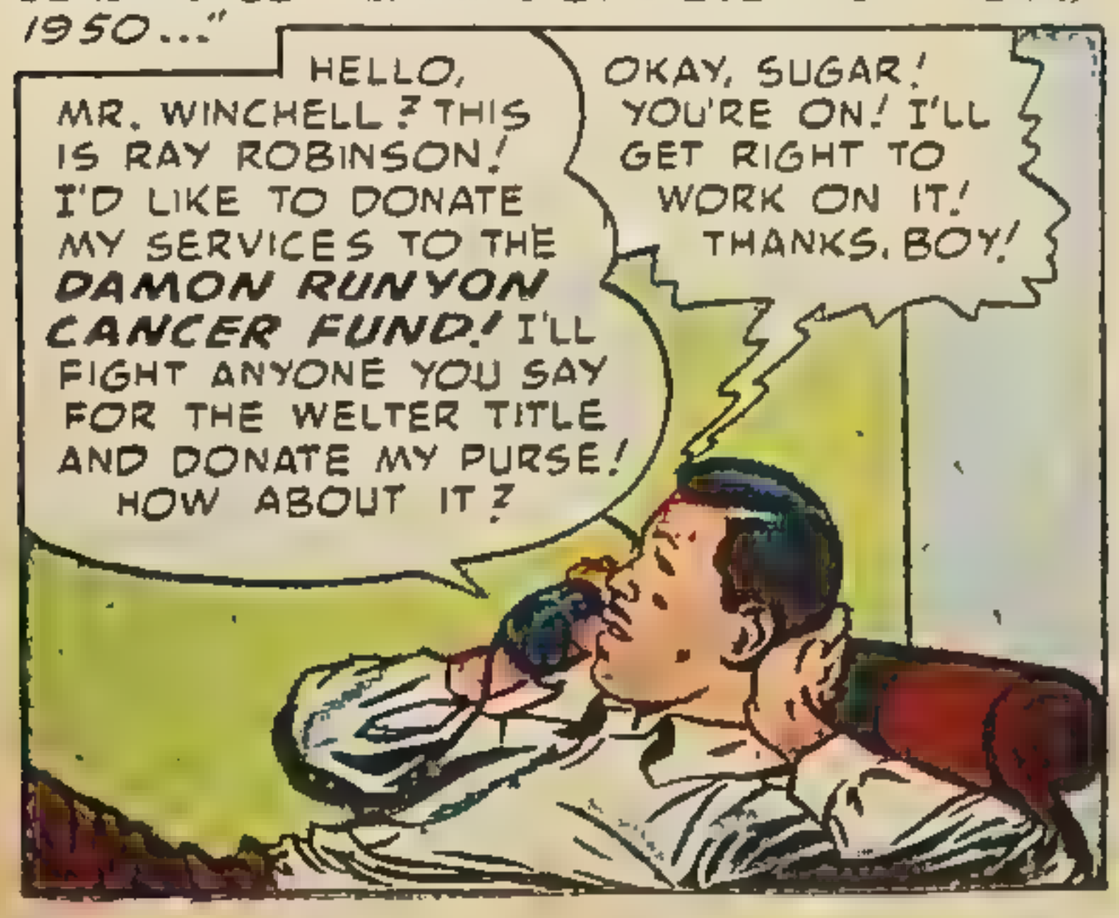
"DOYLE'S FAMILY WAS LEFT DESTITUTE! WHILE OTHERS TALKED, RAY ACTED..

"RAY RAPIDLY FOUGHT HIMSELF OUT OF OPPONENTS! HE SUCCESSFULLY DEFENDED AGAINST CHUCK TAYLOR IN DECEMBER '47 AND BERNARD DOCUSEN IN JUNE '48! ON JUNE 11, 1949 HE TURNED BACK KID GAVILAN AT PHILADELPHIA! WELTERWEIGHTS WANTED NO PART OF SUGAR RAY..."

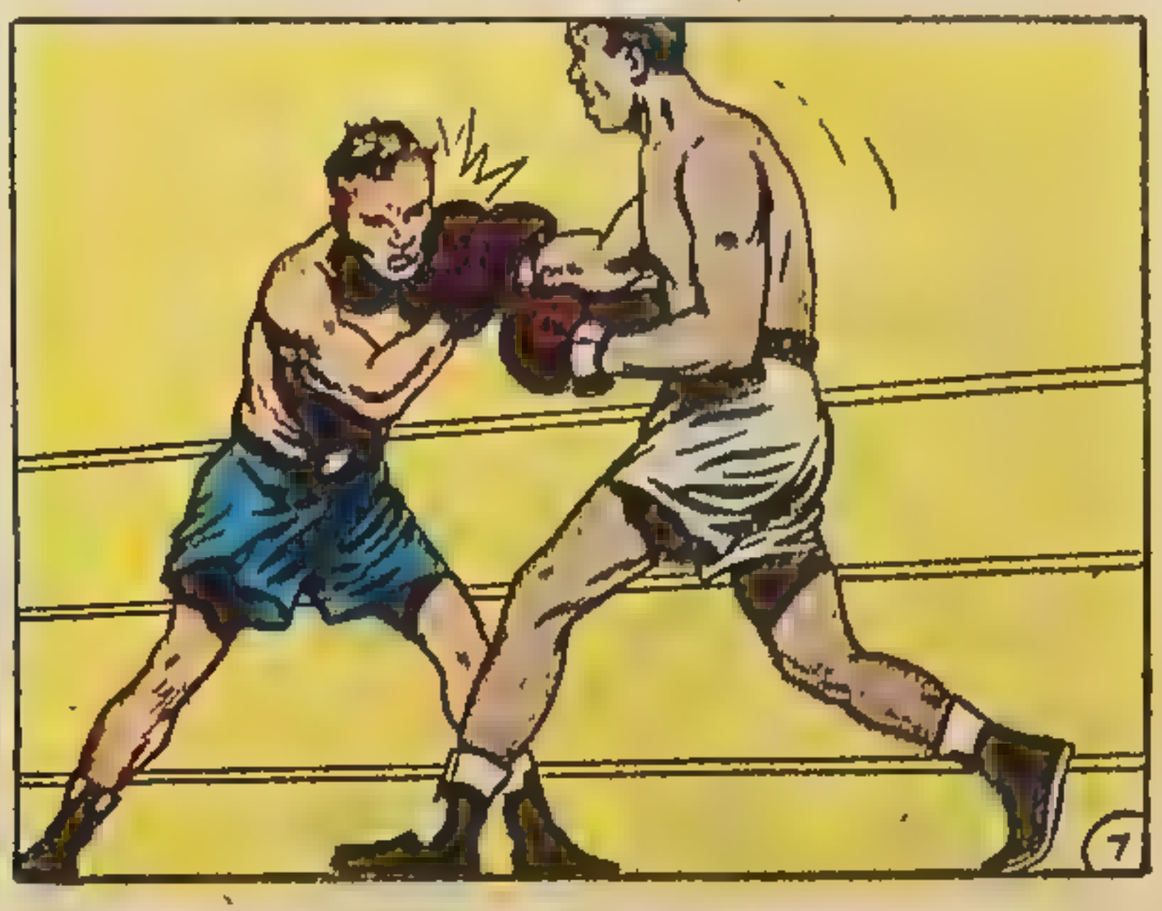
"ROBINSON SERVED NOTICE ON THE MIDDLE-WEIGHTS BY STOPPING LEADING CONTENDER STEVE BELLOISE IN SEVEN ROUNDS AT NEW YORK CITY..."



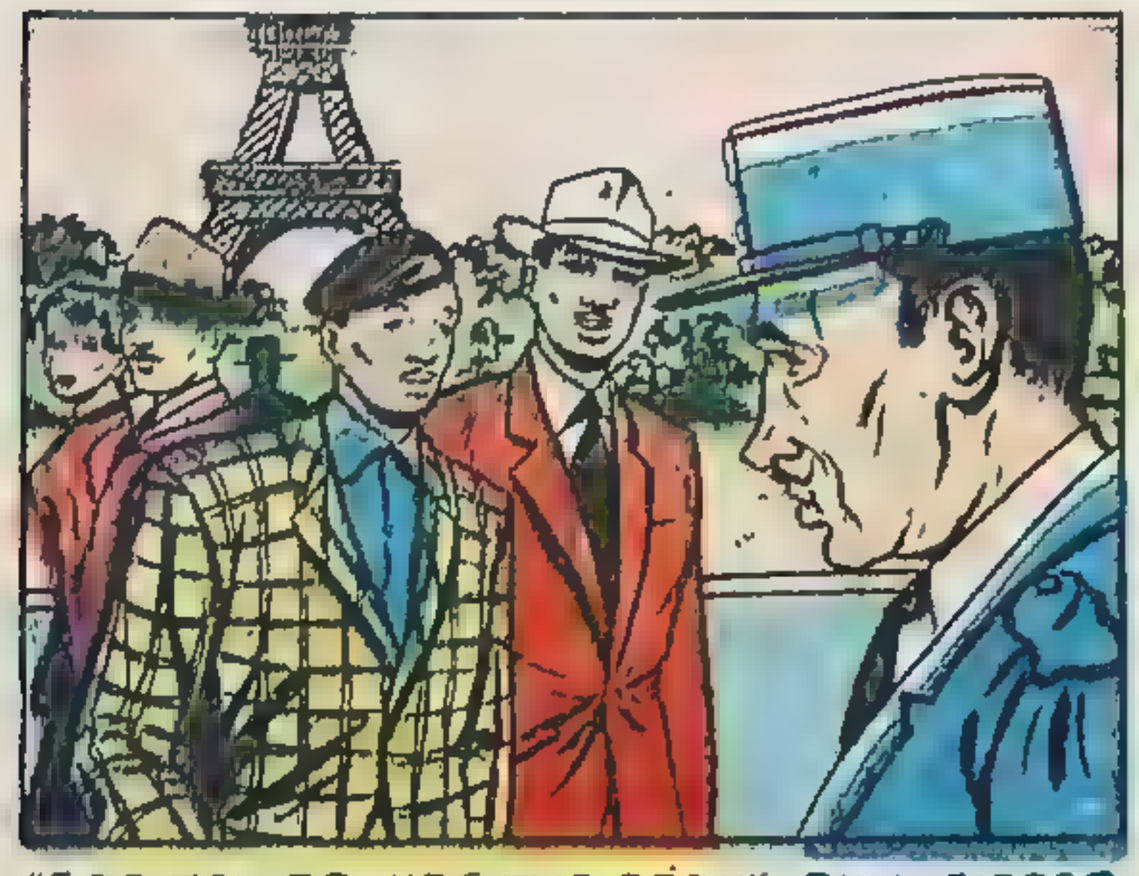
"ANOTHER YEAR PASSED BEFORE HE WAS ABLE TO CATCH ANOTHER LEADING 160 POUNDER! HE THEN LICKED FRANCE'S ROBERT VILLEMAIN TO ESTABLISH HIMSELF AS A LEADING CONTENDER! ONE EVENING IN JUNE, 1950..."



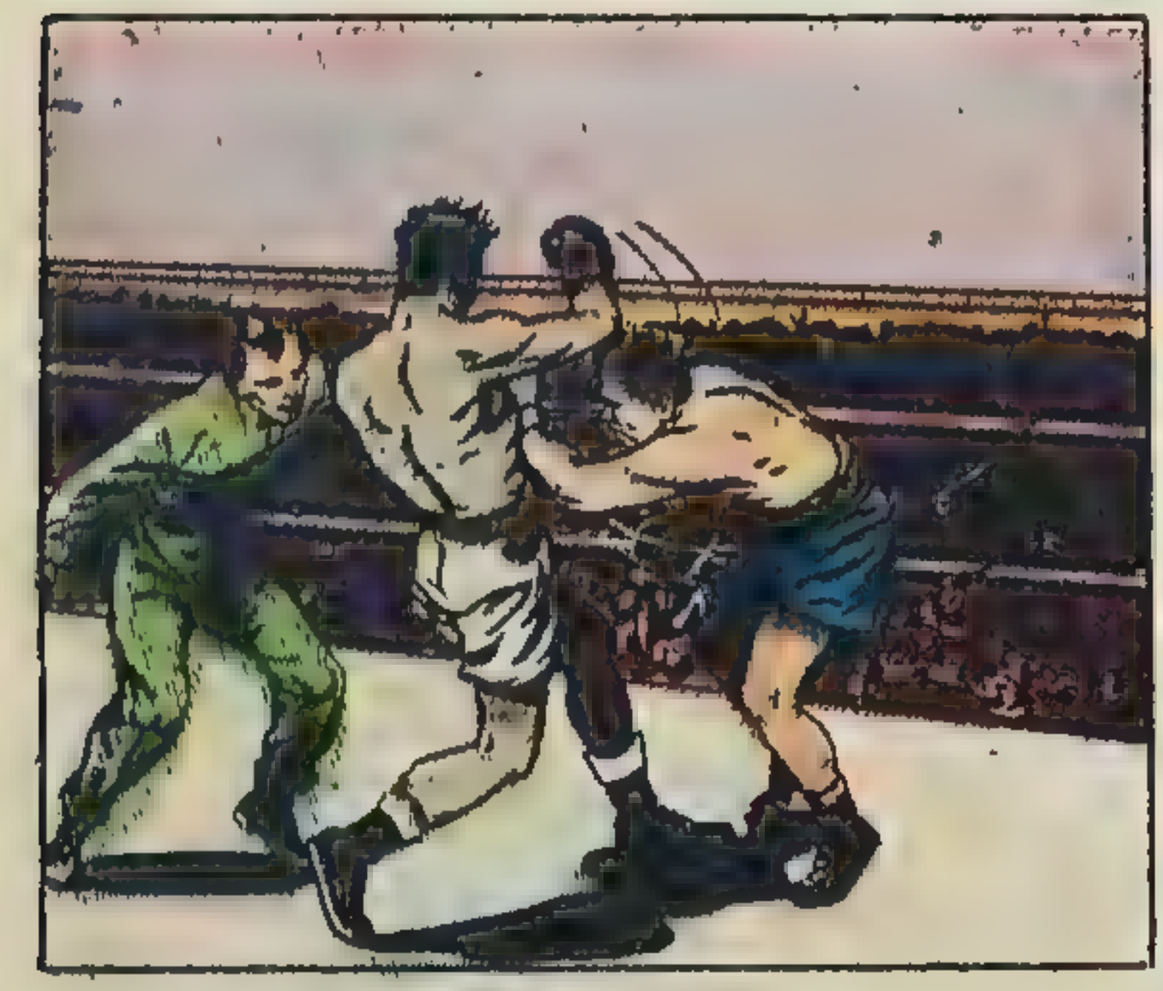
"CHARLEY FUSARI AGREED TO MEET ROBINSON, AND ON THE NIGHT OF AUGUST 9, 1950, RAY MET AND DEFEATED THE 'JERSEY MILKMAN' OVER 15 ROUNDS AND ENRICHED THE DAMON RUNYON CANCER FUND BY MORE THAN #35,000..."



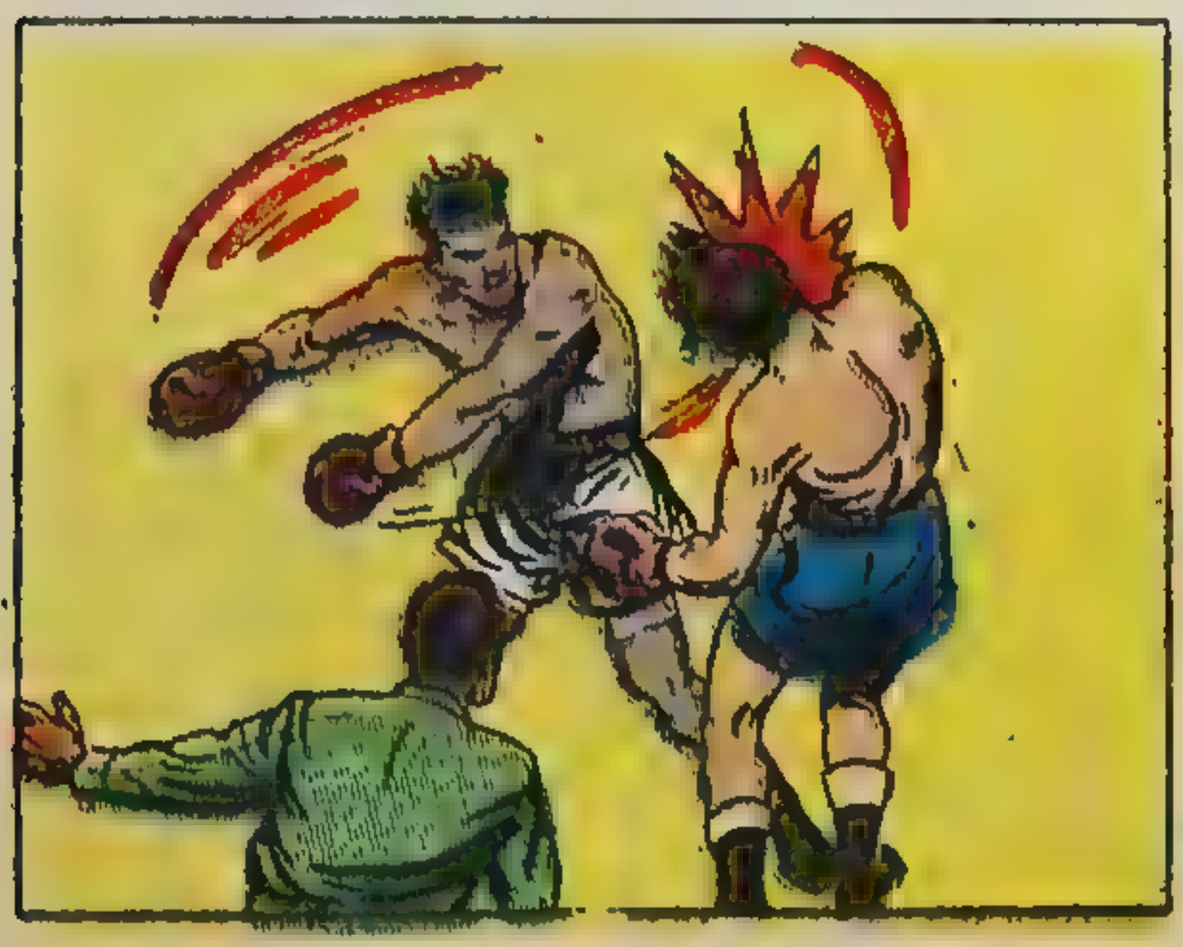
"IN 1950 RAY MADE A TRIUMPHANT TOUR OF EUROPE WHERE HE DEFEATED THE CONTINENT'S BEST MIDDLEWEIGHTS ... JEAN STOCK, LUC VAN DAM, ROBERT VILLEMAIN AND HANS STRETZ! ONLY ONE MAN STOOD IN HIS PATH TO THE CROWN! HIS ARCH RIVAL, JAKE LAMOTTA, NOW MIDDLEWEIGHT KING..."



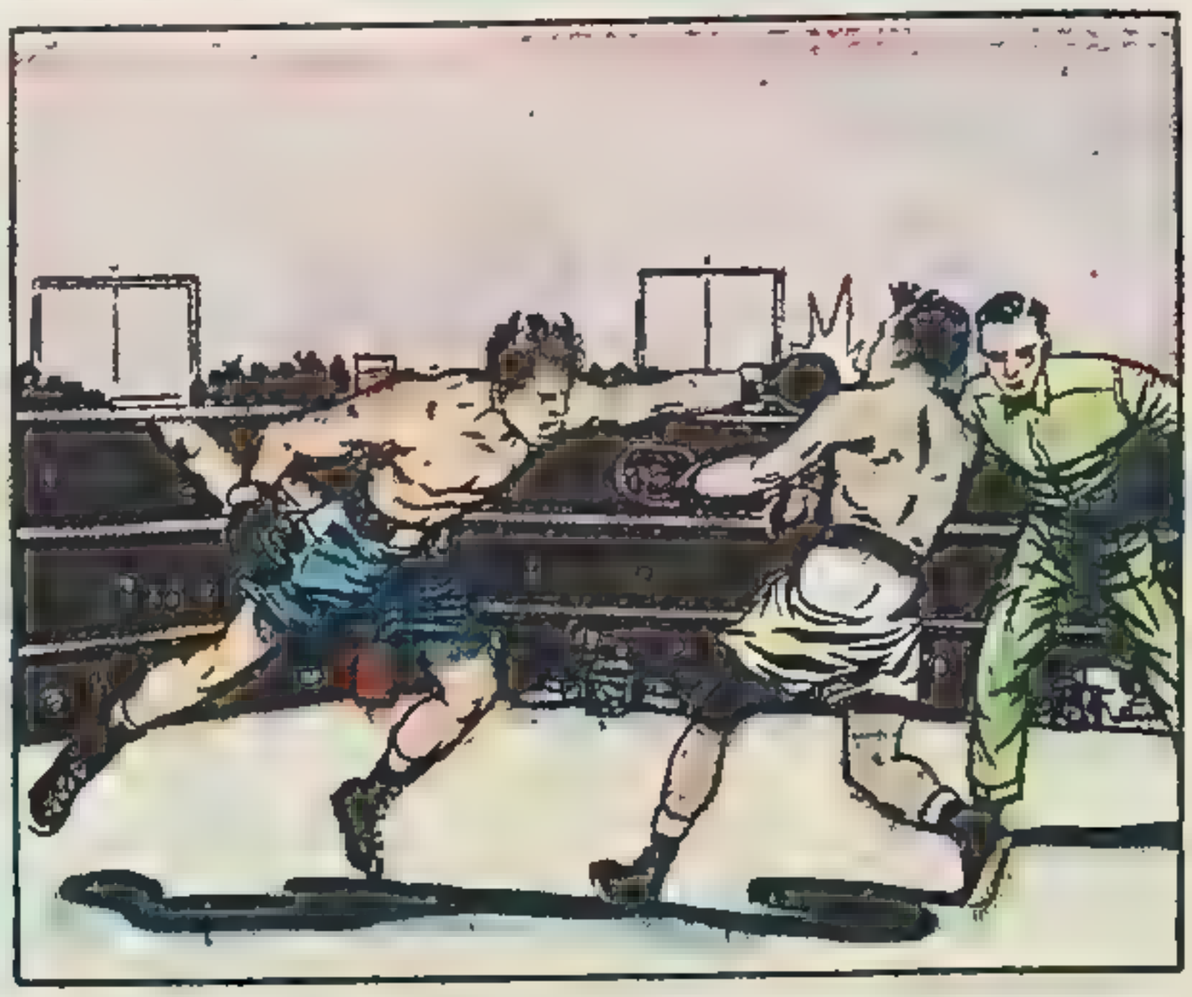
"FOR TEN ROJNDS THE BRONX BULL RIPPED AVD TORE HIS WAY INSIDE WITH DEVASTATING LEFT HOOKS THAT HURT THE CHALLENGER..."



"JAKE PAUSED TO CATCH HIS BREATH AND SUDDENLY ROBINSON CAME ALIVE! HE LASHED OUT WITH BRUISING LEFT HOOKS AND RIGHT CROSSES THAT SHOOK THE CHAMP AND DROVE HIM ACROSS THE RING! THE TIDE HAD TURNED..."

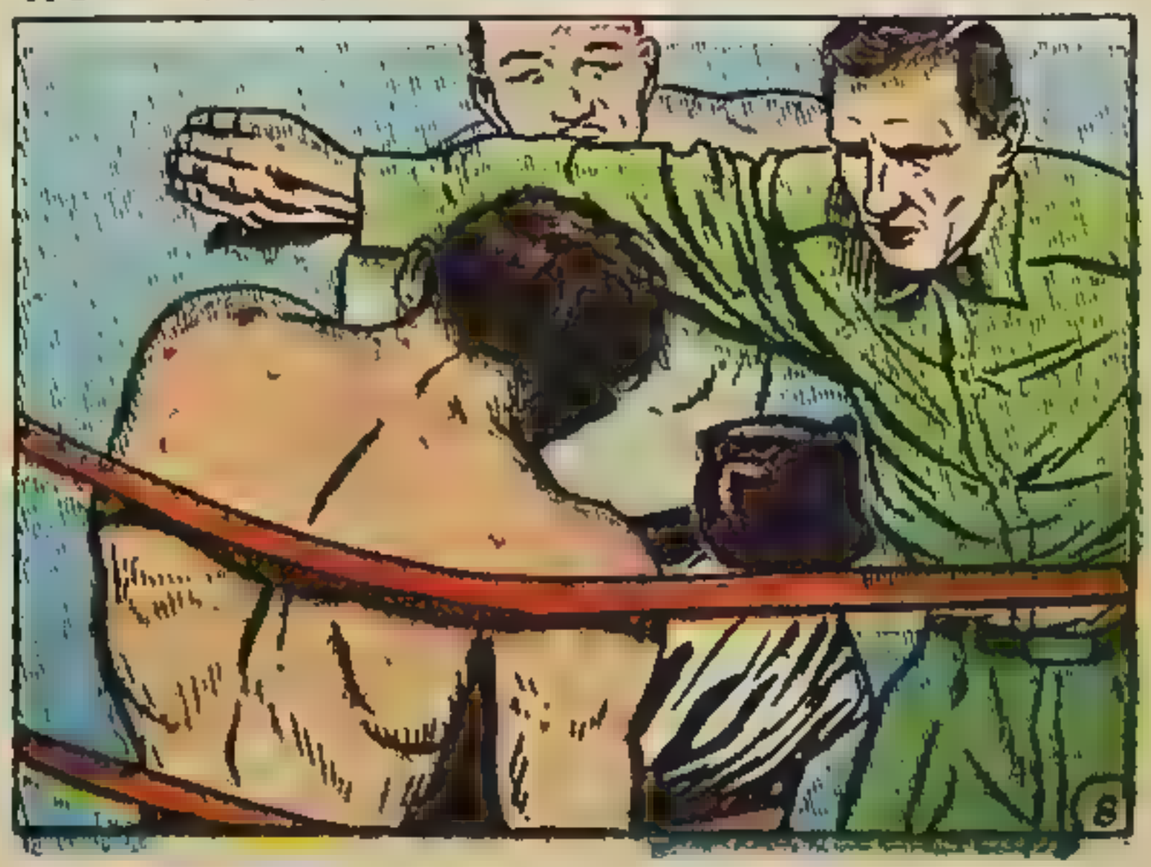


"MORE THAN 14,000 FANS PAID $180,000 TO WATCH RAY AND JAKE BATTLE IT OUT IN CHICAGO ON FEBRUARY 14, 1951! JAKE SURPRISED EVERY-ONE BY OUT-JABBING RAY EARLY IN THE FIGHT..."



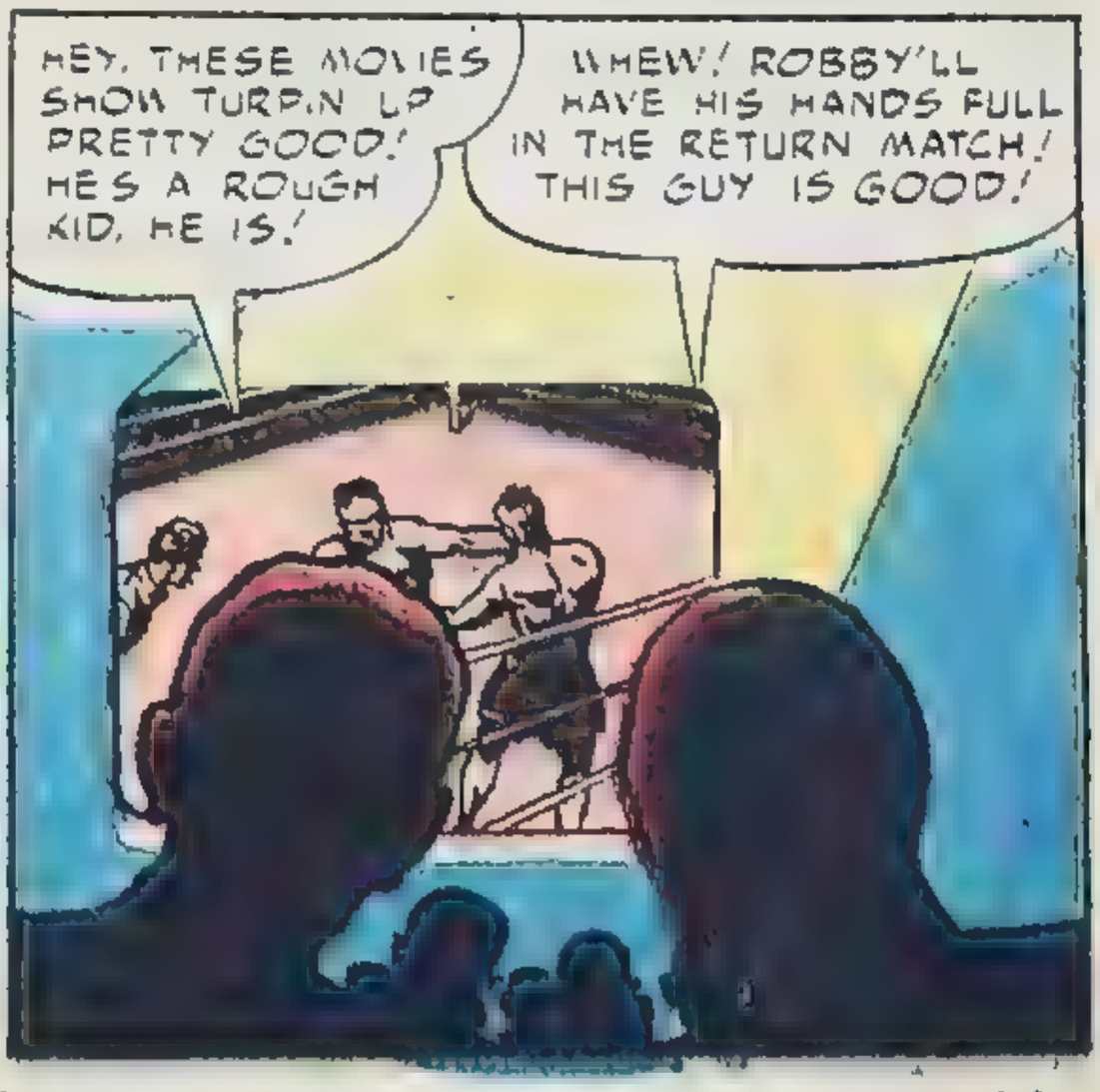
"THEN IN ROUND 11, JAKE PINNED RAY IN A CORNER, AND..."

"WITHOUT A LET-UP, ROBINSON BLASTED AWAY AT THE FADING CHAMPION! LAMOTTA WAS UNABLE TO LIFT HIS ARMS, YET, HE STAYED ON HIS FEET! AT LAST, IN THE 13TH ROUND, REFEREE SIKORA LEAPED BETWEEN THE GLADIATORS AND STOPPED THE CARNAGE! **RAY ROBINSON HAD WON HIS SECOND TITLE!**"



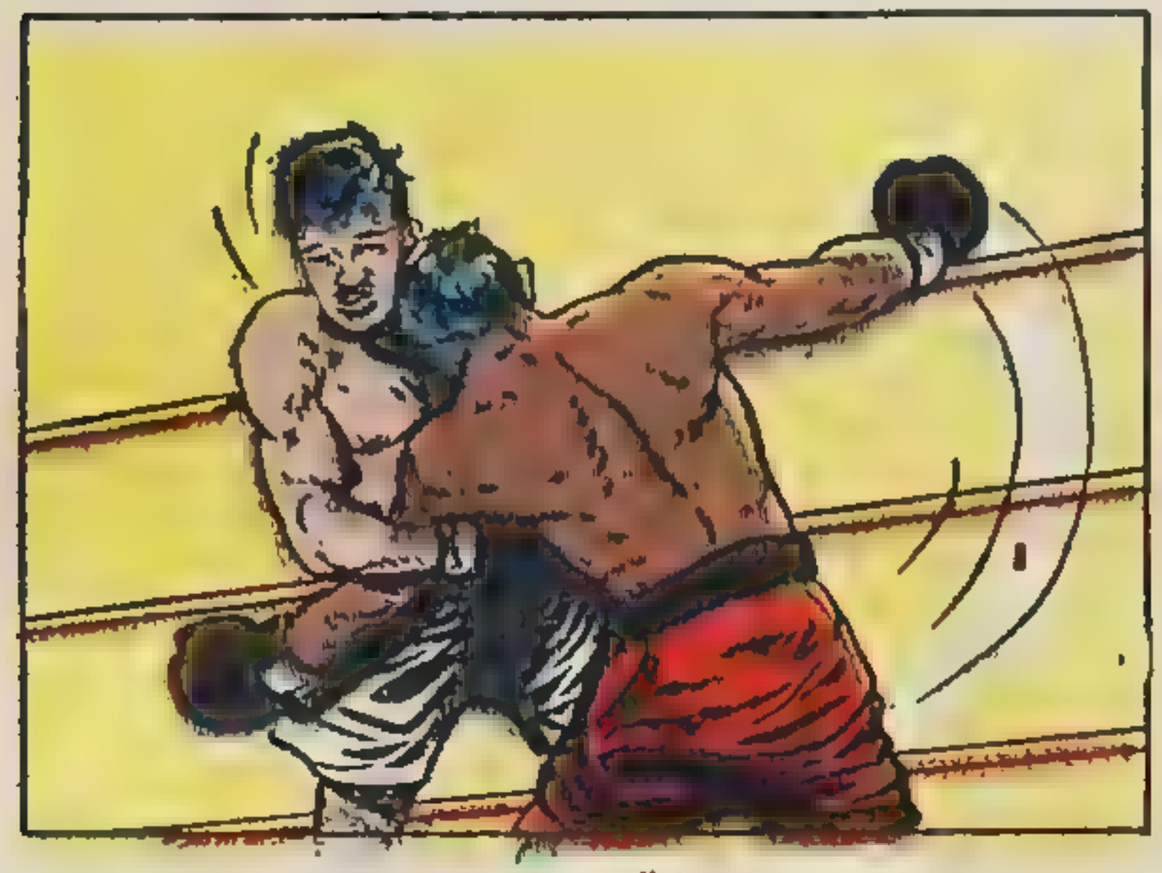
"IN JUNE, 1951 RAY TOOK ANOTHER EUROPEAN JAUNT! WHILE ON THIS TRIP HE WAS SCHEDULED TO MEET A LITTLE KNOWN ENGLISH CHALLENGER ...RANDY TURPIN! ON THE EVENING OF JULY 5, 1951, AT LONDON, RAY WAS A 10-1 FAVORITE. BUT THE NEXT MORNING..."

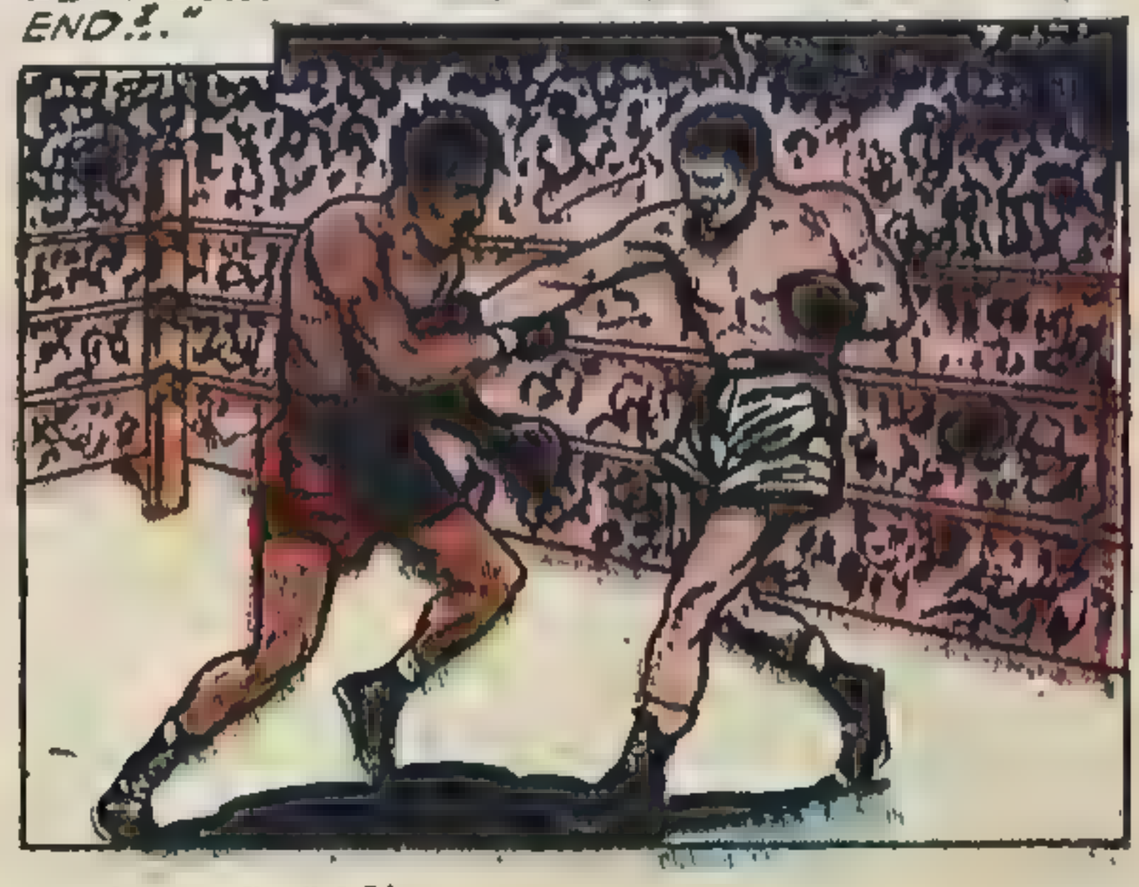
"HOWEVER, THE MOVIES OF THE BOUT DISPELLED ANY DOUBT AS TO TURPIN'S ABILITY..."



"ON THE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 12, 1951, 61,379 FANS POURED $767,630 INTO THE BOX-OFFICE TO WITNESS RAY'S ATTEMPT TO REGAIN THE CROWN! THE BOYS WERE EVENLY MATCHED, WITH RAY WEIGHING 157½ TO TURPIN'S 159..."

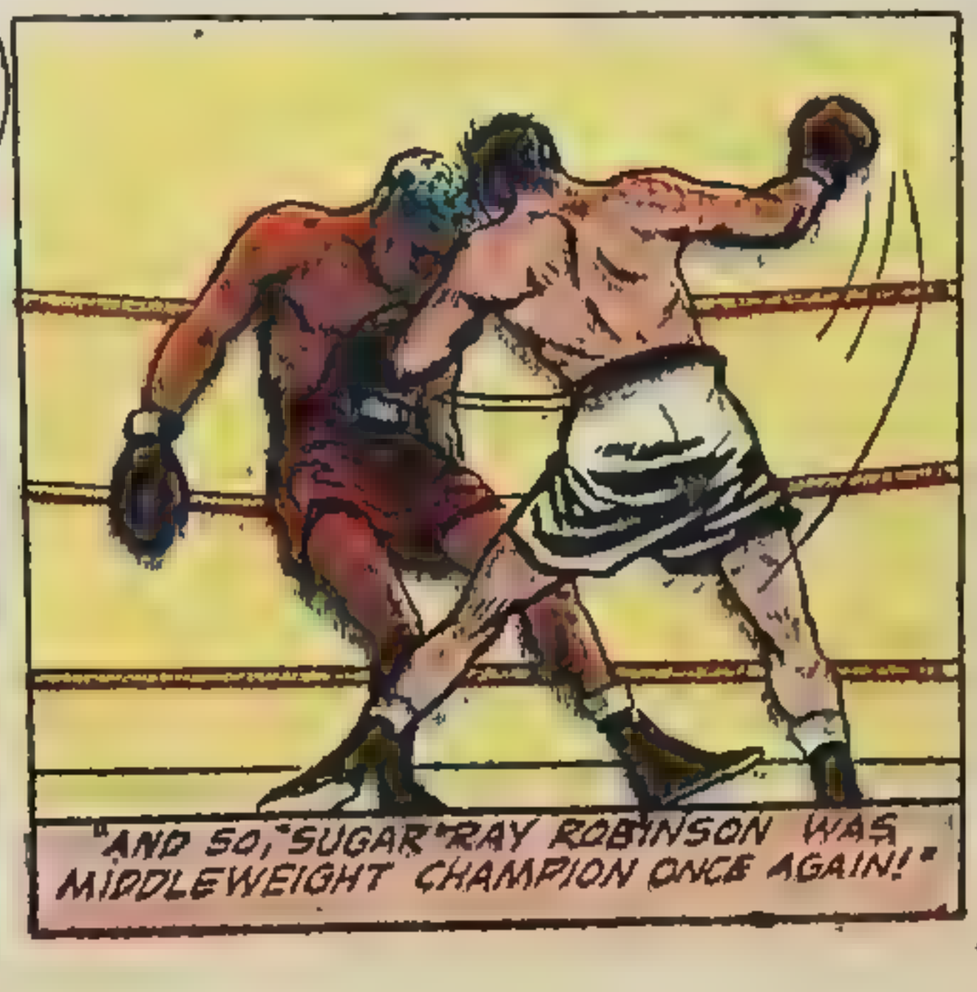
"FOR NINE ROUNDS THEY FOUGHT ON EVEN TERMS! THEN ROBINSON BEGAN TO TIRE AND FADE! TURPIN LEAPED IN WITH A SMASHING RIGHT AND RIPPED OPEN A CUT OVER RAY'S LEFT EYE! WAS THIS THE BEGINNING OF THE END?."





IN AN AMAZING REVERSAL OF FORM ROBINSON HAS SURGED BACK AND IS DRIVING TURPIN BEFORE HIM WITH A FUSILLADE OF PUNCHES! IT IS ALMOST AS IF THE CUT TO HIS EYE HAS AWAKENED A SLEEPING TIGER!

"TURPIN WAS PINNED THERE, HELPLESS! MORE THAN FIFTY DEVASTATING BLOWS WERE LANDED BY ROBINSON WITHOUT RETURN! FINALLY, REFEREE RUBY GOLDSTEIN LEAPED IN AND STOPPED IT..."



"THEN ON JUNE 25, 1952, ROBINSON, IN QUEST OF A **THIRD TITLE**, CHALLENGED **JOEY MAXIM, THE LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT KING**. THE YANKEE STADIUM WAS A STEAMING CALDRON; THE TEMPERATURE IN THE RING A BROILING, SIZZLING 104°! DESPITE THE UNBEARABLE HEAT, ROBINSON BUILT UP A COMMANDING LEAD OVER THE FIRST 12 ROUNDS. HOWEVER, THE 13TH ROUND SAW THE CHALLENGER HELPED BACK TO HIS CORNER— A VICTIM OF HEAT PROSTRATION. HE WAS UNABLE TO ANSWER THE BELL FOR THE 14TH ROUND. ROBINSON'S DEFEAT WILL GO INTO THE RECORD BOOKS AS A **TKO - 14TH** ROUND—BUT TO FANS EVERYWHERE, RAY ROBINSON WILL ALWAYS BE THE **CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS!"**

THE END

SPINNING THE SPORTS YARN

with BILL STERN

The Will to Win

This is the story of a boy named Gerry. He lived on an island in the Caribbean where, with his two brothers, he helped his mother work their small farm. Even as a lad of six Gerry had to do his share of work to help make ends meet. He was a bright lad and his mother had high hopes for him.

When Gerry was old enough he went off to school in a large city not far from the farm. His grades were excellent, and he seemed to be applying himself diligently. But one evening he came home from school with his clothes muddy and torn, his face cut and bleeding. Gerry had been in a fight. "You'll never get anywhere fighting," his mother said. "You must get an education and be somebody!"

When Gerry was ten he found that he could earn more money by working as a gardener in the home of Jose Llanes, one of the rich men of the city. The extra money was badly needed at home, so Gerry worked for Senor Llanes from six to eleven each morning and attended school every afternoon. Then, in the evenings, he would do what he could on the farm

In 1938, a Golden Gloves academy was opened in the city and all of Gerry's friends joined. But Gerry could not attend because the sessions were held in the afternoon when he was busy at school. However, the youth could not resist the temptation to join his friends. He quit school and enrolled at the academy.

"But how will you learn to read and write?" his mother asked him.

"I shall learn by myself, in the evenings!"

Gerry pursued a schedule that would have deterred an older, stronger man. But this youth was fired with ambition. Picture, if you can, a twelve-year-old boy working from six to eleven each morning, attending a rigorous physical training program all afternoon, in the tropic heat, and then spending his evenings working in the vegetable patches and cane fields. Then, when the others lay down to sleep, he dragged his books from the shelf and studied until his eyes refused to remain open.

Packed into his wiry 75-pound frame was a world of drive, stamina and natural ability that soon made him the scourge of his weight division. No one could stand before Gerry's driving fists for long. Six months after he joined the academy he was crowned champion.

Because there were no regularly scheduled boxing programs Gerry traveled the "bootleg" boxing circuit, fighting wherever he could for whatever he could get. Sometimes the payoff would amount to only two or three dollars. More often than not the only pay was sandwiches and coffee. One day Gerry had to carry the ring poles, ropes and equipment 14 miles, set them up and then sell the tickets. After fighting and winning the main event he discovered that this was another "sandwich and coffee" night. Gerry made up his mind that night. Now seventeen, he felt that he was big enough and strong enough to make his own way and carve a career for himself in the ring.

He took leave of his mother and journeyed to the capital city of the little island. There he sought out a manager and displayed his ability. Soon he was fighting regularly. He won his first fight by a knockout. In his third he defeated an established main-eventer Gerry was on his way! The islanders were so impressed with the newcomer that they demanded a bout with the national featherweight champion. The match was made. Gerry trained hard for this big event! He worked like a demon. When his arms were ready to drop from fatigue he forced them to turn the skipping rope faster. By fight night Gerry was ready. Then fate intervened.

At the weigh-in ceremonies when the examining physician put his stethoscope to Gerry's chest the young fighter pitched over on his face! The doctor felt his forehead, signalled for a stretcher and rushed him to the hospital. MALARIA!

The dread tropical disease ravaged his young body. His temperature soared and his body jerked convulsively as he was alternately seized with chills and fever. He fought for his life, and fought gallantly—even as he did in the ring. The days ran into weeks. The weeks into months.

Almost a year passed before Gerry was able to leave the sick bed. "No more boxing!" said the doctor. Rest and more rest was the prescription!

But the doctor hadn't reckoned with this youth's driving spirit. Gerry trained harder than ever. He whipped himself into magnificent condition. He donned the gloves once again and started to punch out victory after victory. Soon he ran out of competition and headed for the United States. Here, too, none could stand before his blazing fists. Again he won bout after bout—until he punched himself into the Welterweight Championship of the World! This youth, who laughed in the face of adversity, smiled in the face of death, is Gerardo Gonzalez—or as he is better known to fight fans—KID GAVILAN, THE CUBAN HAWK!

The Boss Comes Through

The year was 1926. New York had just been awarded a new franchise in the National Hockey League. The sports pages were filled with the news. Les Patrick, the greatest rink man of all times, was to manage the New York Rangers—latest entry into big-time hockey. But all the boys "in the know" smiled. Hockey teams are not made overnight. "Maybe by 1936 Les might have himself a team," they said. But two years later in 1928 the New York Rangers were in the Stanley Cup finals challenging the Montreal Maroons for rinkdom's most precious trophy.

The Rangers played like demons against their older, more experienced foes. Then, in the second game, Ranger goalie Lorne Chabot, went diving for the puck and made a magnificent save. As Chabot crashed to the ice Les waved for the doctor. Chabot's eye was cut and bleeding where the bullet-like puck had knifed into the flesh.

Patrick was frantic. Chabot was his only goalie. In desperation he asked the Maroons for permission to use Ottawa's Alex Connell for the remainder of the game. "We're playing the Rangers, Les," they told him, "not Ottawa! Either you put a Ranger in or play without a goalie!"

The Patrick dander was up! So that's the way these fellows wanted to play! A few moments later the crowd came to its feet as the announcer called out, "Now playing goalie for New York, Lester Patrick!"

Les Patrick, the old "Silver Fox" himself. Forty-four years old! This was a game for young men! But Les was out there, nevertheless. For two periods the Maroons stormed the Ranger nets, and for two periods old Les held the fort. His stick was like a whirling windmill. He jumped, slid, pushed and flew about the cage like a wildcat. The puck bounced back as if there was an invisible wall between the Ranger goal and the Maroons. The Rangers rallied around their gallant boss. If he could tame the rampaging Maroons so could they! The final score read Rangers 2—Montreal 1. After that game Montreal was out of the running. Les Patrick had shown his boys how to win. When the series' smoke cleared the New York Rangers, rookie sensations of the National Hockey League, had won the Stanley Cup by three games to two.

The Greatest Race

Perhaps the greatest dog-sled driver and racer the world has ever known is Leonard Sepalla. In 30 years of Alaskan dog-sled racing he captured 32 prizes. Three times he won the 408-mile Nome-to-Candle test. The famed Borden Marathon event was won by Sepalla three times running.

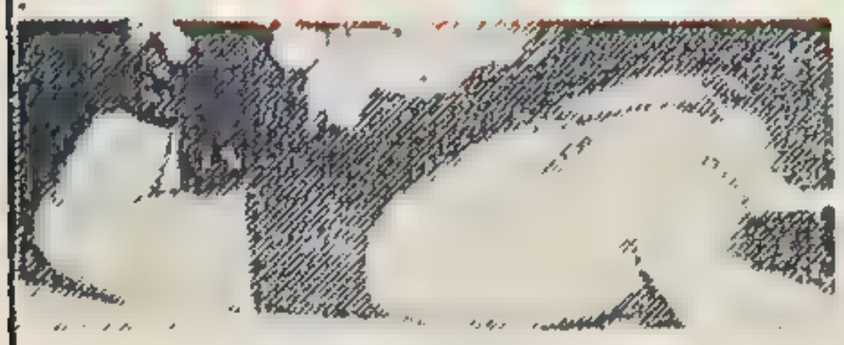
The day Sepalla left Kaltag with Nome as his destination he knew he was in for the toughest race of his life. He mushed his dogs and drove them on as he had never driven his animals before. Through the icy wastes, into the face of driving winds he sledded No one was holding a watch on him. There were no other dog teams behind him—none in front of him. Yet, Sepalla's huskies flew across the ice as he urged them on. He drew his furs closely about his face as the icy winds cut into his flesh. His stomach craved food. His flesh craved warmth. Yet there would be no fire to warm his bones and no warm supper to ease the pangs of hunger until he reached Nome. For Leonard Sepalla was engaged in the most important race of his life. He was racing death! Loaded high on his sled, forcing the runners deep into the snow, was a cargo of serum—the serum needed so desperately by the diphtheria-ridden victims of Nome. No, there would be no rest for Leonard Sepalla that night.

Even as this task demanded a supreme effort from Sepalla so did it demand a herculean effort on the part of his wonderful dogs. Never before had they been called upon to pull so heavy a load at so great a speed in such an unrelenting fashion.

But the citizens of Kaltag had picked on the right team of man and beast. They were equal to the task! As Sepalla and his dogs drove into the outskirts of Nome, in the very nick of time, he knew without looking at the clock that he had won his greatest race. The smiles on the faces of the people of Nome and the cheers on their lips gave him his answer.

THE END

WRESTLING ENCYCLOPEDIA



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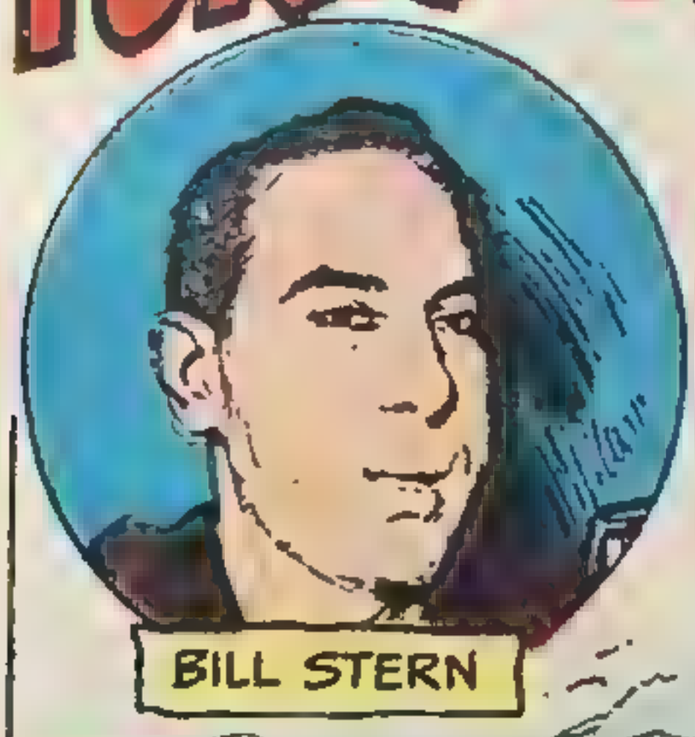
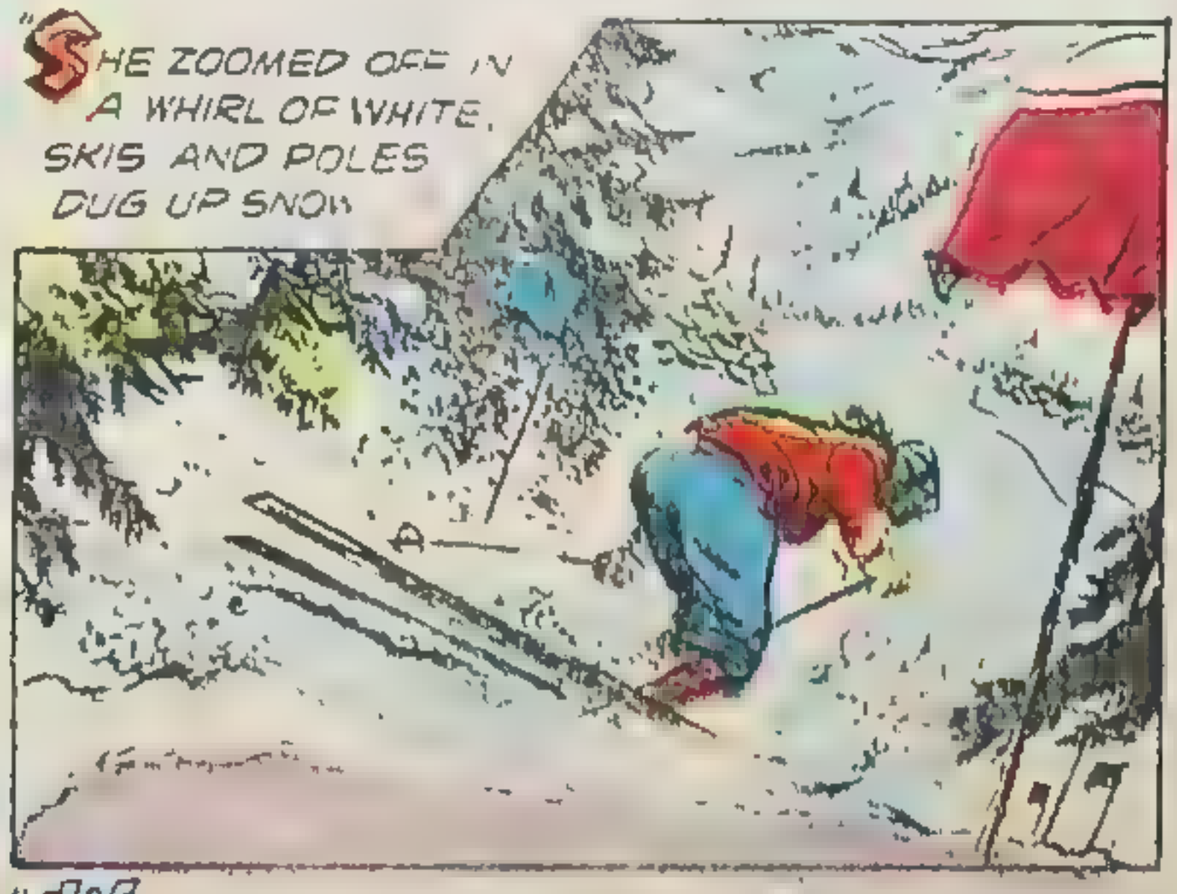
FORTY-NINE GATES to FAME

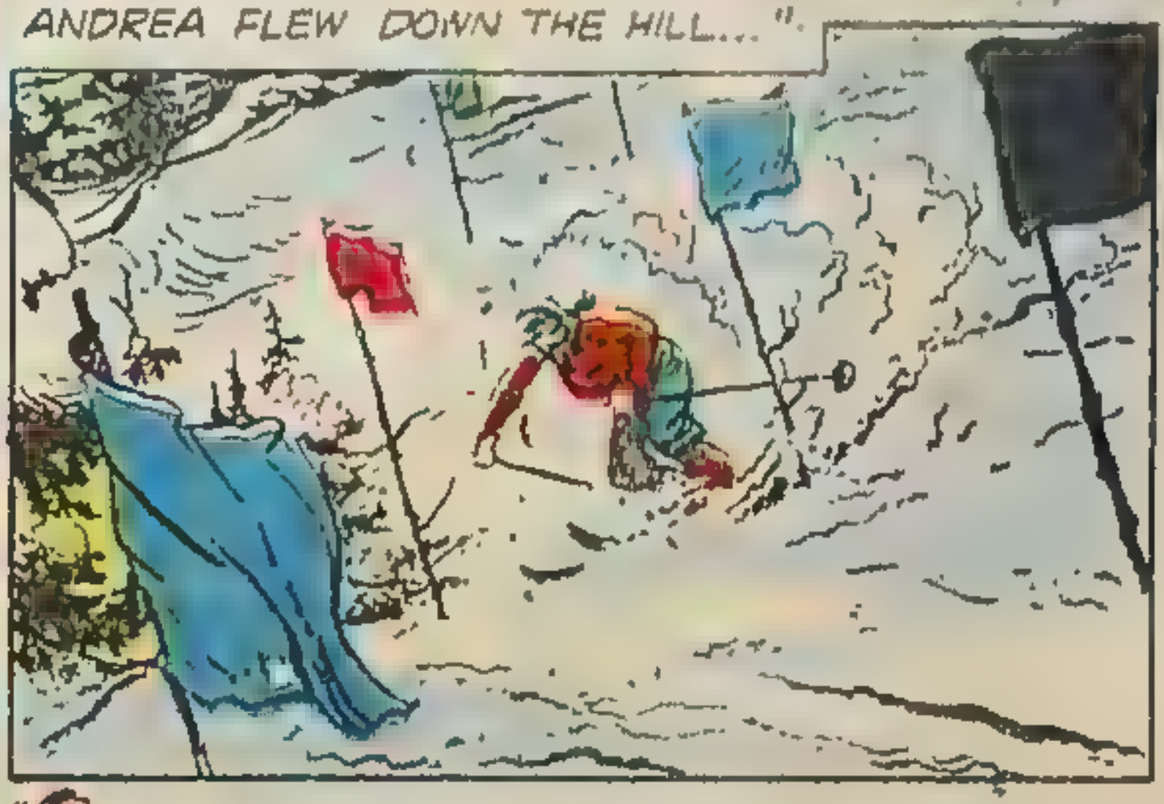


"NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD *ANDREA MEAD LAWRENCE* LOOKED DOWN RODKLEIVA MOUNTAIN IT WAS MARKED OFF WITH 118 POLES AND FLAGS WHICH FORMED THE 59 GATES THROUGH WHICH SHE HAD TO ZIG-ZAG IN ORDER TO WIN THE GIANT SKI SLALOM OF THIS SIXTH WINTER OLYMPIAD AT OSLO, NORWAY. IT WAS FEBRUARY, 1952 FOUR YEARS EARLIER AT ST. MORITZ, SWITZERLAND, ANDREA MEAD HAD ATTEMPTED A SIMILAR TASK AND FAILED. NOW, ON RODKLEIVA MOUNTAIN, ANDREA PULLED HER GOGGLES DOWN..."

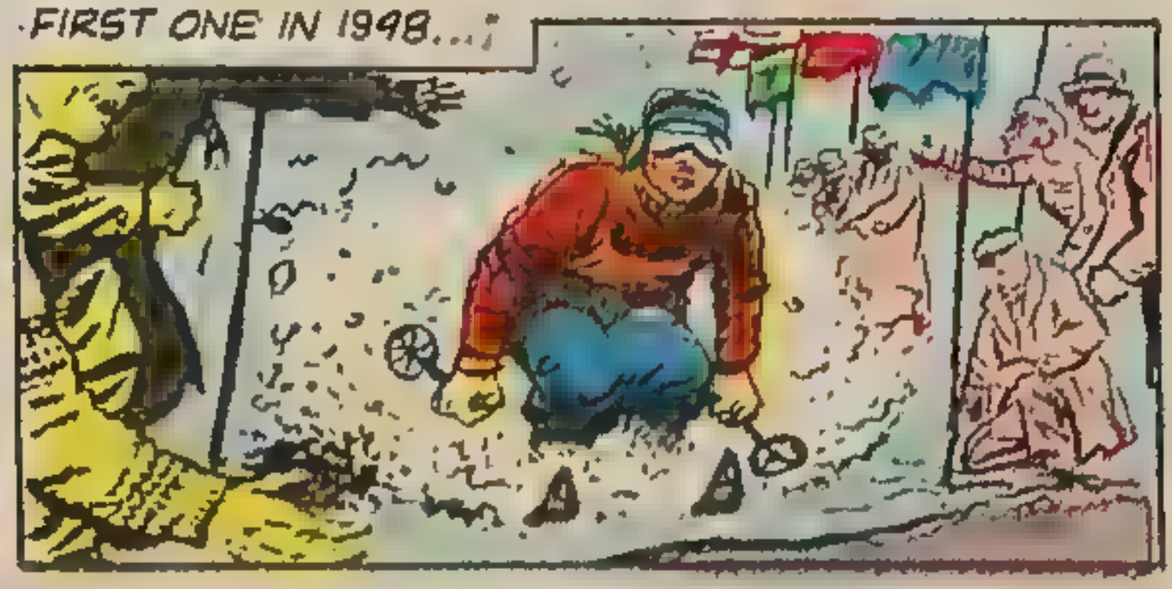
"SHE ZOOMED OFF IN A WHIRL OF WHITE. SKIS AND POLES DUG UP SNOW



"WHIRLING AND SWERVING IN AND OUT OF THE POLE-MARKED LANES LIKE A ROLLER-COASTER, ANDREA FLEW DOWN THE HILL..."



"SHE FLASHED ACROSS THE FINISH LINE IN 2 MINUTES 6.8 SECONDS--2.2 SECONDS FASTER THAN DAGMAR ROM OF AUSTRIA. ANDREA HAD WON HER **FIRST GOLD MEDAL**--ONLY THE **SECOND** WON BY AN AMERICAN SKIER IN OLYMPIC HISTORY. GRETCHEN FRASER OF VANCOUVER, WASHINGTON, COACH OF THE 1952 WOMEN'S TEAM, SNARED THE FIRST ONE IN 1998...!"



"BUT WINNING THE GIANT SLALOM WAS NOT ENOUGH FOR ANDREA. AS HER HUSBAND HELPED REMOVE HER SKIS..."

I CAN HARDLY WAIT 'TIL NEXT WEEK FOR THE REGULAR DOWNHILL SLALOM, DAVE! I FLUNKED OUT ON THAT ONE AT ST. MORITZ-- REMEMBER?

DON'T WORRY, DARLING! THAT'S YOUR SPECIALTY! YOU'LL MAKE IT!

"AT LAST THE BIG DAY ARRIVED..."

GOSH, I-I'M NERVOUS, DAVE.

YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT ONCE YOU GET STARTED! GOOD LUCK, HONEY!

"ONCE AGAIN ANDREA WAS OFF. THIS TIME DOWN THE SHARP, SPEEDY RUN CONTAINING 49 GATES, OR PAIRS OF POLES, THROUGH WHICH SHE MUST ZIG-ZAG HER WAY DOWN THE HILL. ANDREA CUT THE FIRST POLE TOO CLOSE..."

"HER RIGHT SKI SNAGGED A POLE AND ANDREA FLEW HEAD OVER HEELS INTO THE NORWEIGAN SNOWS. THE PRECIOUS SECONDS TICKED BY..."

LOOK! SHE'S NOT HURT! MRS. LAWRENCE IS BACK IN THE RACE!

YES, BUT SHE LOST FOUR SECONDS!

"ANDREA ZOOMED DOWN THE HILL WITH RENEWED VIGOR, BUT..."

1 MINUTE 7.2 SECONDS FOR MRS. LAWRENCE! NOT BAD, CONSIDERING HER SPILL!

YES, BUT THAT BARELY GIVES HER *FOURTH PLACE!* SHE'LL HAVE TO GO SOME IN THE SECOND HEAT TO MAKE IT UP!

I WANTED TO WIN THIS ONE SO BADLY! I GUESS IT HAS ME LICKED, DAVE!

IT'S NOT LIKE YOU TO GIVE UP! YOU'LL MAKE IT UP IN THE NEXT HEAT!

"ENCOURAGED BY DAVE, ANDREA SOUGHT FURTHEE HELP FROM STEIN ERIKSON, THE SLALOM MASTER OF NORWAY..."

MR. ERIKSON, I WONDER IF YOU'D BE KIND ENOUGH TO HELP ME PLOT A RUN DOWN THE SLOPE.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO, MRS. LAWRENCE.

"LATER..."

SEE HOW ICY IT IS HERE? YOU CAN'T CUT THIS TOO CLOSELY! NUMBER FOURTEEN IS THE SAME WAY! NOW, LET'S CHECK THE OTHERS!

NOW, HERE ON THIS SLOPE, FOR INSTANCE, IS A LOT OF LOOSE SNOW! YOU'VE GOT TO DIG IN WITH YOUR POLES FOR SPEED! RELAX ALL THE WAY! LET YOUR SKIING INSTINCTS GUIDE YOU!

"DAVE, STEIN AND ANDREA PLOTTED THE RUN AS CAREFULLY AS A GENERAL PLANNING A VITAL ATTACK. THEN..."

"ANDREA WAS OFF IN HER DO-OR-DIE EFFORT-- IT WAS NOW OR NEVER! A ROARING CROWD OF 15,000 LINED THE RUN..."

MRS. LAWRENCE-- PLEASE TAKE YOUR PLACE FOR THE FINAL HEAT! ***MRS. LAWRENCE OF THE AMERICAN TEAM,*** PLEASE!

REMEMBER! LET YOURSELF GO! YOU HAVE EVERYTHING TO GAIN AND NOTHING TO LOSE! GOOD LUCK!

THANK YOU, MR. ERIKSON! I'LL DO MY BEST!

"SHE LEAPED AND DIVED DOWN THE INCLINES, AROUND THE POLES..."

"ON THE LESSER DOWN-GRADES, SHE POLED FURIOUSLY TO MAINTAIN HER SPEED -- ERIKSON'S ADVICE STILL DRONING IN HER EARS..."

"ANDREA CUT AROUND THE POLES BY SUCH A NARROW MARGIN, THAT THE WAVING FLAGS SLAPPED HER ACROSS THE FACE..."

"SHE STREAKED DOWN THE FIFTY-FOOT-WIDE COURSE THROUGH A SPRUCE FOREST..."

"SHE FLASHED THROUGH THE GATES, SKIRTED MENACING ROCKS..."

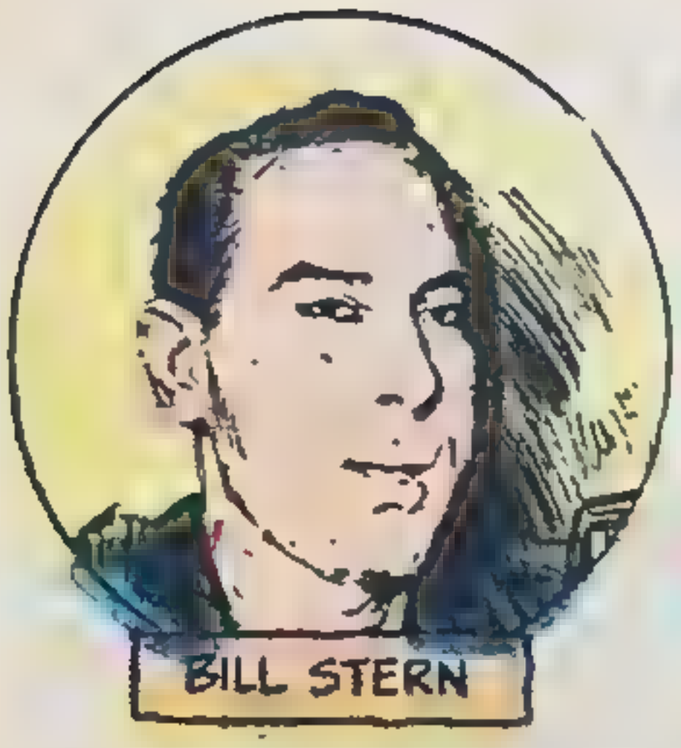
"NOTHING COULD STOP THE FLYING AMERICAN AS SHE FOUGHT HER WAY DOWN THE 1,312-FOOT HILL..."

MRS. LAWRENCE'S TIME-- 1 MINUTE, 3.4 SECONDS!

"ANDREA'S COMBINED TIME FOR THE TWO HEATS WAS **2 MINUTES, 10.6 SECONDS.** THE AMERICAN'S DARING SECOND HEAT RUN SPELLED THE DIFFERENCE AS SHE WON **HER SECOND GOLD MEDAL** BY A SCANT 8/10 SECOND OVER RUNNER-UP FRAULEIN OSS REICHERT OF GERMANY..."

"ANDREA MEAD LAWRENCE HAD BECOME **THE FIRST AMERICAN EVER TO WIN TWO GOLD MEDALS IN THE WINTER OLYMPICS!** AS SHE PROUDLY DISPLAYED HER MEDALS, ANDREA THREW HER ARMS ABOUT DAVE AND STEIN AND UNSELFISHLY THANKED THEM FOR THE ADVICE AND ENCOURAGEMENT THAT HAD ENABLED HER TO COME BACK AND WIN THE PRIZE THAT HAD ELUDED HER FOUR YEARS EARLIER. ANOTHER CHAMPION HAD PROVEN HER WORTH!"

THE END

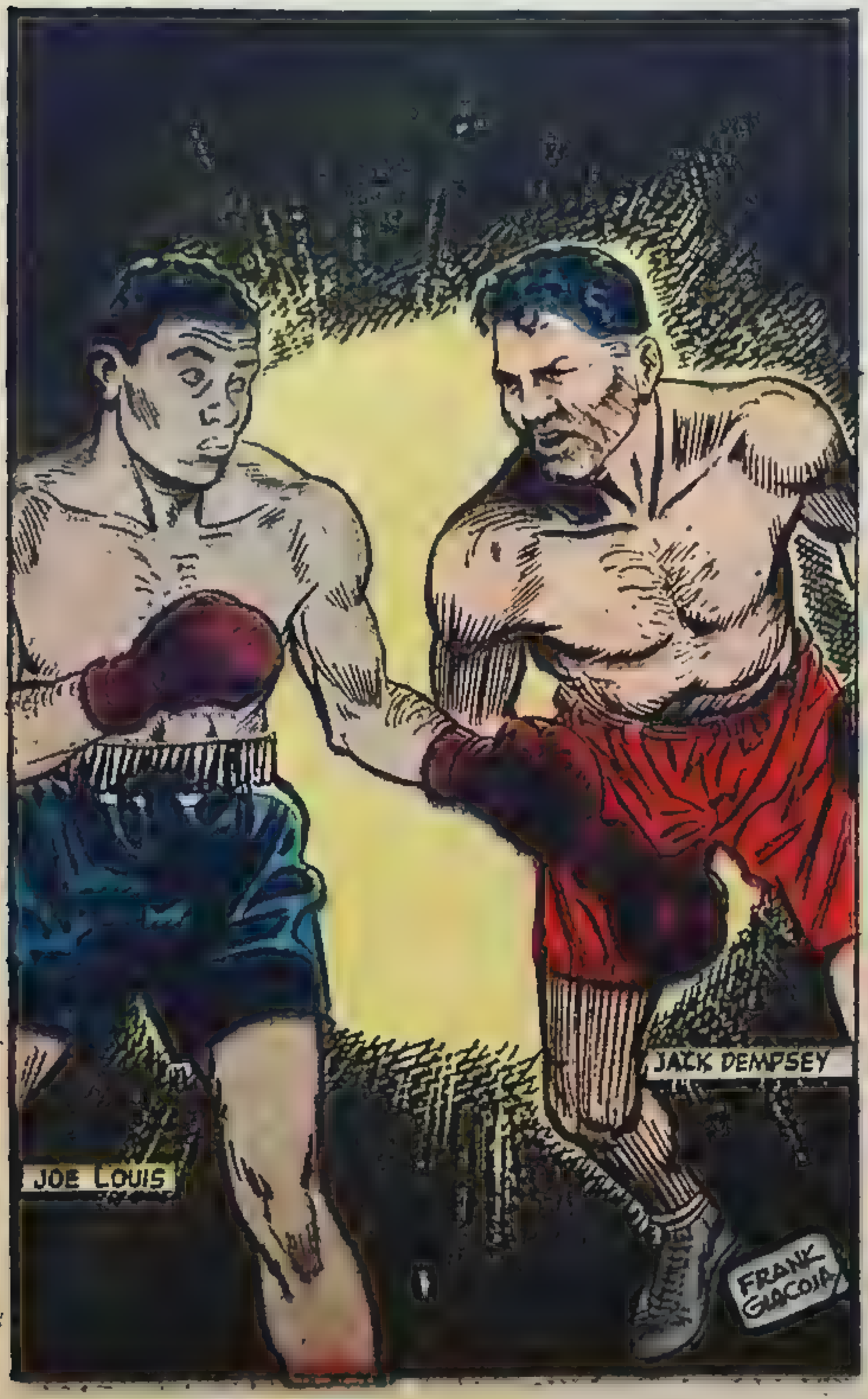


YOU PICK THE WINNER—

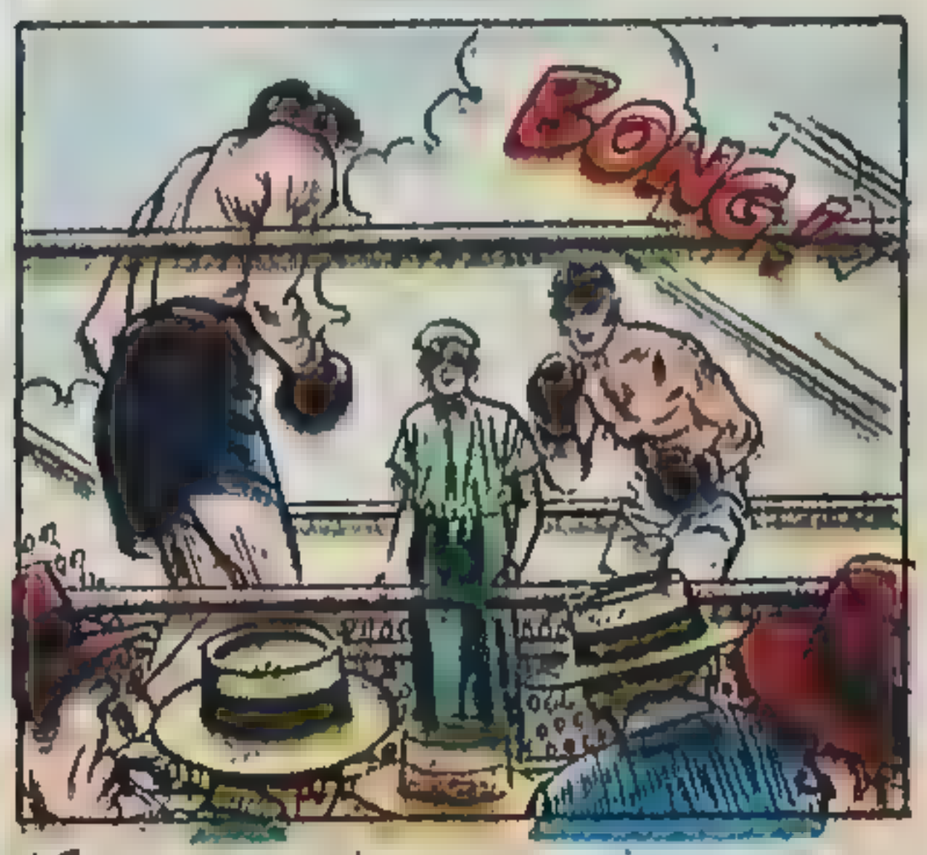
LOUIS ? OR ? DEMPSEY

IN THE ALL-TIME DREAM FIGHT

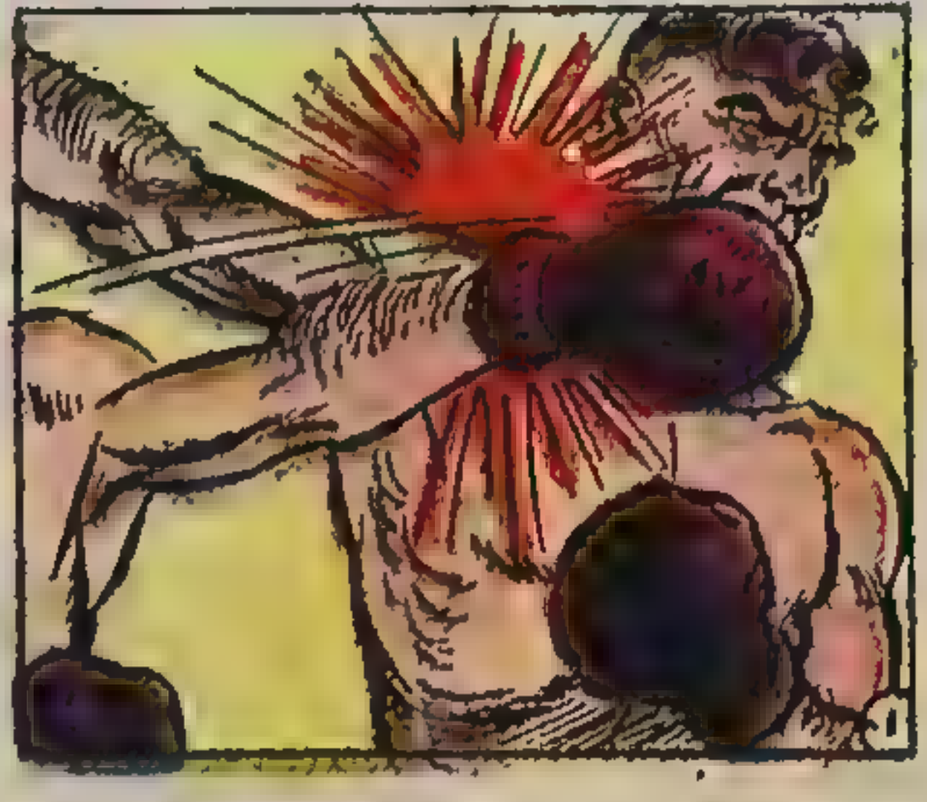
"THE AFTERNOON IN PHILADELPHIA, WHICH SAW JACK DEMPSEY LOSE HIS CROWN TO THE DASHING GENE TUNNEY, AND THE EVENING IN NEW YORK, WHICH FOUND JOE LOUIS SPRAWLED ON THE ROPES AT THE HANDS OF YOUNG ROCKY MARCIANO, ARE SPANNED BY A QUARTER OF A CENTURY. EACH OF THESE EVENTS SPELLED THE END OF AN ERA IN BOXING. BOTH LOUIS AND DEMPSEY WERE SYMBOLS OF THEIR TIMES. WHAT FIGHT FAN HAS NOT SAID TO HIMSELF, '***IF ONLY THOSE TWO COULD HAVE MET IN THE RING!***' WHICH OF THE TWO WAS THE BETTER FIGHTER? THE ONLY WAY WE CAN JUDGE THEIR RELATIVE MERITS IS TO LOOK AT THEM AT THEIR RESPECTIVE PEAKS..."



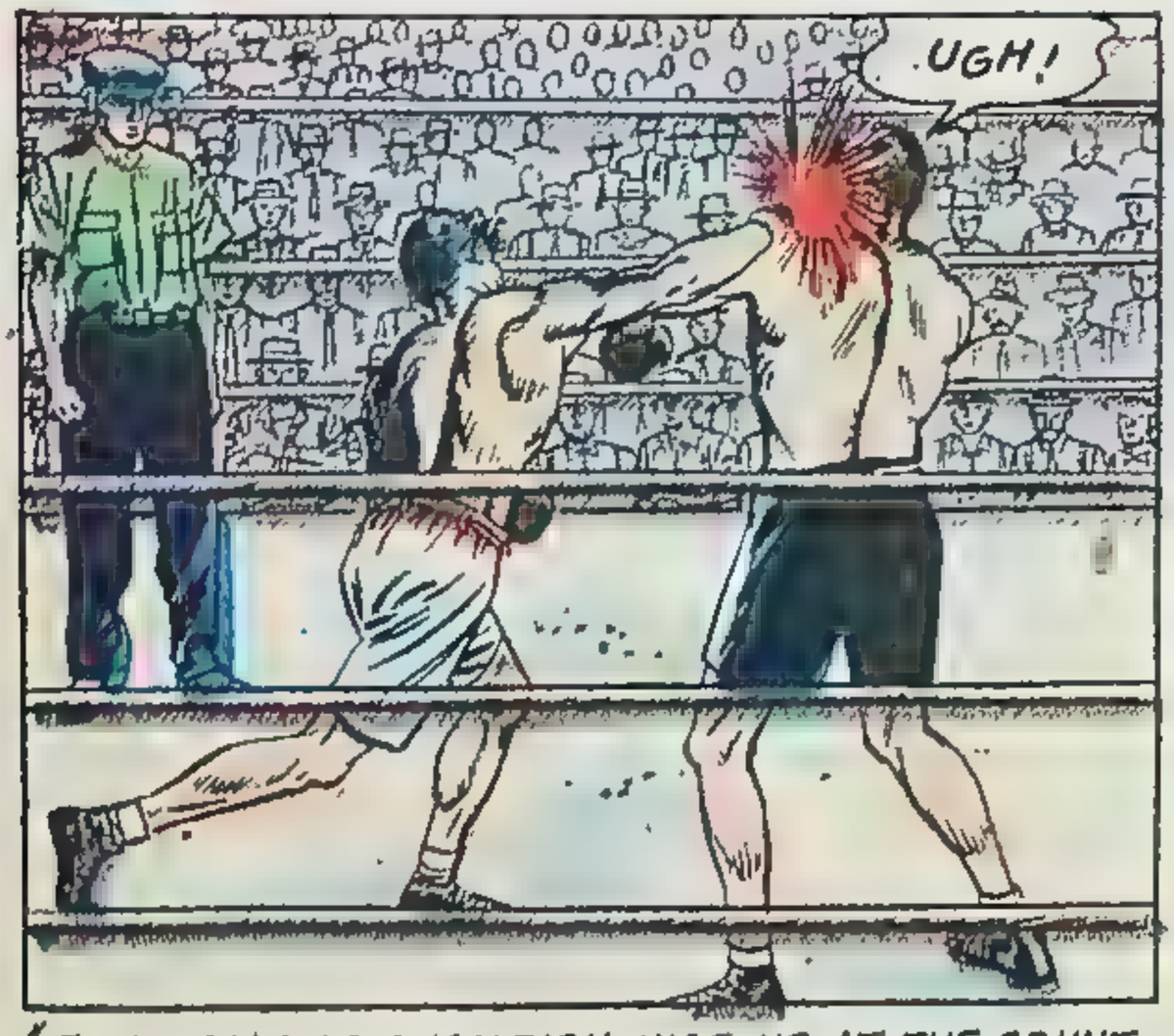
"LET'S GO BACK TO TOLEDO, OHIO, ON JULY 4, 1919, WHEN YOUNG **JACK DEMPSEY** CHALLENGED THE GIANT 245-POUND HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION, **JESS WILLARD**. TIPPING THE SCALES AT 187, THE CHALLENGER WAS OUTWEIGHED BY 58 POUNDS..."



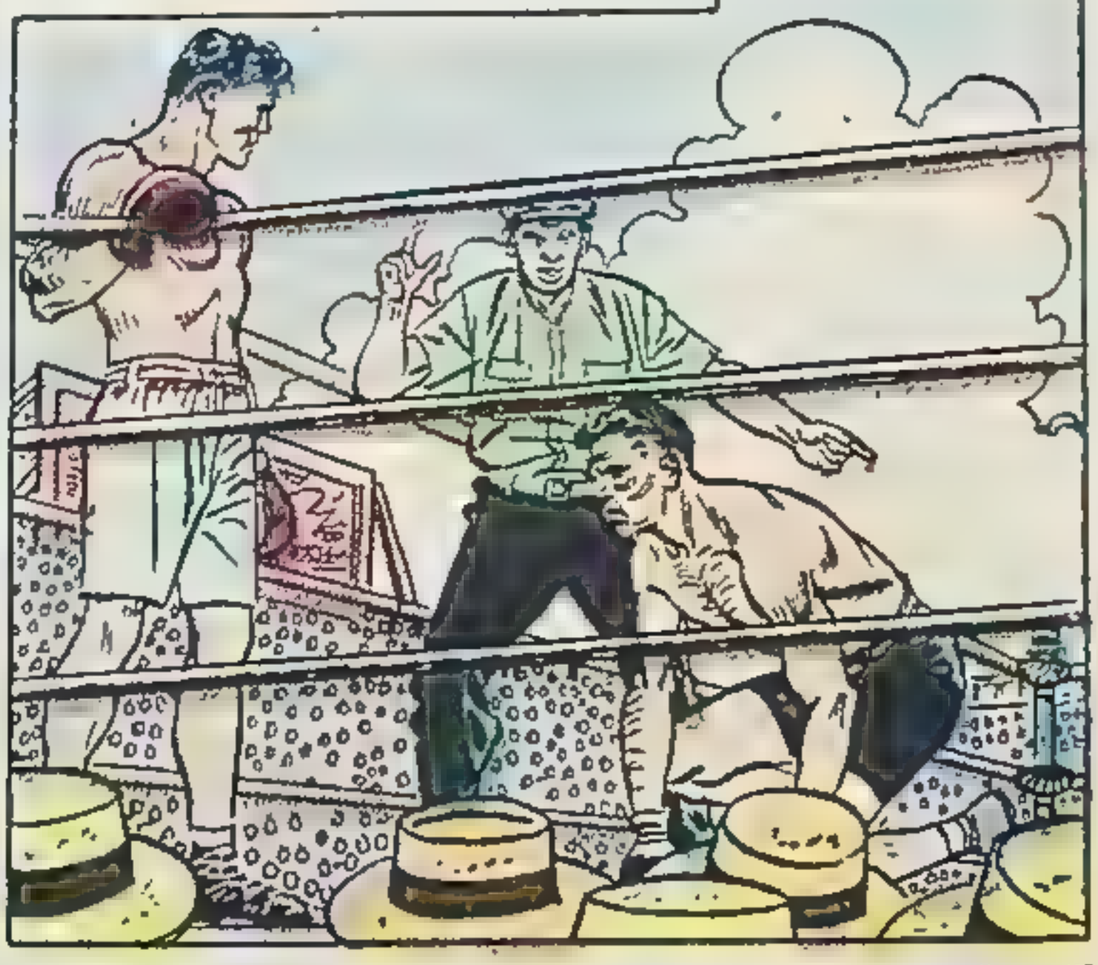
"AS 20,000 ROARING FANS LOOKED ON, THE CHALLENGER BRUSHED ASIDE THE LONG LEFT LEAD OF THE CHAMP AND SLAMMED HOME A POWER-LADEN LEFT HOOK THAT FORCED BIG JESS BACK ACROSS THE RING..."



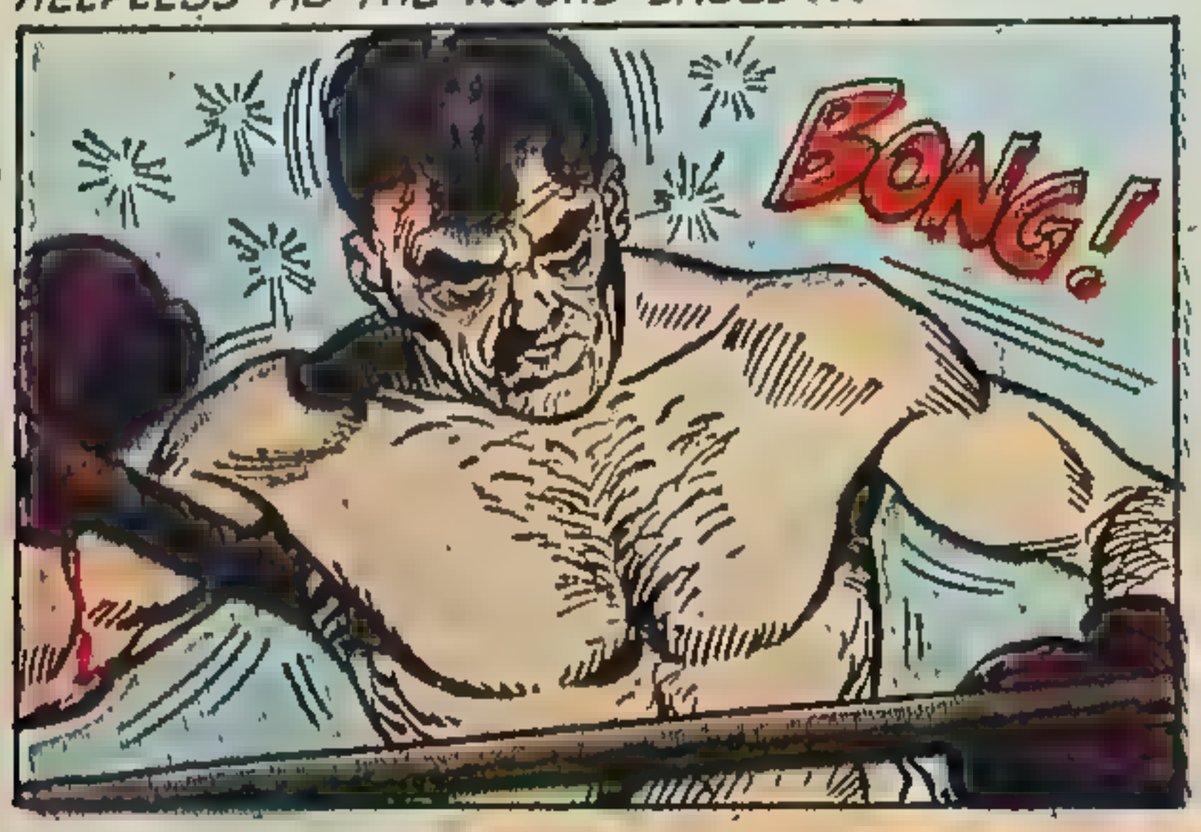
"THE 'MANASSA MAULER'S' THUDDING FISTS CRASHED THROUGH WILLARD'S INADEQUATE DEFENSE..."



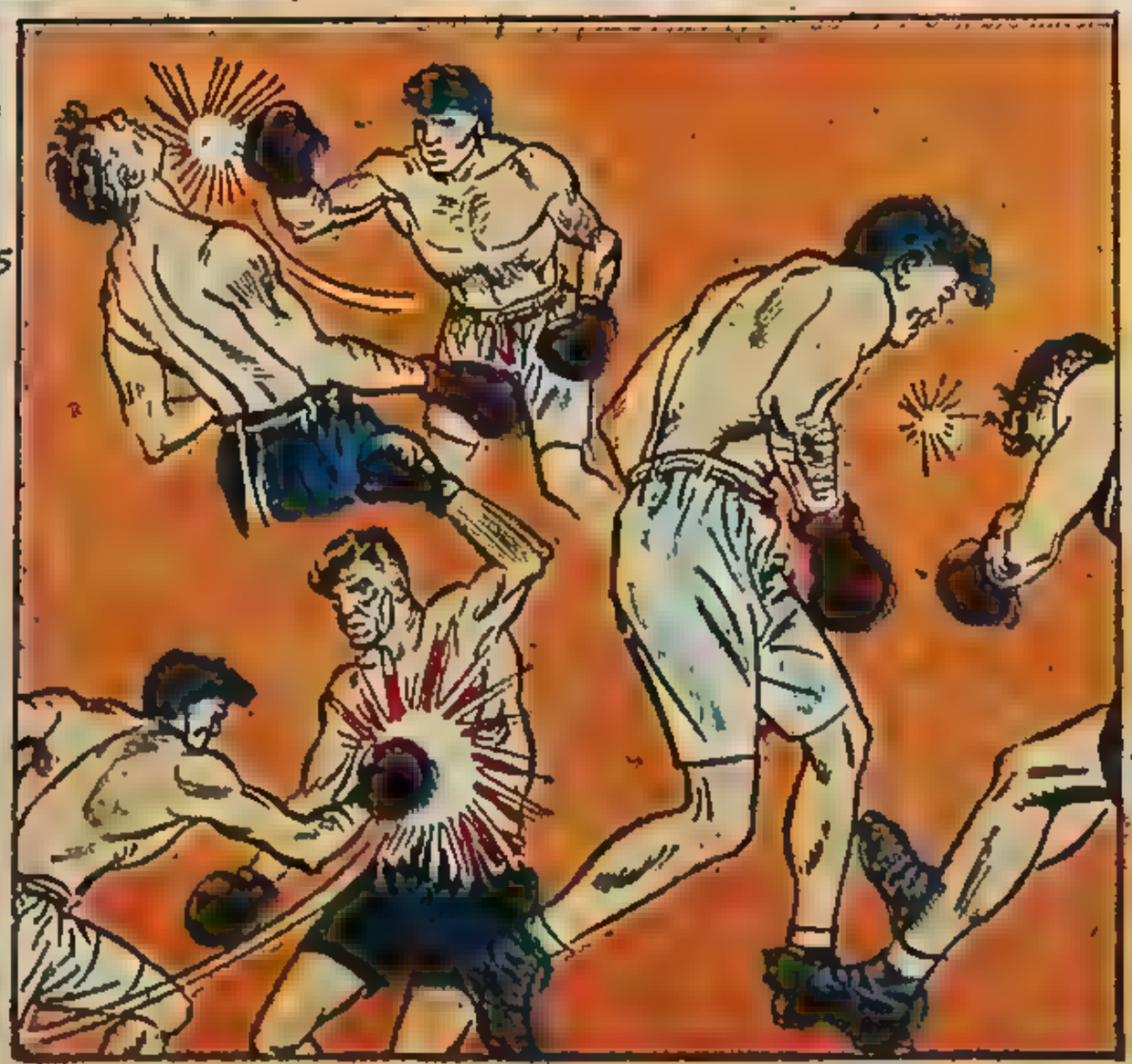
"DEMPSEY'S TRIP-HAMMER BLOWS DROVE THE CHAMPION TO THE CANVAS. WITHIN THIRTY SECONDS HE HAD ACCOMPLISHED WHAT NO OTHER MAN HAD EVER DONE...KNOCKED WILLARD OFF HIS FEET..."



"THE GALLANT CHAMPION WAS UP AT THE COUNT OF FIVE, BUT THE BRONZED, LITHE DEMPSEY SHOWED NO MERCY. THE LUMBERING WILLARD CRASHED TO THE CANVAS FIVE TIMES MORE. EACH TIME HE BRAVELY DRAGGED HIMSELF TO HIS FEET. THE SEVENTH KNOCKDOWN FOUND HIM HELPLESS AS THE ROUND ENDED..."



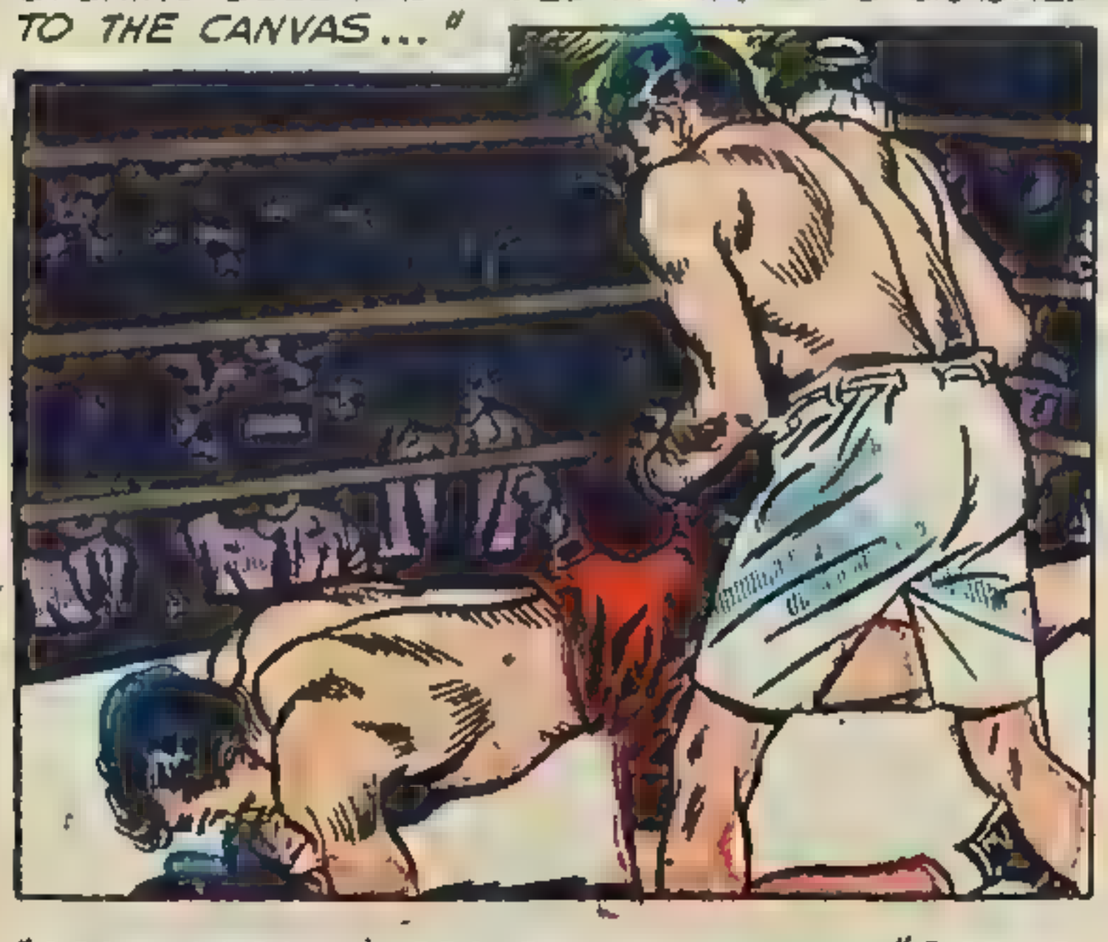
"ROUND TWO, AND DEMPSEY RESUMED THE ATTACK. WILLARD'S BODY WAS A MASS OF WELTS AND BRUISES. A LEFT HOOK SMASHED HIS NOSE, A PILE-DRIVER RIGHT CRACKED HIS JAW--- BUT HE WOULD NOT GO DOWN. THEN THE THIRD ROUND FLASHED BY. DEMPSEY CONTINUED HIS RELENTLESS ATTACK..."



"AS DEMPSEY PURSUED THE REELING CHAMP IN THE WANING SECONDS OF ROUND THREE..."

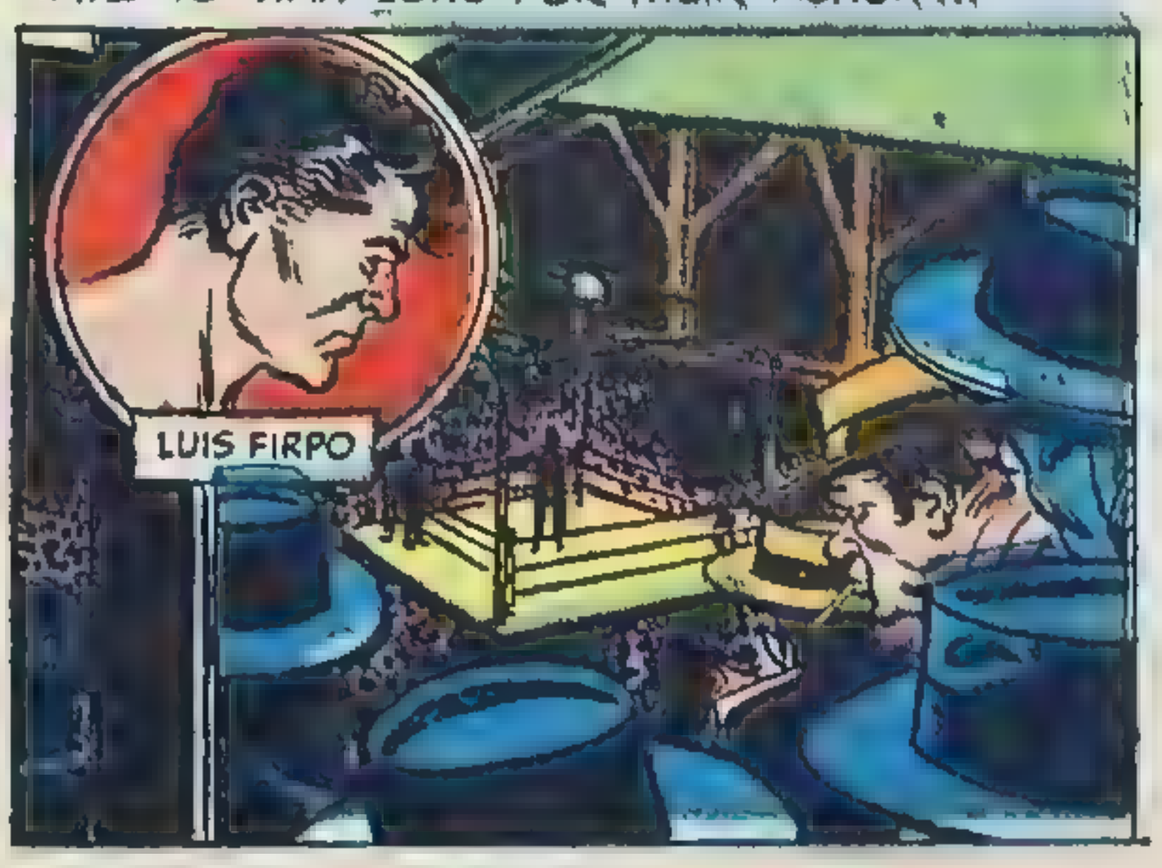
"AS THE BELL RANG FOR ROUND FOUR, JESS COULD NOT STIR FROM HIS CORNER. THE MASSACRE OF TOLEDO WAS OVER. **DEMPSEY WAS CHAMPION!**"

"DEMPSEY LEAPED AT THE 215-POUND ARGENTINE GIANT AND CONNECTED WITH A TREMENDOUS LEFT HOOK TO THE CHIN BEFORE THE ECHO OF THE OPENING BELL HAD FADED AWAY. FIRPO CRASHED TO THE CANVAS..."

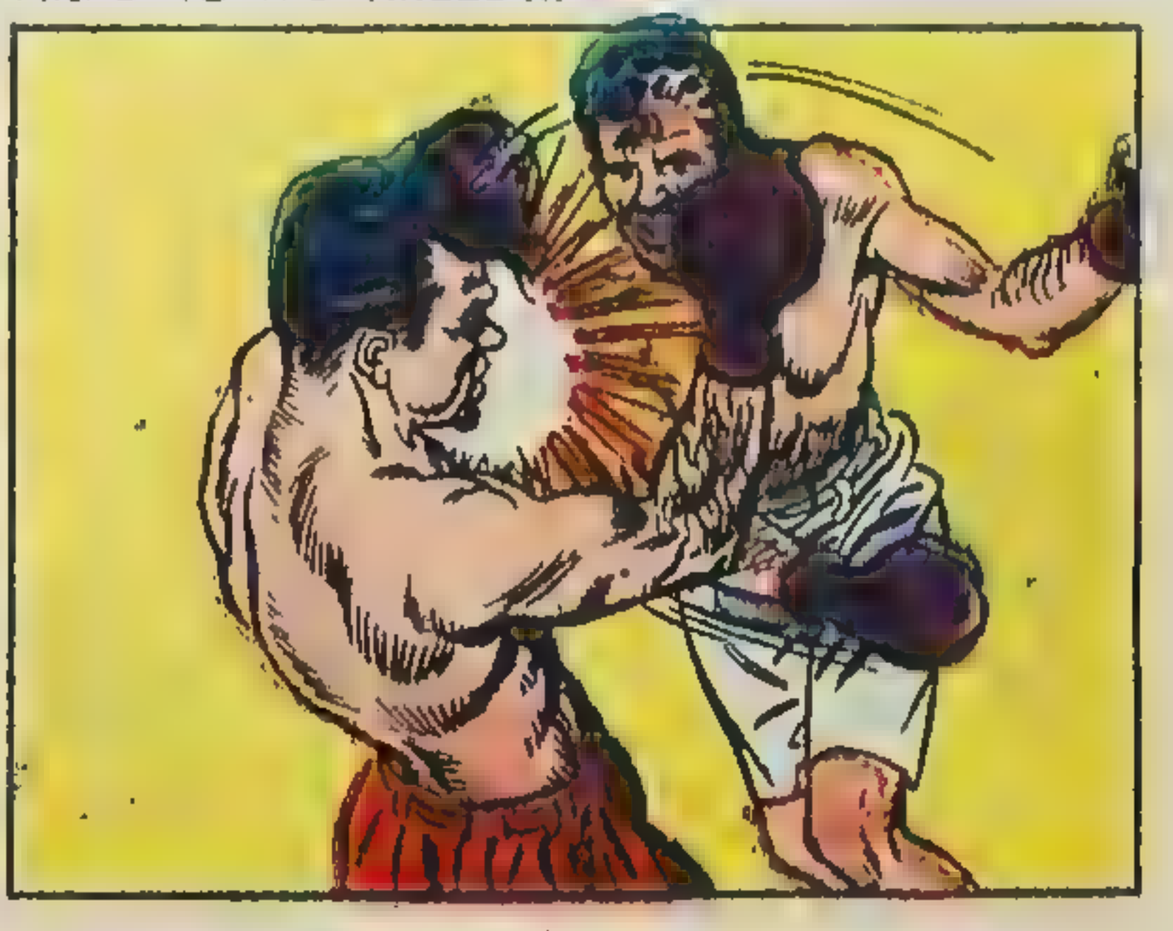


"AGAIN FIRPO LEAPED FORWARD. HE SCORED WITH A RIGHT TO THE CHIN. DEMPSEY WENT DOWN..."

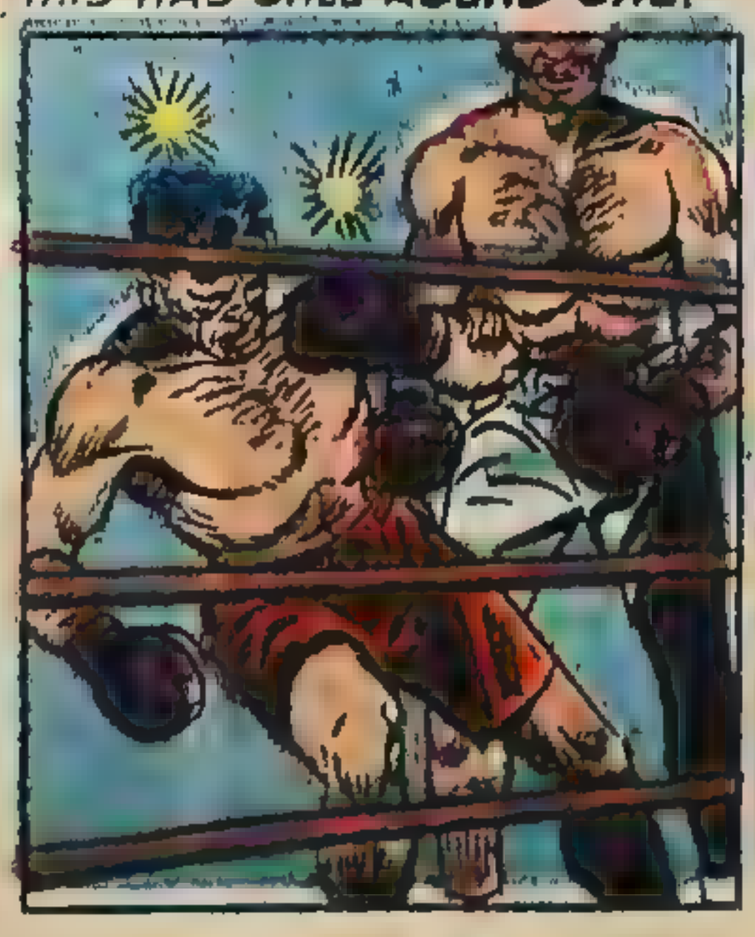
"THEN, FOUR YEARS LATER ON THE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 14, 1923, AT NEW YORK'S POLO GROUNDS, 86,000 FANS, WHO PAID $1,270,000, JAMMED THEIR WAY IN TO WATCH DEMPSEY DEFEND HIS TITLE AGAINST THE **'WILD BULL OF THE PAMPAS'--LUIS ANGEL FIRPO.** THEY DIDN'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG FOR THEIR ACTION..."



"FIRPO BOUNDED UP AND CHARGED THE HARD, TRIM 192-POUND CHAMPION. BUT A DEVASTATING FLURRY OF BLOWS MET THIS ONSLAUGHT AND POUNDED FIRPO TO HIS KNEES..."

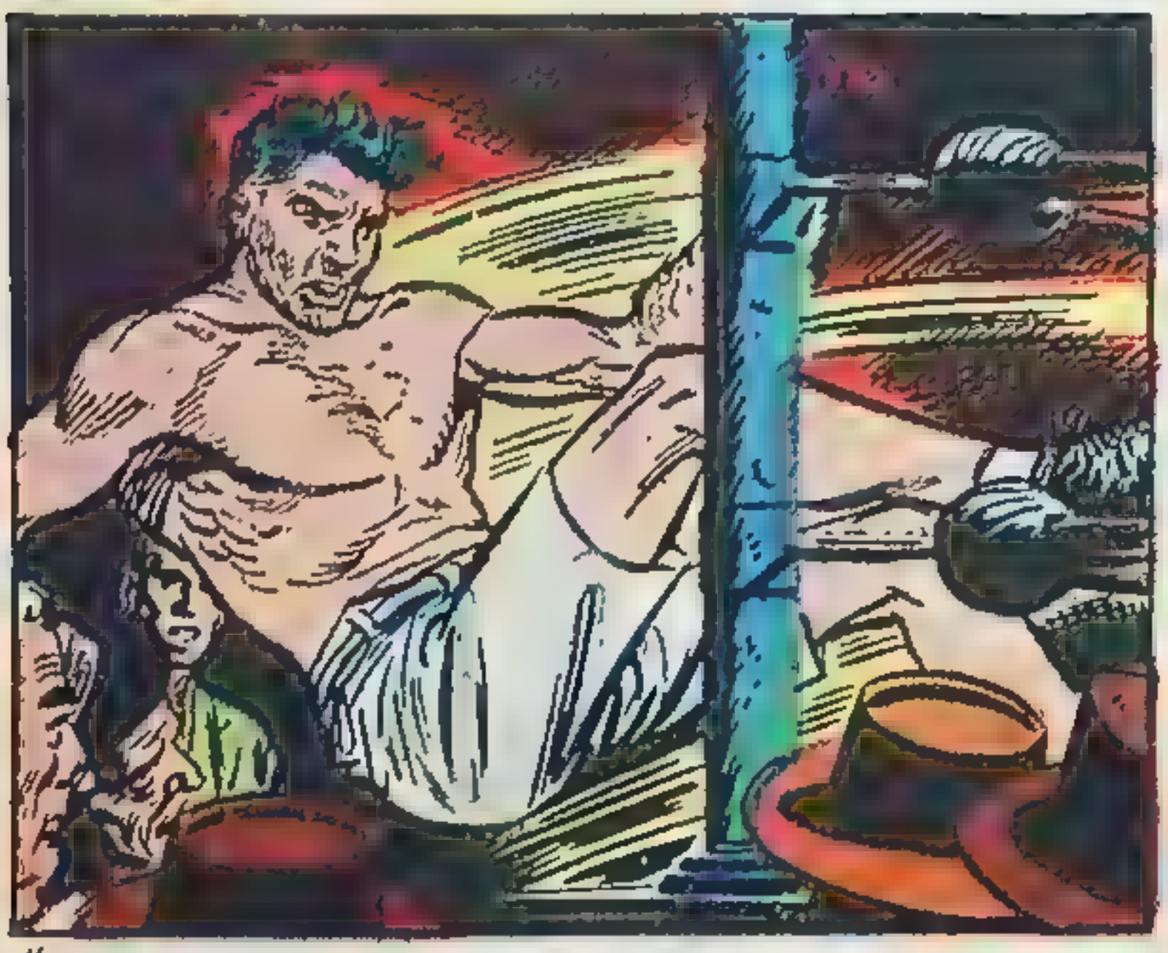


"RIPPING AND SNARLING BACK IN A BLAZE OF FURY, TIGER JACK RETALIATED BY FELLING THE WILD BULL FOUR TIMES MORE. THIS WAS STILL **ROUND ONE!**"

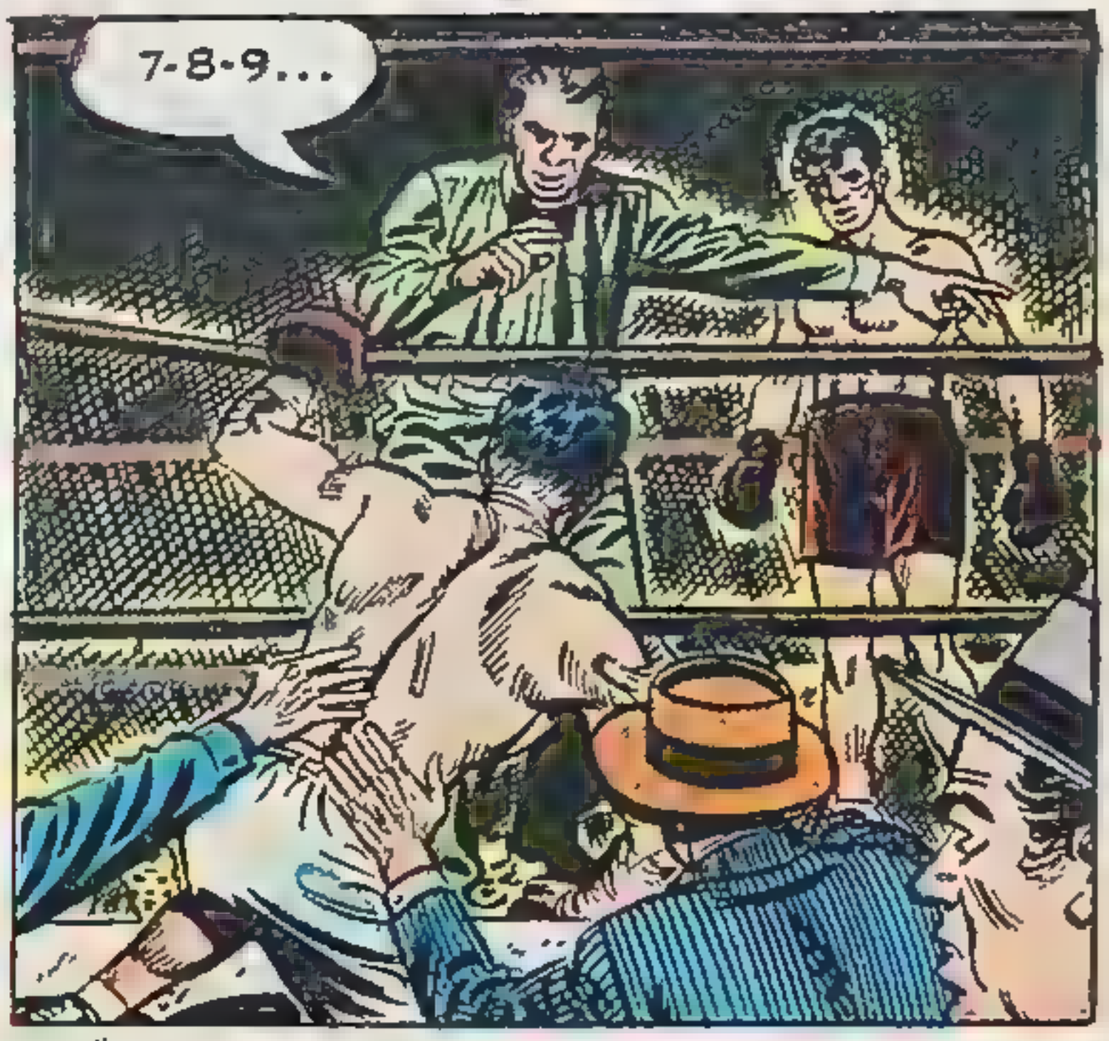


"THE GAME CHALLENGER AROSE. HE CHARGED THE CHAMPION AND UNLEASHED A CYCLONIC FLURRY OF BLOWS..."

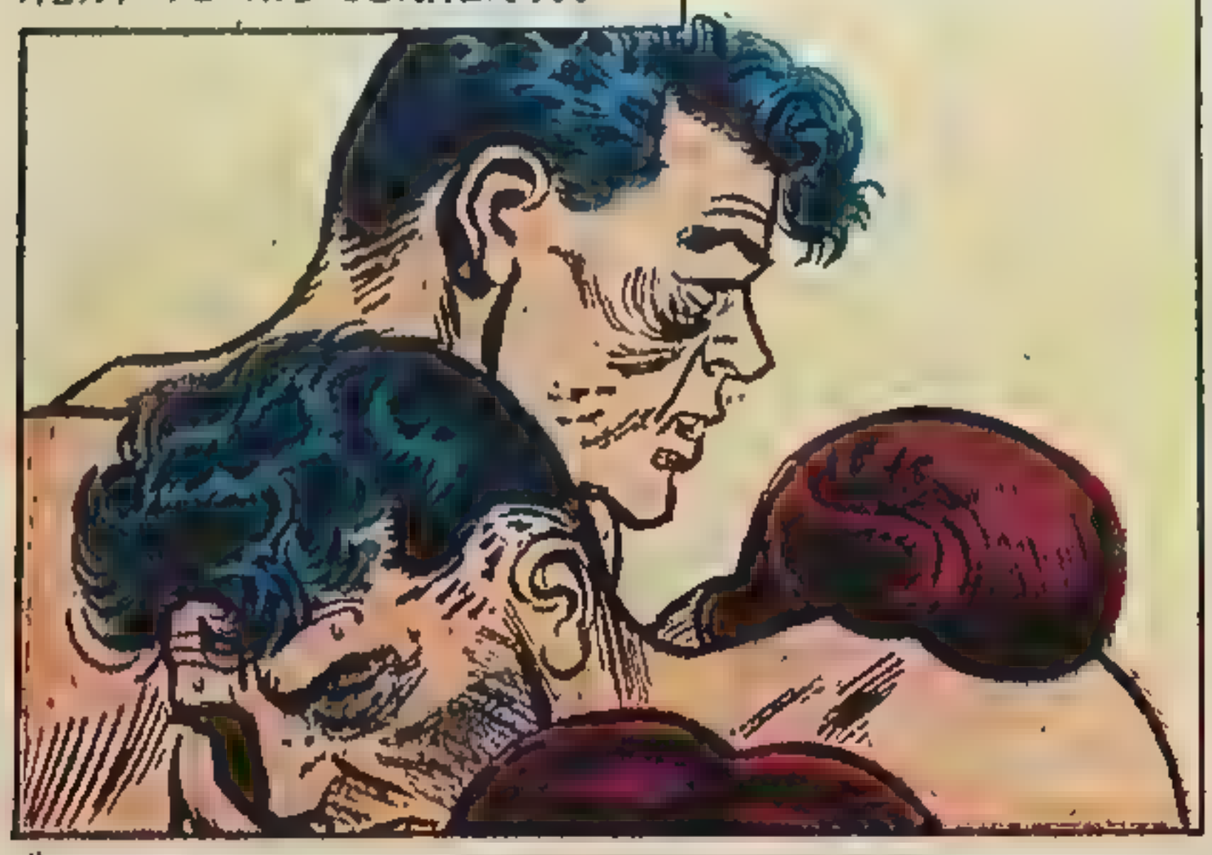
"...FOUR, FIVE, SIX TIMES FIRPO POURED HIS 215 POUNDS OF BRUTE STRENGTH INTO RIGHT HAND SMASHES TO THE CHAMPION'S HEAD AND BODY. THEN, AS IF CATAPULTED FROM A CANNON, THE CHAMPION WAS **BLASTED FROM THE RING!**"



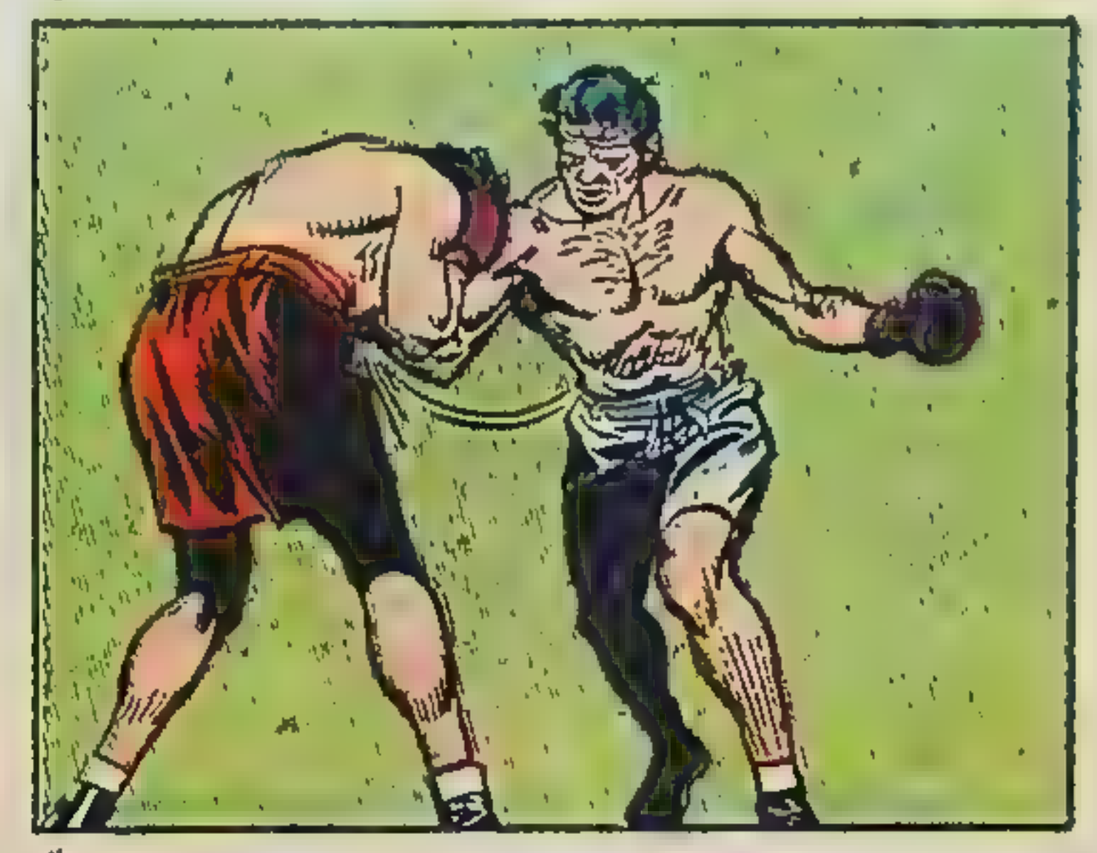
"DAZED AND BEWILDERED, DEMPSEY CRAWLED BACK INTO THE RING TO FACE THE REJUVENATED FIRPO. ROUND ONE WASN'T OVER YET..."



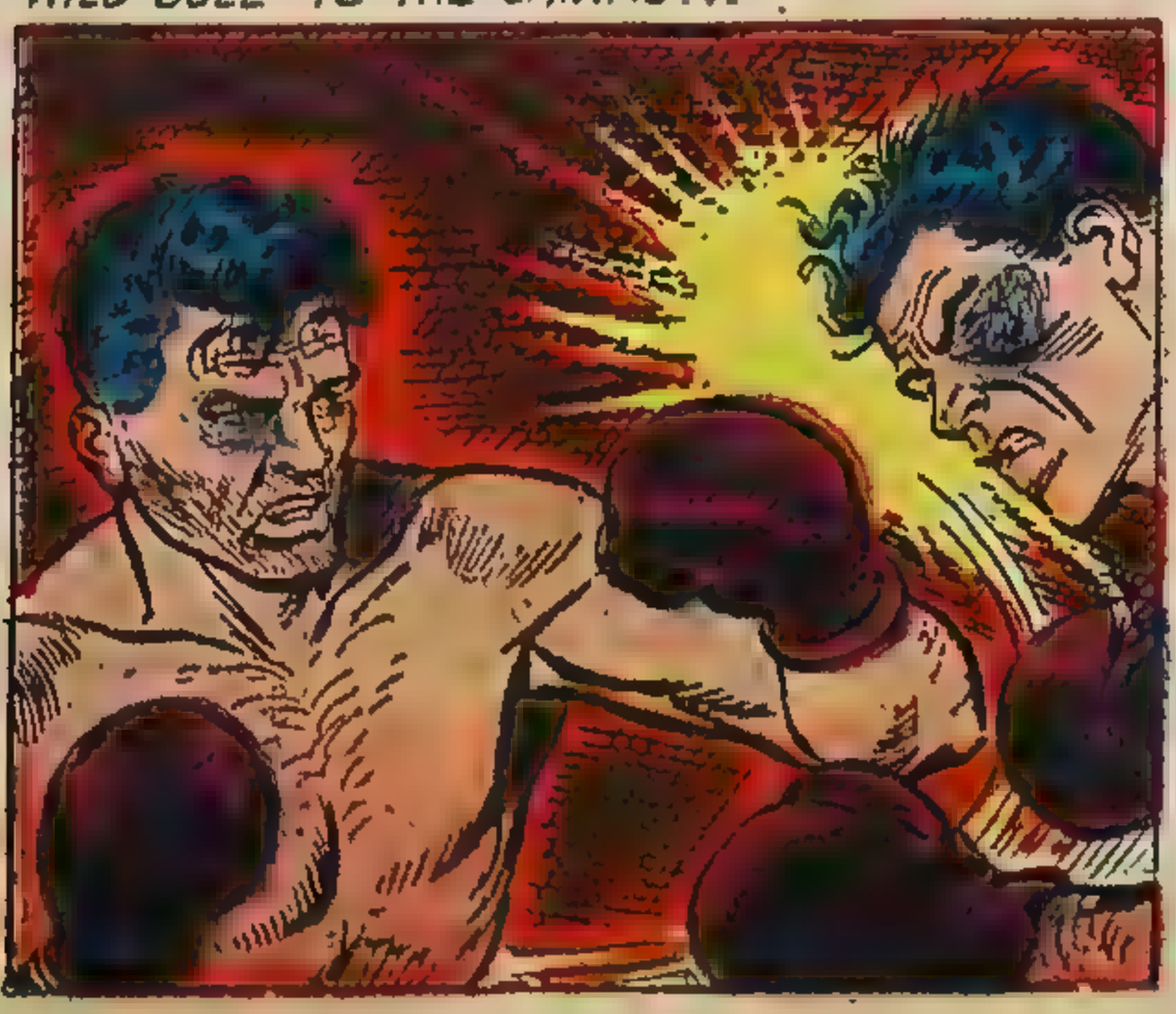
"DEMPSEY CLINCHED IN DESPERATION. INSTINCTIVELY, HE BOBBED AND WEAVED AND LET FIRPO'S WILD BLOWS SAIL OVER HIS HEAD. TOWARD THE END OF THE ROUND JACK FLOORED FIRPO WITH A DESPERATION PUNCH. BUT IT WAS A TIRED CHAMPION WHO WENT TO HIS CORNER..."



"FIRPO TOOK THE INITIATIVE IN THE SECOND ROUND AND STAGGERED DEMPSEY WITH A THUDDING RIGHT OVER THE HEART. BUT A SCORCHING LEFT HOOK BY THE CHAMP DUMPED FIRPO TO THE DECK ONCE AGAIN. BUT THE CHALLENGER REFUSED TO QUIT..."



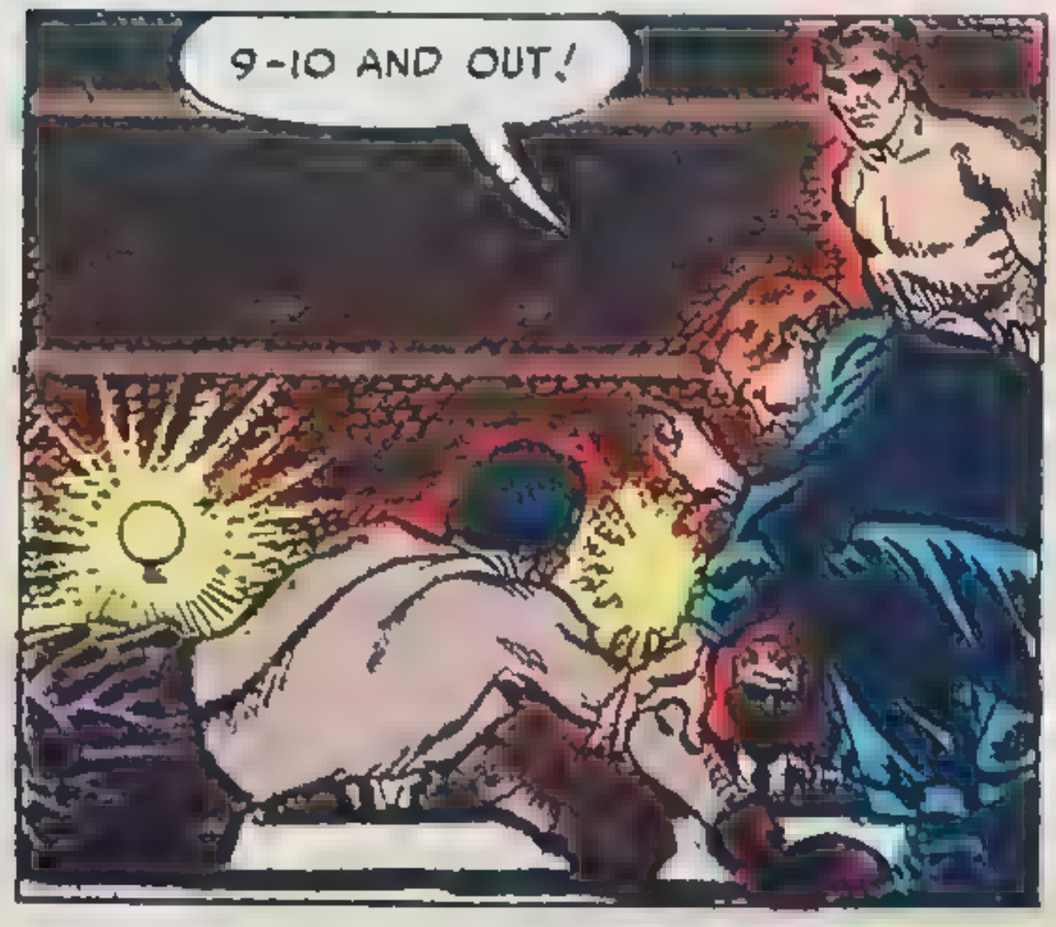
"DEMPSEY DIDN'T LET UP. HE BOMBARDED FIRPO WITH EVERYTHING HE HAD. A LEFT SENT THE 'WILD BULL' TO THE CANVAS..."



"FIRPO LAY THERE FOR SIX SECONDS. AT THE COUNT OF EIGHT HE MADE A FEEBLE ATTEMPT TO RISE, THEN COLLAPSED TO THE CANVAS. DEMPSEY HAD STORMED BACK FROM THE BRINK OF DEFEAT TO OVERWHELM HIS FOE. **IS THERE A MAN ALIVE WHO COULD HAVE BEATEN DEMPSEY THAT NIGHT?**"

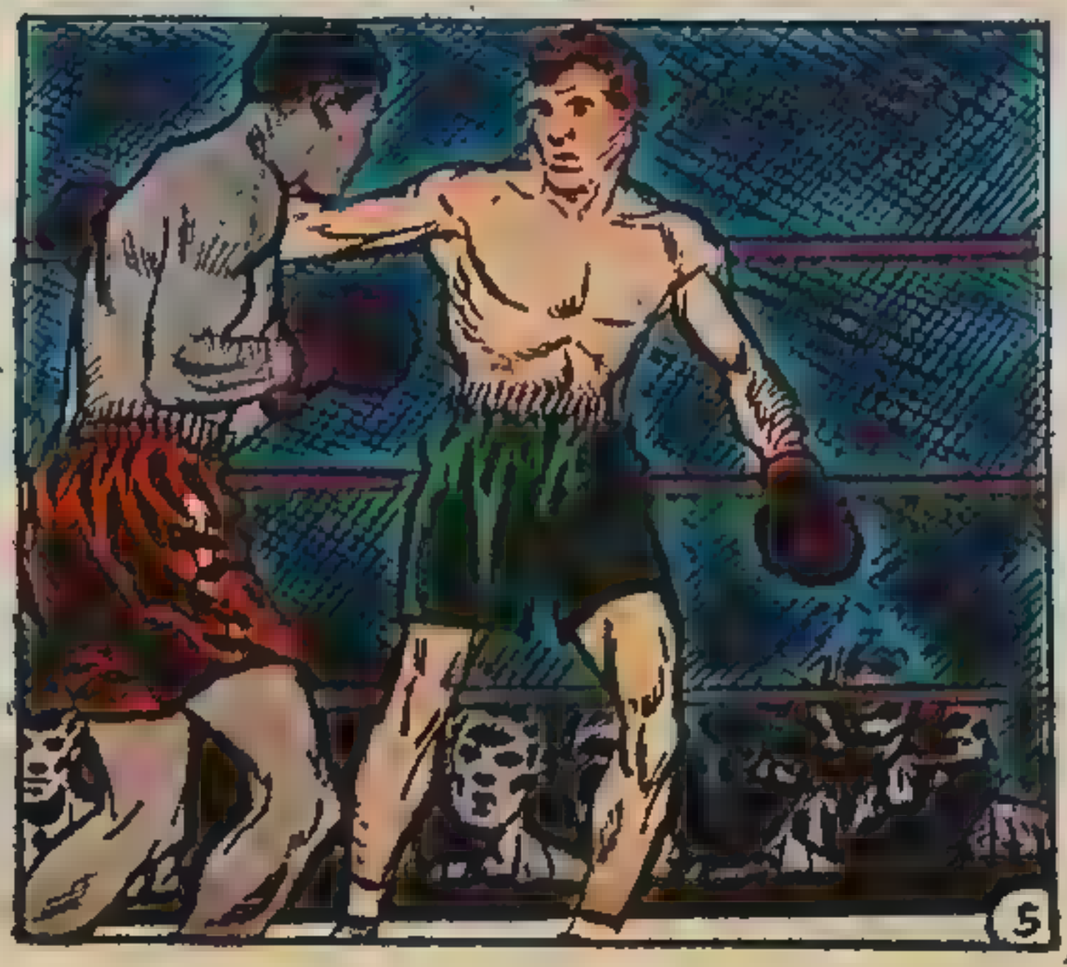
JOE LOUIS

"ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 20, 1936 MAX SCHMELING PULLED ONE OF BOXING'S GREATEST UPSETS WHEN HE KNOCKED OUT JOE LOUIS, THEN THE LEADING CONTENDER FOR THE CROWN, IN TWELVE ROUNDS AT THE YANKEE STADIUM..."

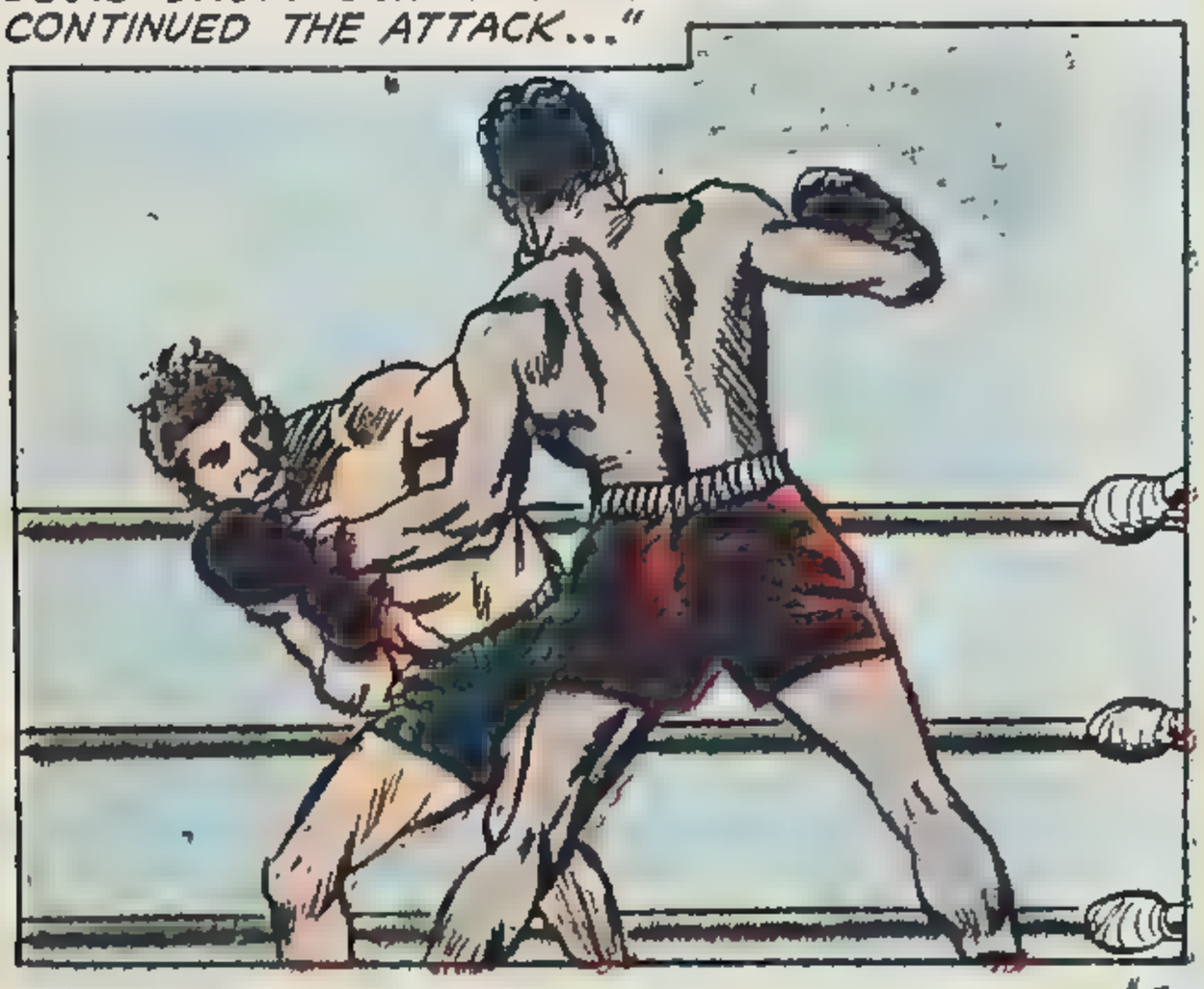


"FOR TWO YEARS JOE TRIED TO GET A RETURN WITH HERR MAX. FINALLY ON JUNE 22, 1938, LOUIS, WHO HAD SINCE WON THE TITLE FROM JAMES J. BRADDOCK, GOT HIS CHANCE. TRIM AT 198 POUNDS, THE BROWN BOMBER FACED THE DANGEROUS GERMAN CHALLENGER AT YANKEE STADIUM..."

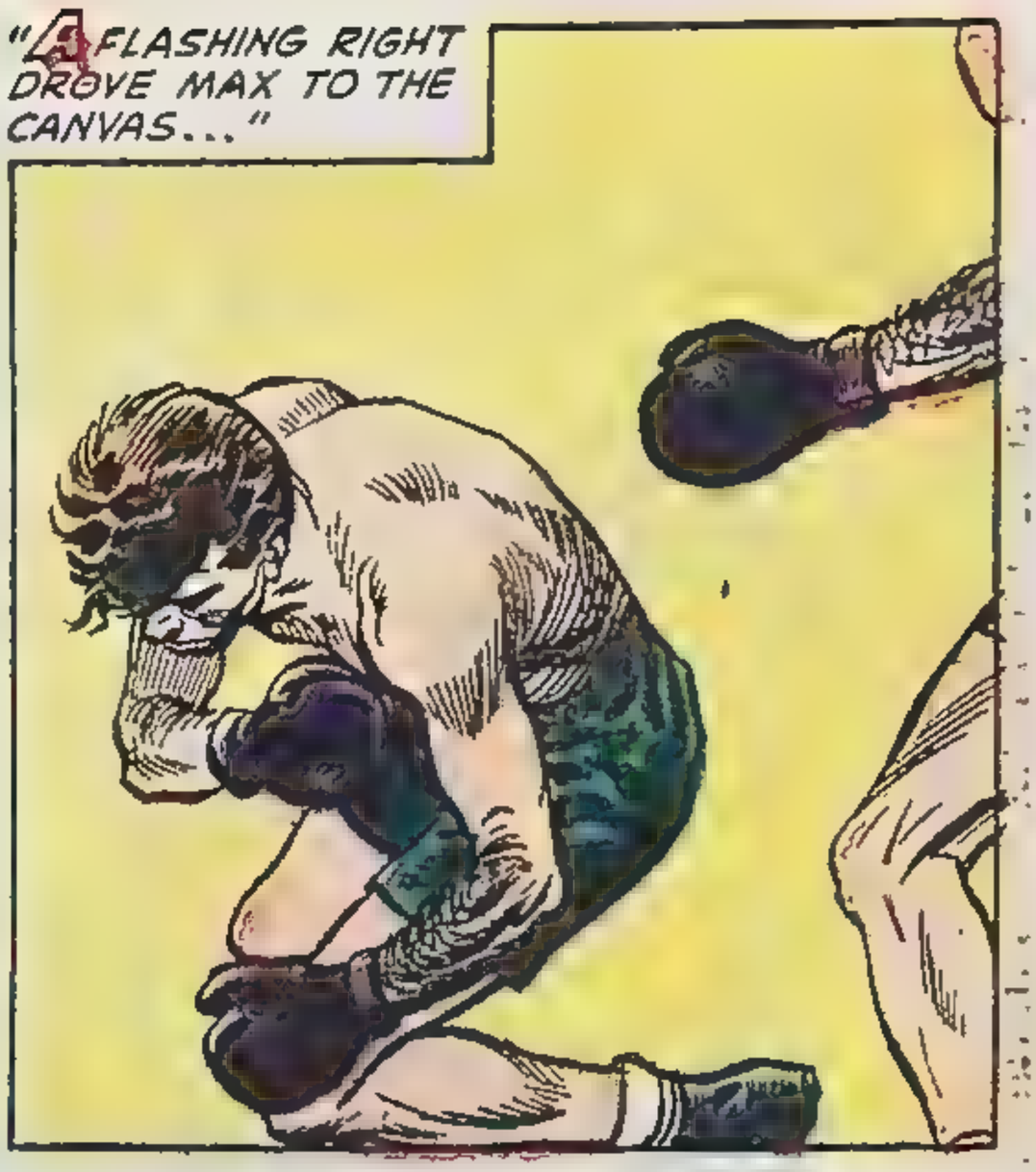
"AT THE BELL THE CHAMP UNLEASHED A TWO-FISTED BARRAGE THAT CAUGHT SCHMELING BY SURPRISE. THE BLACK UHLAN WAS STAGGERED..."



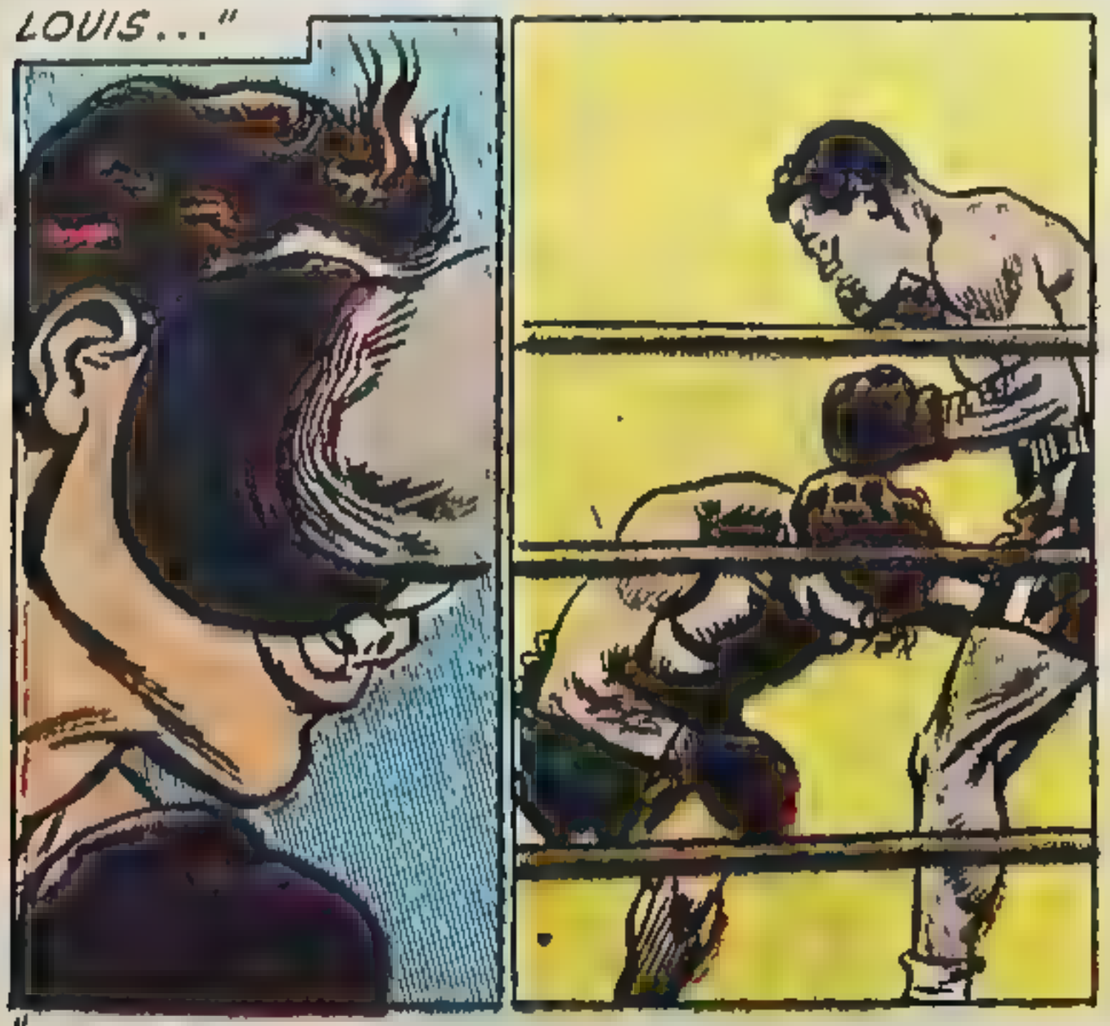
"THE WELL-CONDITIONED GERMAN, WHO WEIGHED IN AT 193, HIS BEST FIGHTING WEIGHT, COULD FIND NO DEFENSE AGAINST THE DEMON BEFORE HIM. LOUIS DROVE SCHMELING TO THE ROPES AND CONTINUED THE ATTACK..."



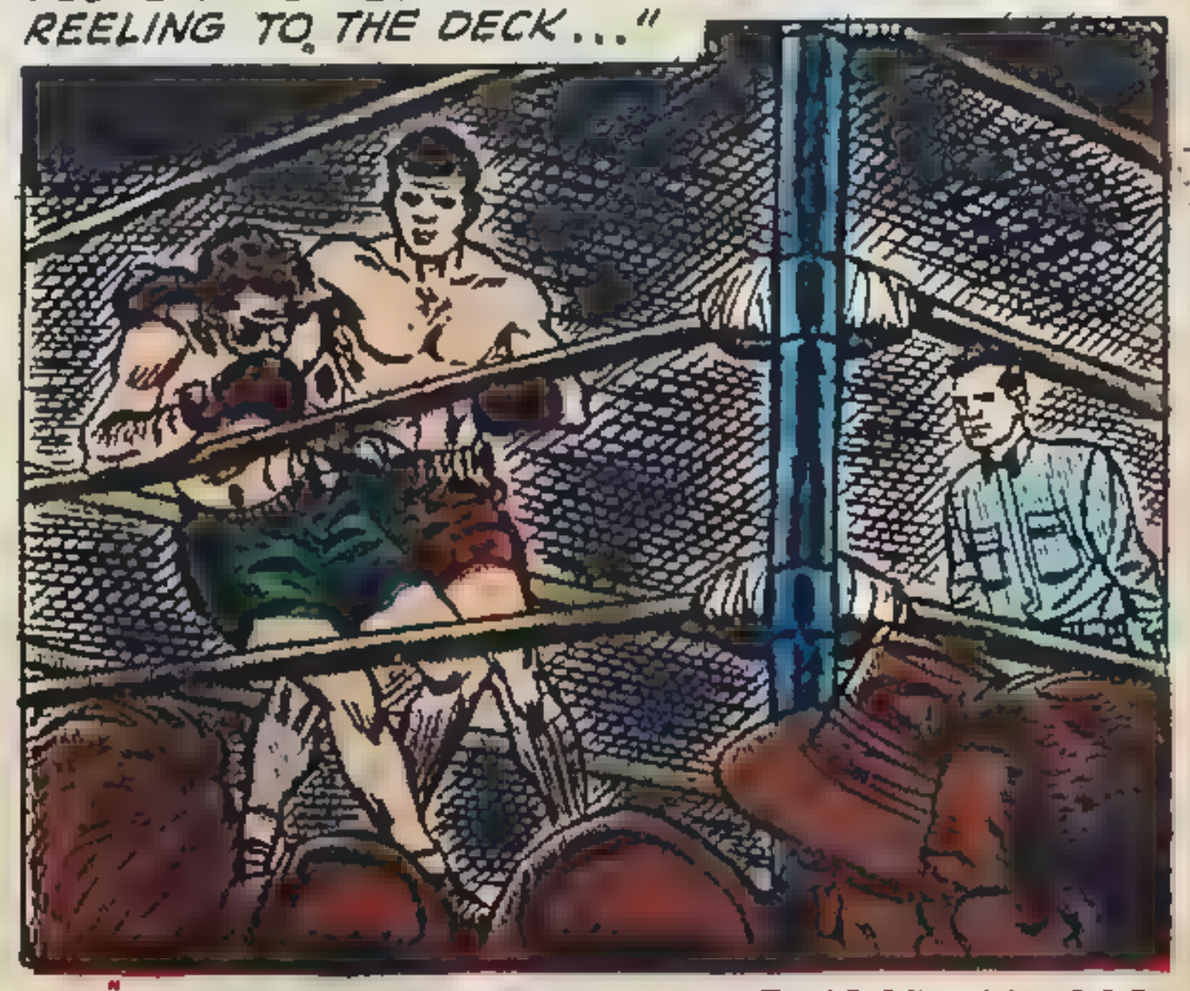
"A FLASHING RIGHT DROVE MAX TO THE CANVAS..."



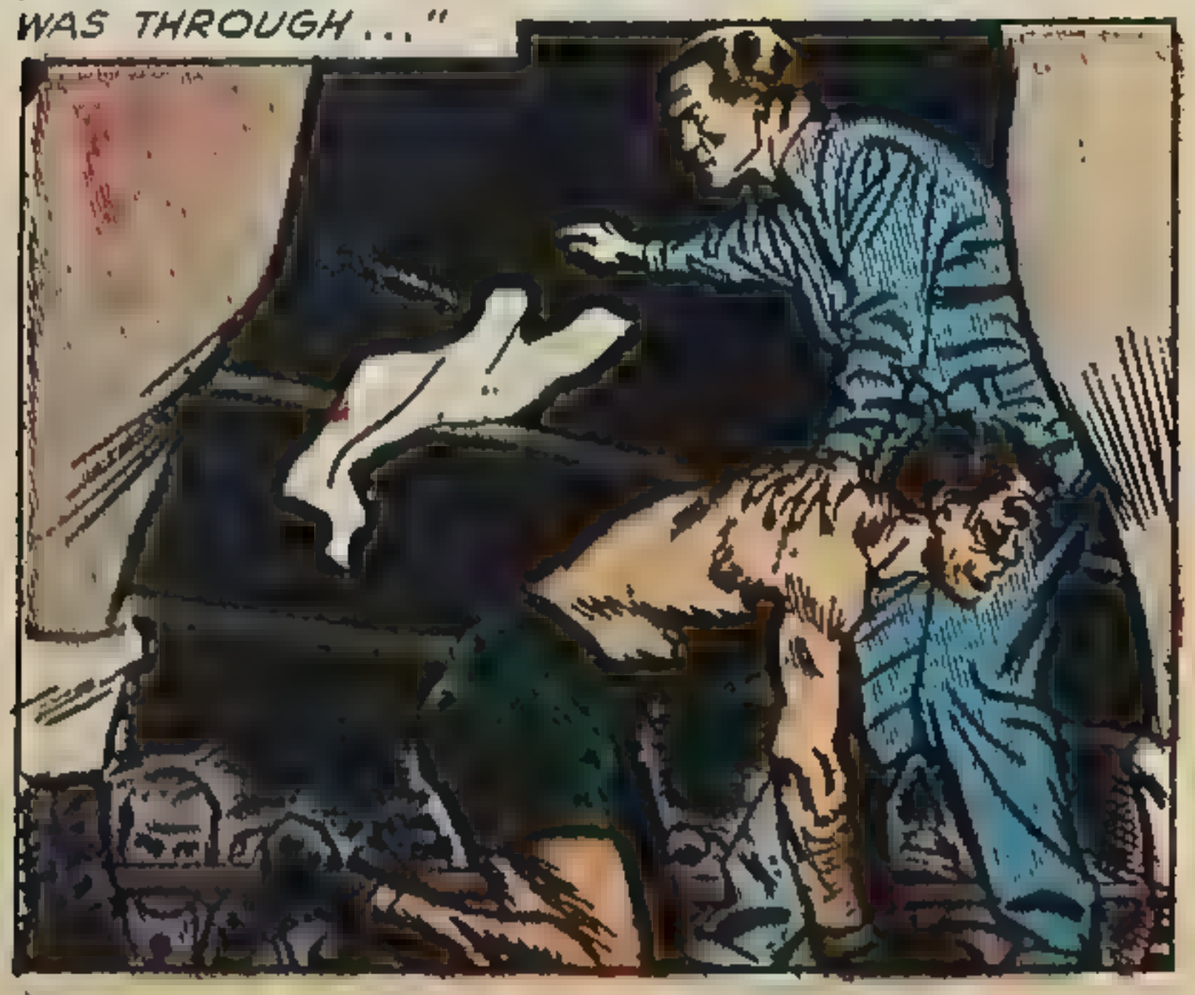
"MAX STRUGGLED TO HIS FEET ONLY TO BE DROPPED TWICE MORE BY THE RAMPAGING LOUIS..."



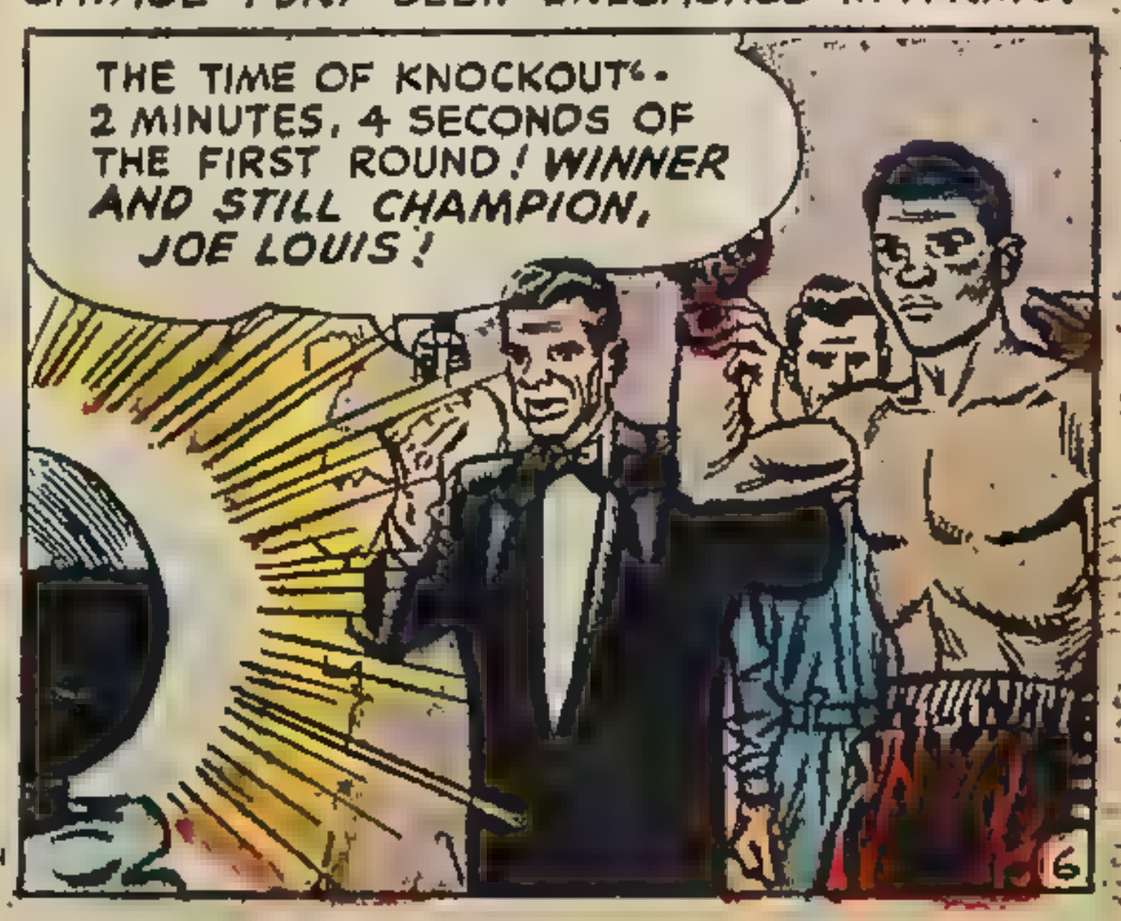
"SCHMELING WAS GAME. UP AGAIN, HE TURNED TO FACE LOUIS. THE CHAMPION UNFURLED A FUSILLADE OF BLOWS WHICH SENT SCHMELING REELING TO THE DECK..."



"AS SCHMELING FELL TO THE CANVAS, A TOWEL, RINGDOM'S SYMBOL OF DEFEAT, CAME FLYING FROM HIS CORNER. REFEREE ARTHUR DONOVAN MOVED IN TO END THE SLAUGHTER. MAX SCHMELING WAS THROUGH..."



"MAX WAS REMOVED TO THE HOSPITAL FOR OBSERVATION — BUT HIS SHARE OF THE $1,150,000 PURSE SERVED AS BALM FOR HIS WOUNDS. LOUIS HAD AVENGED HIS ONLY DEFEAT. NOT SINCE TOLEDO HAD SUCH SAVAGE FURY BEEN UNLEASHED IN A RING!"



"THERE WAS A TIME BEFORE THIS WHEN LOUIS DISPLAYED REAL ARTISTRY IN THE RING. JOE WAS SIGNED TO MEET EX-CHAMP MAX BAER ON SEPTEMBER 24, 1935. MADCAP MAXIE NEVER TRAINED SO HARD FOR A BOUT. JACK DEMPSEY HELPED WHIP HIM INTO SHAPE. BAER WAS CONFIDENT..."

LOOKIT THEM MUSCLES, KIDDIES! NO MAN EVER KNOCKED ME OFF MY FEET, AND LOUIS WON'T BE ANY EXCEPTION!

"AT LAST, FIGHT NIGHT ARRIVED. MAXIE STEPPED OUT TO FACE LOUIS..."

MORE THAN 90,000 FANS HAVE PAID $999,944 TO WITNESS THIS BOUT. THE LARGEST CROWD EVER TO ATTEND A SPORTING EVENT HERE IN THE YANKEE STADIUM...

"LOUIS PROBED BAER WITH HIS HARD LEFT— FOUND HIM EASY TO HIT. MAX SHOWED DISDAIN FOR THE FEARED BROWN BOMBER..."

"JOE CONTINUED TO PUMP HIS LEFT—OFTEN CALLED THE MOST POWERFUL JAB OF ALL TIME— INTO MAXIE'S HANDSOME FEATURES..."

"THEN, AT THE BELL, BAER UNLEASHED AN ATTACK THAT DROVE LOUIS INTO THE ROPES..."

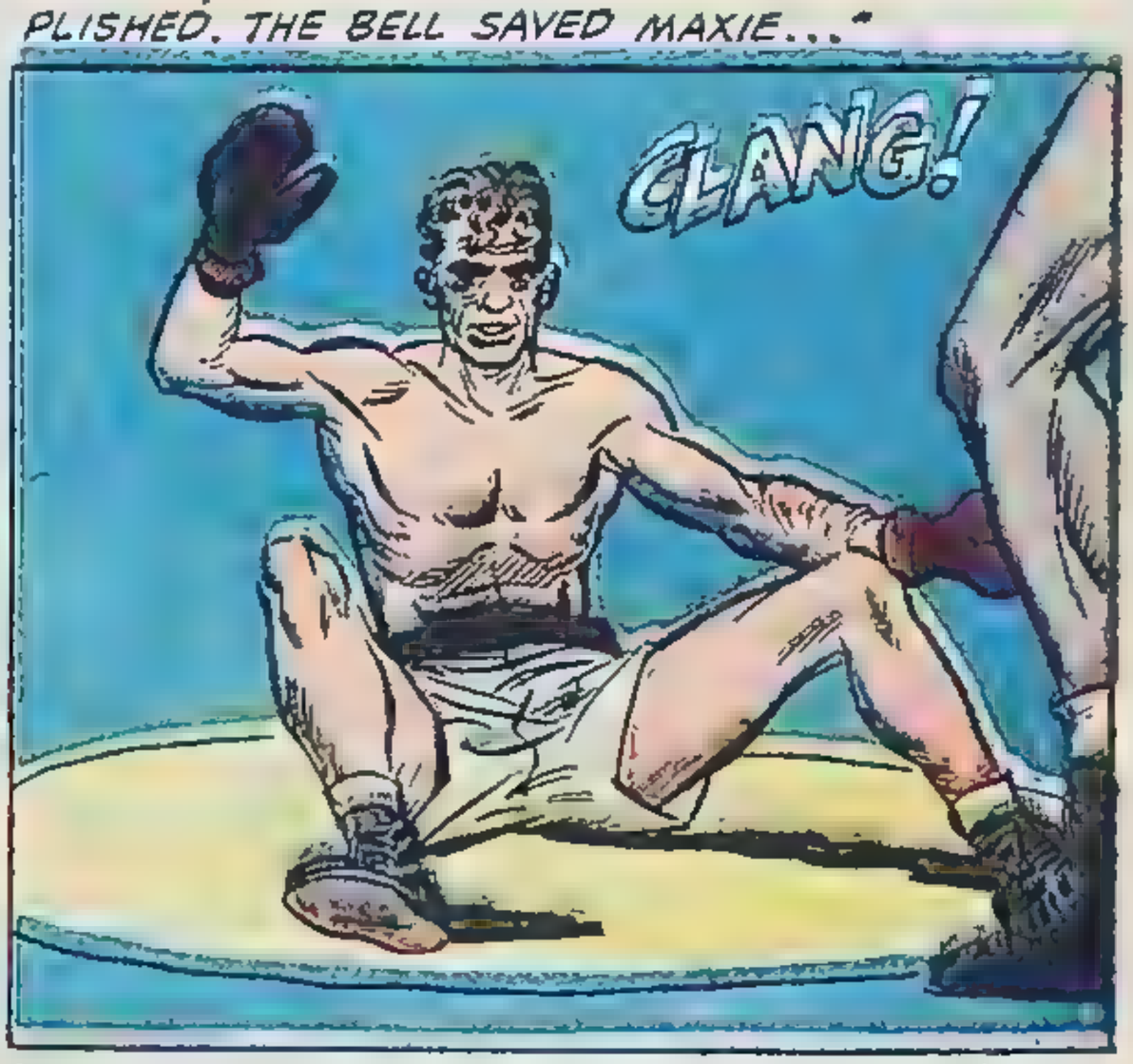
IN THE SECOND ROUND LOUIS GOT TO MAXIE WITH HIS RIGHT. HE SET HIM UP WITH THE LEFT, AND THEN...

CRASH!!!

"AS JOE WAITED FOR THE THIRD ROUND TO BEGIN..."

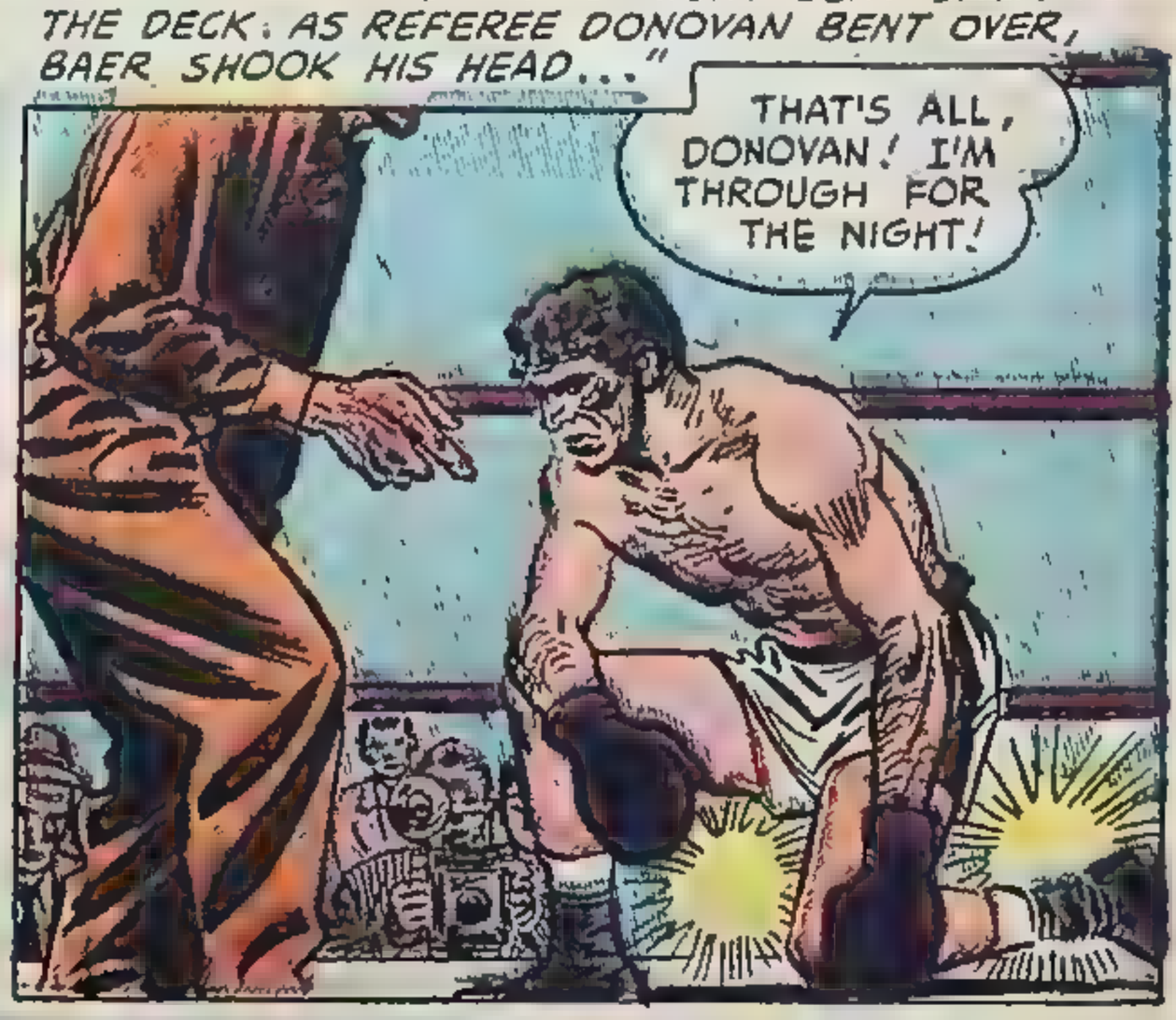
MAN! THAT BAER IS THE TOUGHEST GUY I EVER MET! HITTIN' HIM IS LIKE DRIVIN' BRICKS OUT OF A WALL WITH YOUR BARE FISTS!

"IN ROUND THREE LOUIS BLASTED BAER TO THE CANVAS, A FEAT NO MAN HAD EVER ACCOMPLISHED. THE BELL SAVED MAXIE..."

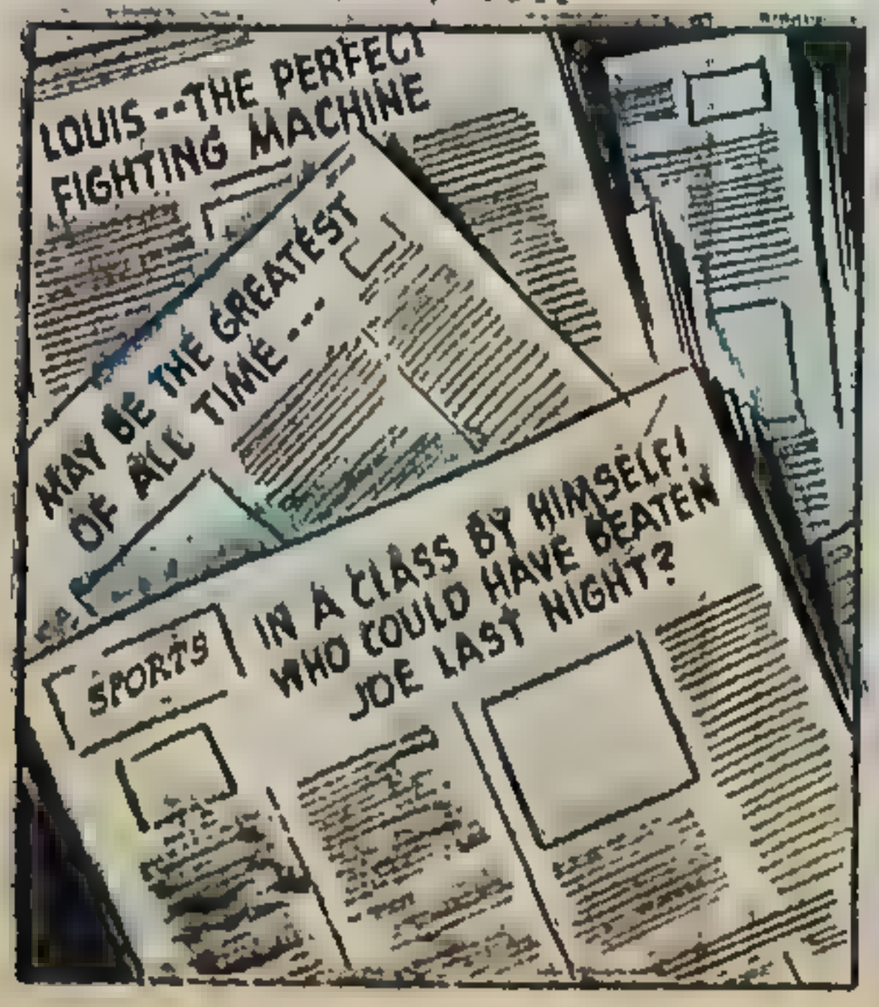


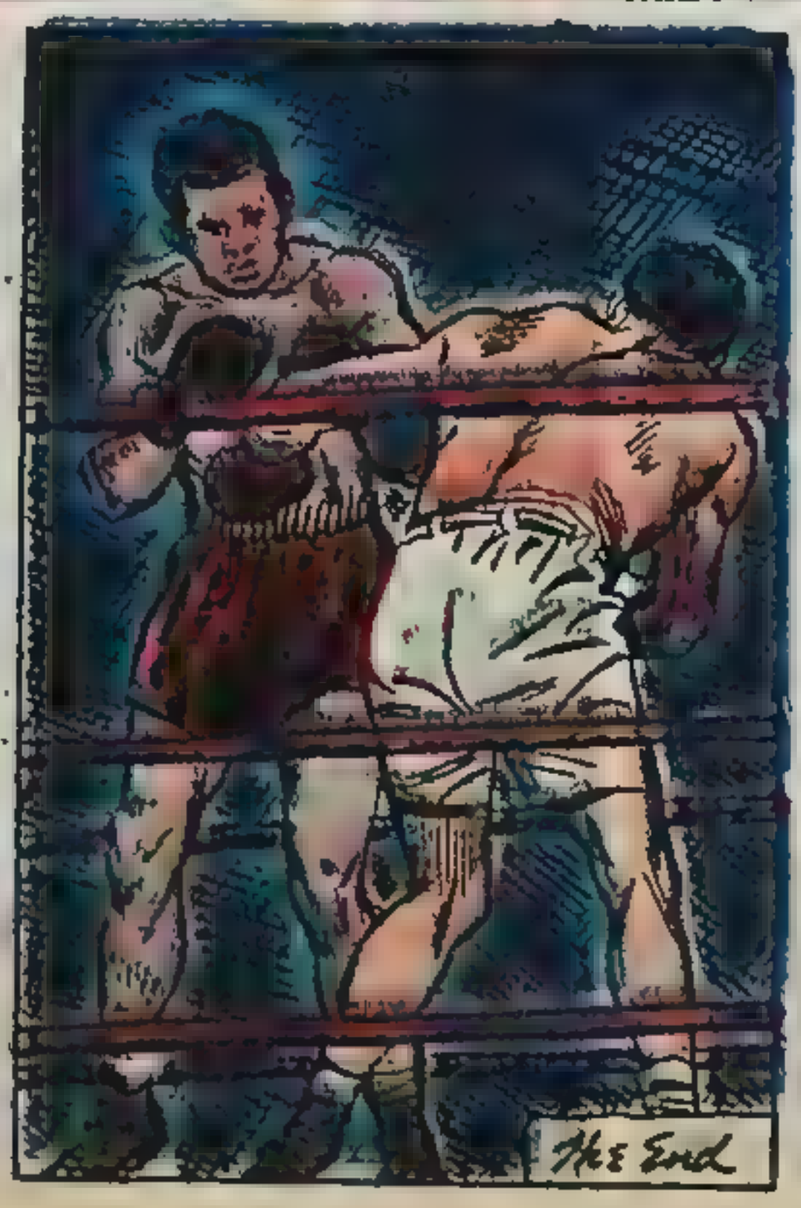
"LOUIS KEPT AFTER THE SCOWLING, GRIMACING, GAME BAER, IN THE FOURTH. IT WAS A COMPLETE ROUT. BAER WAS DEFENSELESS..."

"ONCE MORE A POWERFUL RIGHT SENT BAER TO THE DECK: AS REFEREE DONOVAN BENT OVER, BAER SHOOK HIS HEAD..."



"THE FOLLOWING MORNING THE NATION'S BOXING WRITERS DOFFED THEIR HATS TO THE CONQUERER OF MIGHTY MAX BAER..."





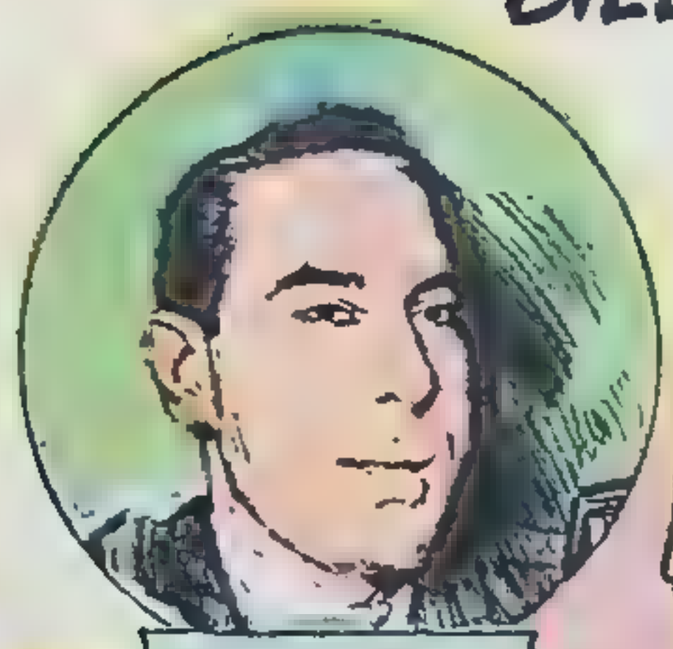
"THERE YOU HAVE IT! DEMPSEY AND LOUIS AT THEIR PEAKS. COULD THE DEMPSEY OF TOLEDO HAVE ESCAPED THE MAGNIFICENT LEFT JAB OF LOUIS? COULD THE DEMPSEY WHO STORMED BACK FROM NEAR DEFEAT AT THE HANDS OF FIRPO HAVE BEATEN THE KILLER LOUIS WHO CRUSHED SCHMELING? COULD LOUIS HAVE WITHSTOOD THE SUSTAINED FURY OF AN AROUSED DEMPSEY WHOSE LEFT HOOK WAS LIKE A BOOMING CANNON? WHAT DO **YOU** THINK? I'D LIKE TO KNOW. WHY NOT DROP ME A NOTE, CARE OF:

THE EDITOR
BILL STERN'S SPORTS BOOK,
ZIFF-DAVIS PUBLISHING CO.,
366 MADISON AVE.,
NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

BILL STERN'S SPORTS SURPRISE

MILE-A-MINUTE T.N.T.

"ALTHOUGH THE UNITED STATES HAD TAKEN FIRST PLACE IN THE 1928 OLYMPIC BOBSLED CHAMPIONSHIPS IN EUROPE THERE WAS NOT A SINGLE SLED-RUN IN THE U.S. WHEN THE '32 OLYMPIC SITE WAS AWARDED TO THE U.S. THE OLYMPIC WINTER CARNIVAL COMMITTEE HASTILY CONSTRUCTED THE MT. VAN HOEVENBERG BOBSLED RUN AT LAKE PLACID, NEW YORK, AT A COST OF MORE THAN $200,000. THEN, IN JANUARY '34, THE EUROPEAN BOB-SLED TEAMS ARRIVED AT LAKE PLACID DETERMINED TO AVENGE THEIR HUMILIATING DEFEAT AT THE HANDS OF THE AMERICANS. AS OUR STORY OPENS THE GERMAN TEAM IS PREPARING TO MAKE ITS FINAL RUN IN THE FOUR-HEAT CONTEST..."



BILL STERN

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THIS GERMAN TEAM, GUYS! THEY'RE THE ONES TO BEAT!

LOOK-- THERE THEY GO!

"DOWN THE STRAIGHT-A-WAY INTO THE FIRST GENTLE CURVE THUNDERED THE SLED AS THE EUROPEAN TEAM JOCKEYED HER DOWN THE ICE. THEN INTO THE DANGEROUS TURN CALLED **EYRIE**..."

"PAST EYRIE, THROUGH **WHITEFACE**, AND ON INTO TREACHEROUS **SHADY CORNER**, WHERE ONLY EXPERT BRAKING COULD PREVENT A TRAGEDY..."

SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG WITH THEIR BRAKES! THEY'RE SKIDDING OVER TOO FAST!

"OVER THE EDGE OF SHADY CORNER PLUMMETED THE FLYING SLED. DOWN IT CRASHED THROUGH THE TREES AND ROCKS HURLING ITS FOUR OCCUPANTS MORE THAN 100 FEET DOWN THE ICY MOUNTAINSIDE. MIRACULOUSLY, NO ONE WAS KILLED. ALL WERE BADLY INJURED, HOWEVER"

"THE FOLLOWING DAY THE SWISS, ITALIAN AND RUMANIAN ENTRIES MADE THEIR BIDS. ALL DAY LONG THE SLEDS ROARED DOWN THE MILE-AND-A-HALF RUN. THEY THUNDERED UP TO SEVENTY MILES AN HOUR UNTIL TREACHEROUS SHADY CORNER FORCED THE BRAKESMEN TO SLOW THEIR ONRUSHING MONSTERS TO 'RESPECTABLE' SPEEDS. NONE DARED TO RISK A REPETITION OF THE GERMAN CRASH..."

CLEAR THE TRACK! CLEAR THE TRACK! READY AT THE START!

IT'S THE HELMSMAN OF THE GERMAN SLED THAT WENT OVER SHADY CORNER YESTERDAY!

WAIT! LISTEN TO ME BEFORE YOU START! PLEASE!

"AT LAST CAME THE CALL FOR THE AMERICAN SLEDDERS... THE DEFENDING CHAMPS..."

WILL THE AMERICAN TEAM TAKE ITS POSITION AT THE STARTING LINE?

LET'S GO, MEN!

YOU AMERICANS BEAT US AT ST. MORITZ FOUR YEARS AGO BY "THROWING AWAY" YOUR BRAKES AND RIDING THE TURNS! BUT THIS RUN IS TOO TREACHEROUS FOR EVEN YOUR DARING! DON'T TAKE SHADY CORNER WITHOUT BRAKING! BELIEVE ME, NO RECORD IS WORTH THIS!

THANKS, HANS! THANKS FOR THE FRIENDLY TIP!

"THEN, 'MIDST WILD YELLING AND SHOUTING, THE QUARTER-TON STEEL THUNDERBOLT WAS OFF..."

YEA, THERE THEY GO!

GIVE IT THE GUN, GANG!

"GATHERING SPEED, THE AMERICAN TEAM SLAMMED PAST TRICKY EYRIE AND HEADED FOR WHITEFACE, A 40-FOOT-HIGH BANK..."

HELLO, CHIEF! BOOTH FIVE REPORTING! AMERICAN TEAM JUST PASSED THROUGH EYRIE! TIME: 29 SECONDS! BOY! THEY'RE HITTING ABOUT 70 M.P.H.!

"WHITEFACE, WITH ITS ALMOST PERPENDICULAR RISE, THREATENED THE SLED'S EQUILIBRIUM. ONLY EXPERT MANAGEMENT COULD SAVE THE AMERICANS A SPILL AT THIS TREMENDOUS SPEED..."

OKAY, GANG! SHIFT WEIGHT OUT -- NOW!

"SHIFTING IN PERFECT UNISON, THEY FORCED THEIR SLED AROUND WHITEFACE AND ZOOMED DOWN TOWARD THEIR NEMESIS— SHADY CORNER..."

HERE SHE COMES, GANG! GET SET TO APPLY BRAKES!

NO! LET'S TRY FOR A RECORD! WHAT D'YA SAY, GUYS?

WE'RE WITH YA, ED! SHADY CORNER, HERE WE COME!

"LIKE SOME BIZARRE FOUR-HEADED MONSTER THE BOBSLED SCREAMED INTO THE FORBIDDING CURVE CALLED SHADY CORNER. THE SKIDDING RUNNERS FOUGHT TO HOLD THE ICE..."

"UP AND OUT THEY SKIDDED, HALF ON, HALF OFF THE ICE. THE OUTSIDE RUNNERS CLAWED AT THE OPEN SKY WHILE THE INSIDE RUNNERS BIT DEEPLY INTO THE ICE..."

SHIFT INSIDE! QUICKLY! NOW! NOW!

"WORKING AS ONE MAN, THEY FOUGHT THE SLED BACK ONTO THE ICE AGAIN PERFECT TEAM-WORK AND CLEAR THINKING HAD SAVED THEM. ON THEY FLEW TOWARD THE FINAL S-TURN CALLED ZIG-ZAG AND ONCE AGAIN THEY 'THREW AWAY' THEIR BRAKES..."

"HAVING CONQUERED SHADY CORNER NOTHING COULD STOP THE INTREPID AMERICANS. THEY CAROMED OFF ZIG, BOUNCED PASS ZAG, AND SAILED CLEAR INTO THE FINAL STRAIGHT-A-WAY AS THE CROWDS ROARED THEIR ACCLAIM..."

THE END

"THE AMERICAN TEAM HAD MASTERED THE RUN! THREE TIMES MORE THEY FLASHED FEARLESSLY DOWN THE SLOPES OF VAN HOEVENBERG -- EACH TIME FASTER THAN LAST UNTIL THEY HAD CUT THE TIME FROM 2M:00.52 S TO 1M:56.59 S. NEVER BEFORE HAD ANYONE DRIVEN A BOBSLED WITH SUCH RECKLESS ABANDON, NOR, AT THE SAME TIME, WITH SUCH SKILL. THEY WERE THE MEN OF THE HOUR. THEIR NAMES: BILLY FISK, HELMSMAN; JAY OBRIEN AND TIPPY GRAY. AND THE FOURTH MEMBER, THE MAN WHO MADE THE MOMENTOUS DECISION TO CAST OFF THE BRAKES AND TRY FOR THE RECORD, WAS NONE OTHER THAN **EDDIE EAGAN**, OLYMPIC BOXING CHAMPION AND LATER CHAIRMAN OF THE N.Y. STATE ATHLETIC COMMISSION!"

THE PROS vs. the RAH RAH BOYS

EVERY FALL FOOTBALL FANS CONGREGATE TO DISCUSS THEIR FAVORITE TOPIC: "WHICH IS THE BETTER, MORE THRILLING GAME... PROFESSIONAL OR COLLEGE FOOTBALL?" WE'RE NEUTRAL IN THIS CORNER, BUT WE'LL LET ***YOU*** DECIDE BY ILLUSTRATING THE THRILLS AND MERITS OF EACH PHASE OF THE GAME. LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT A COUPLE OF FAMOUS GAMES, ONE PROFESSIONAL, THE OTHER COLLEGE. THE FIRST TOOK PLACE IN CLEVELAND, OHIO, ON CHRISTMAS EVE, 1950. THE CLEVELAND BROWNS FACED THE LOS ANGELES RAMS FOR THE NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP...

PROGRAM
NATIONAL Football LEAGUE

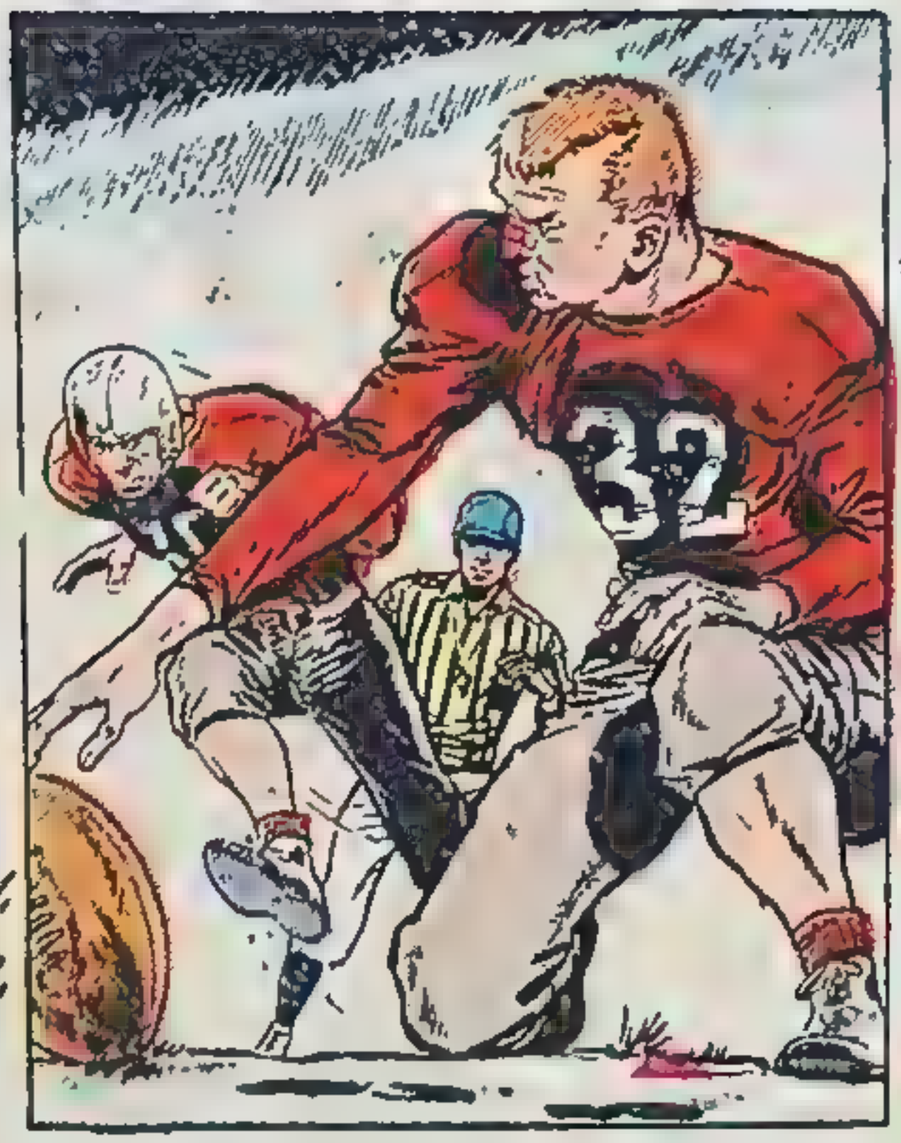
NBC

"DESPITE THE 30 MILES PER HOUR DRIVING WIND, 25-DEGREE TEMPERATURE AND BLINDING SNOW STORM, A FAITHFUL CROWD OF 29,000 FANS TURNED OUT. AT HOME, AROUND THE COUNTRY, MILLIONS LOOKED IN ON-THIS FIRST PRO CHAMPIONSHIP TELECAST IN HISTORY..."

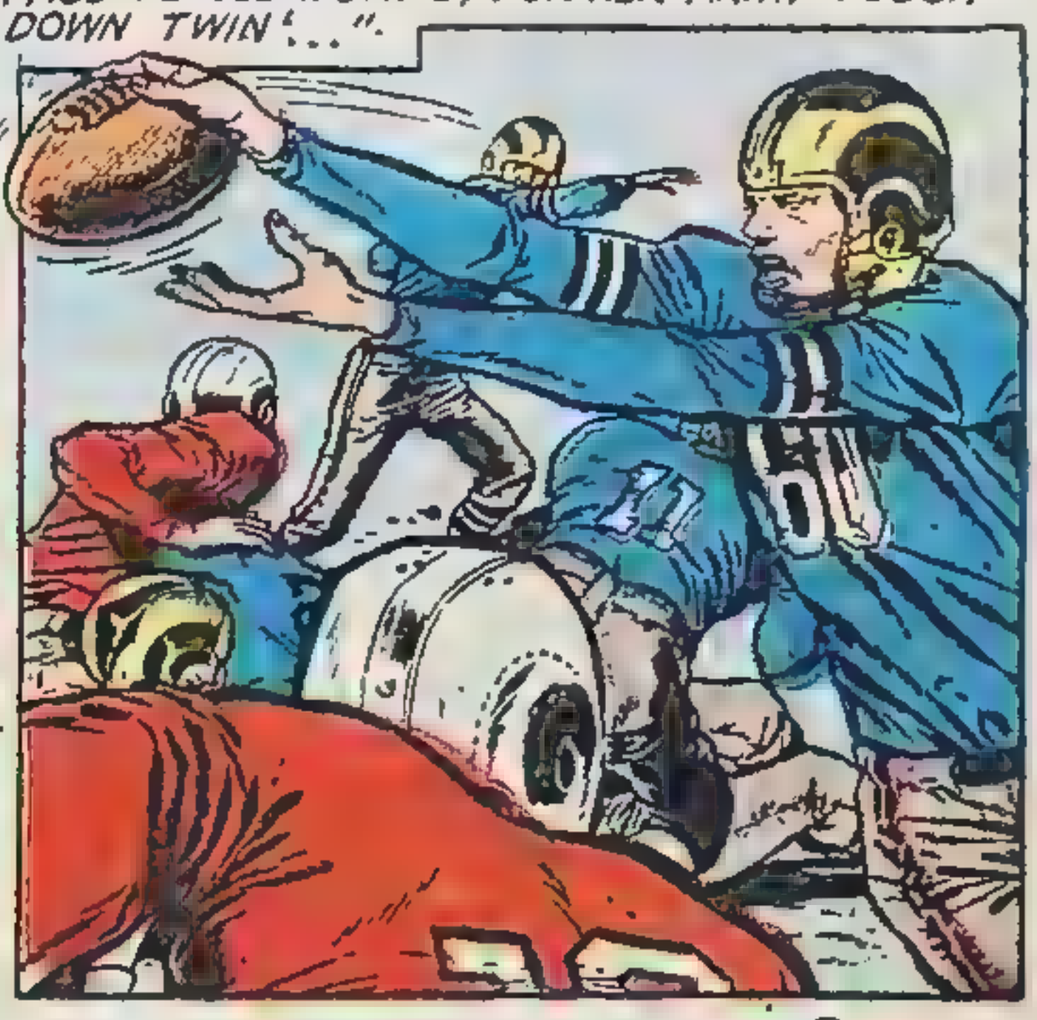
"IN THE CLEVELAND DRESSING ROOM, COACH PAUL BROWN SPOKE TO HIS CHARGES..."

CLEATS ARE USELESS ON THAT FROZEN TURF, BOYS! PUT ON YOUR SNEAKERS... MAYBE WE CAN GET SOME EXTRA SPEED ***THAT*** WAY! WE'LL SURE NEED IT TO KNOCK OFF THESE RAMS!

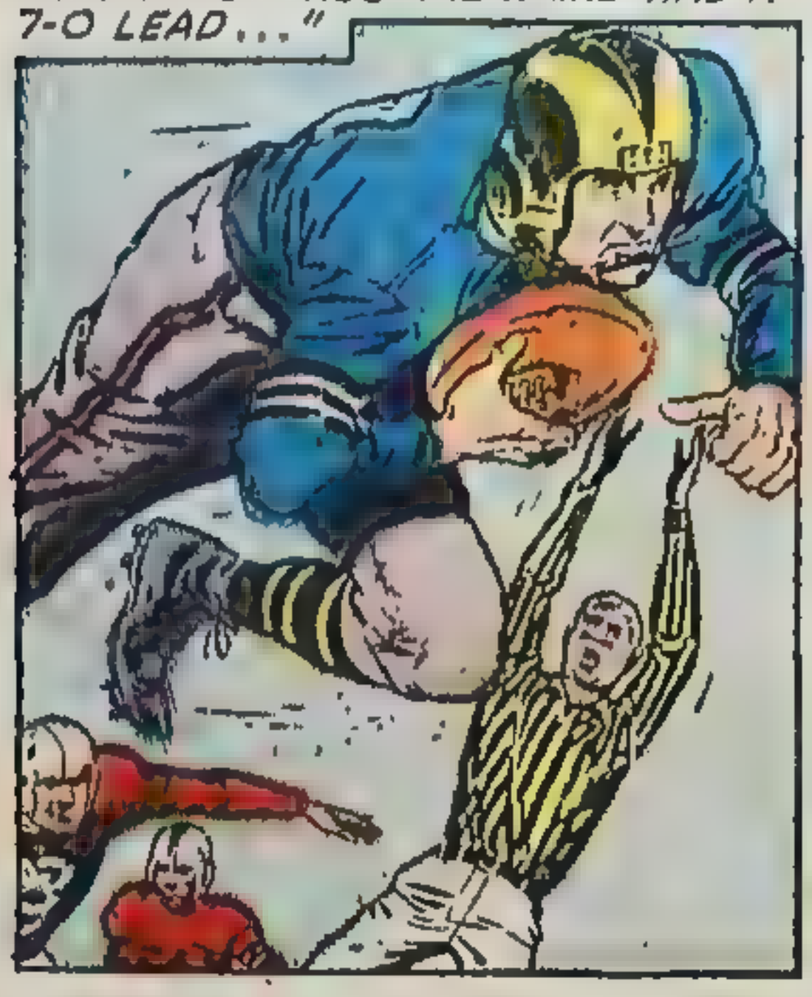
"CLEVELAND KICKED OFF, AND THE GREATEST ARRAY OF FORMER ALL-AMERICANS EVER SEEN ON ONE FIELD WENT INTO ACTION. SUCH GREATS AS BOB WATERFIELD, GLENN DAVIS, DICK HOERNER, ELROY HIRSCH, LOU GROZA, OTTO GRAHAM, NORM VAN BROCKLIN, MARION MOTLEY, MAC SPEEDIE, DARRYL PALMER, DUB JONES AND TONY ADAMLE..."



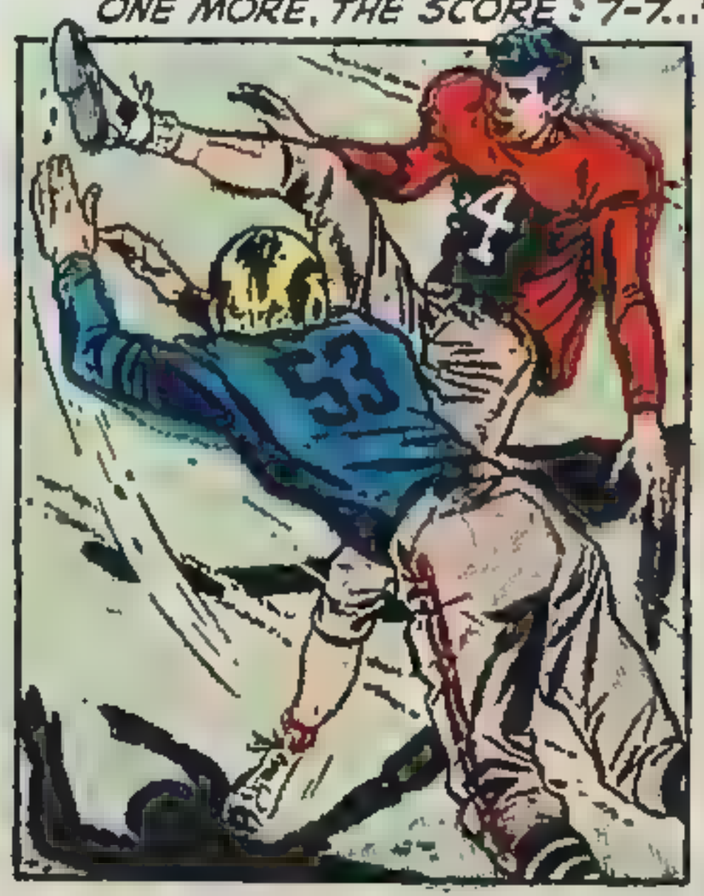
"ON THE FIRST PLAY OF THE GAME LOS ANGELES' WATERFIELD HEAVED A THIRTY-YARD PASS TO GLENN DAVIS, FORMER ARMY 'TOUCH-DOWN TWIN'..."



"GLENN SCAMPERED 55 YARDS FOR A TOUCHDOWN, AND WATERFIELD KICKED THE EXTRA POINT. WITHIN THIRTY SECONDS THE RAMS HAD A 7-0 LEAD..."



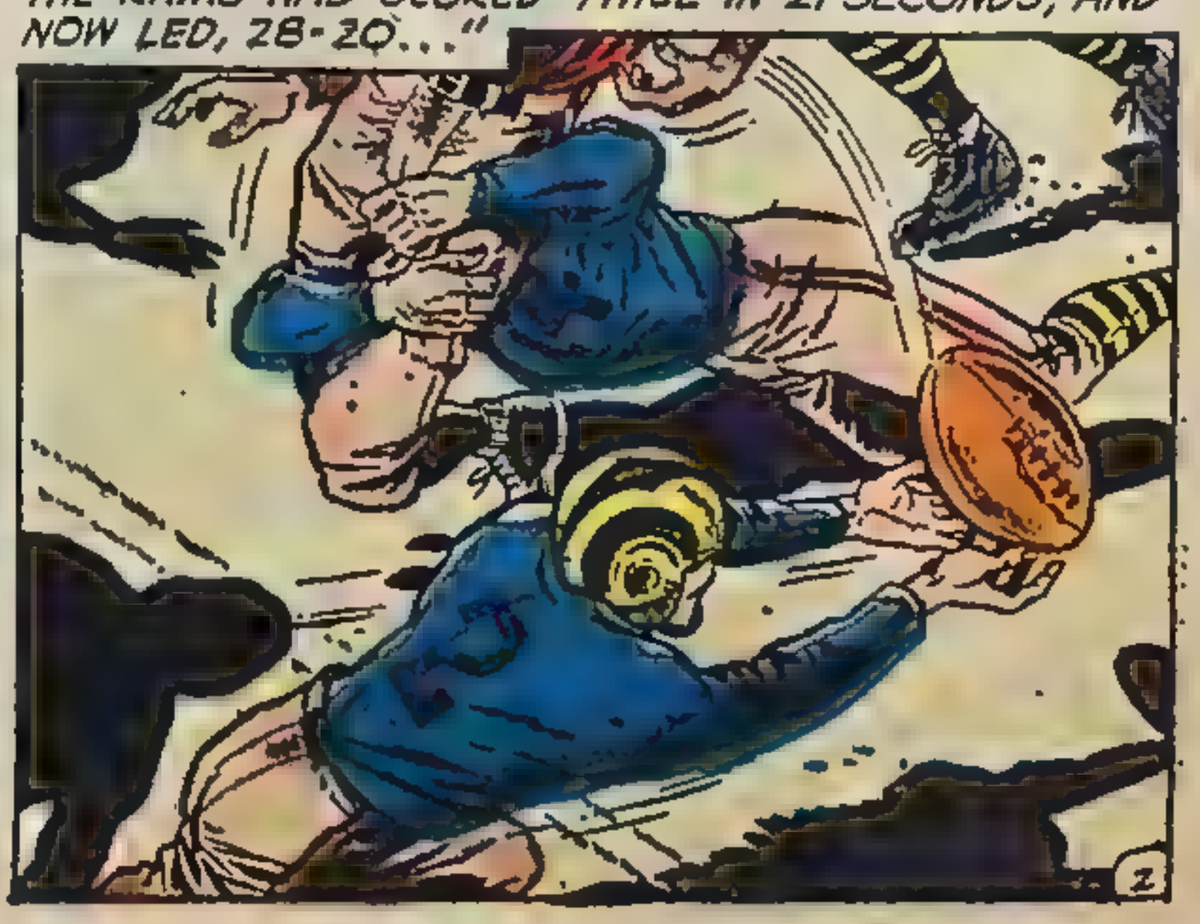
"BUT QUARTERBACK OTTO GRAHAM AND HIS BROWNS STRUCK RIGHT BACK. DUB JONES CARRIED OVER A GRAHAM AERIAL FOR A TOUCHDOWN, AND LOU GROZA'S DEPENDABLE TOE ADDED ONE MORE. THE SCORE: 7-7..."



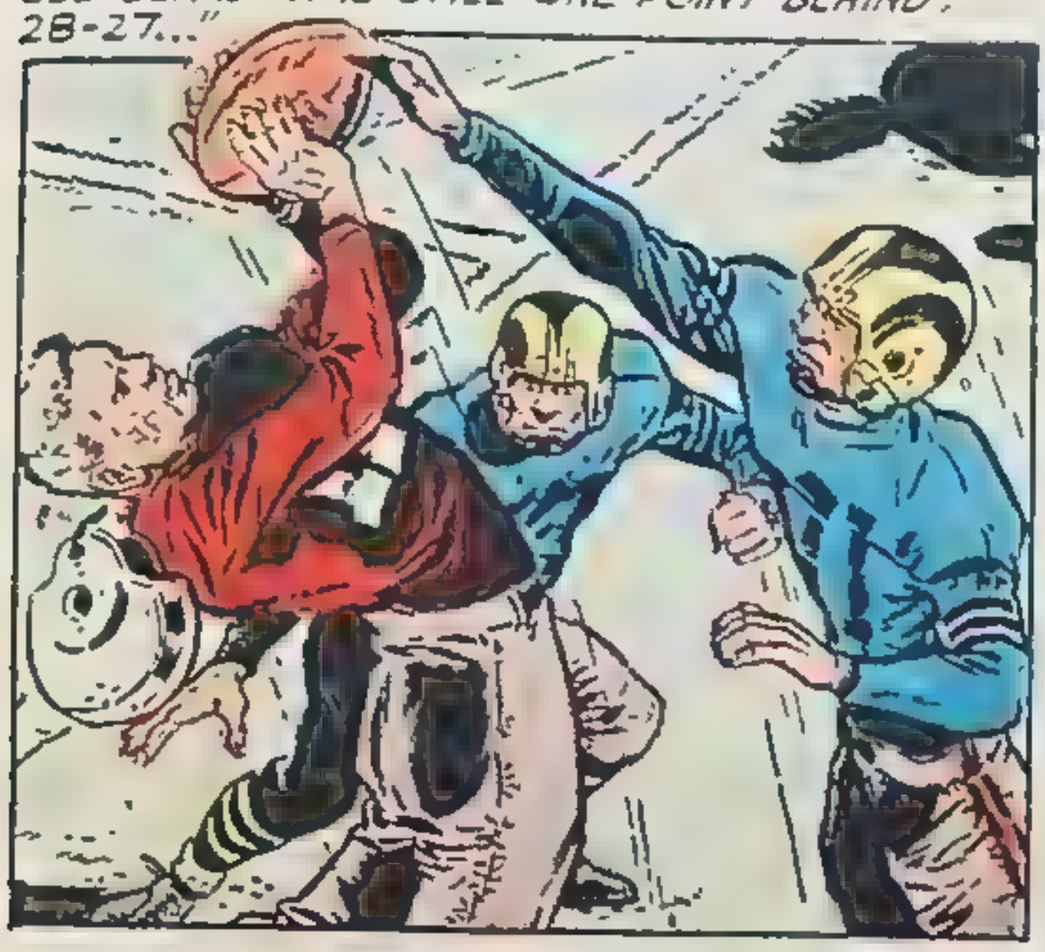
"THE GAME REVERTED TO A THRILLING PASSING DUEL BETWEEN OTTO GRAHAM AND BOB WATERFIELD. AS THE GAME ENTERED THE THIRD QUARTER, GRAHAM HIT DANTE LAVELLI WITH TWO TOUCHDOWN HEAVES. GROZA FAILED TO CONVERT ONE OF THEM, BUT CLEVELAND WAS OUT IN FRONT, 20-7. MOMENTS LATER, HOWEVER, DICK HOERNER'S T.D. AND WATER-FIELD'S KICK CUT THE BROWNS' LEAD TO 20-14..."

"UNABLE TO COPE WITH GRAHAM'S AERIAL ARTISTRY, QUARTERBACK WATERFIELD SENT FULLBACK HOERNER INTO THE LINE. ON ELEVEN PLAYS HOERNER LED THE RAMS 71 YARDS DOWNFIELD TO A T.D. WATERFIELD'S EDUCATED TOE REGISTERED THE EXTRA POINT. RAMS 21, BROWNS 20..."

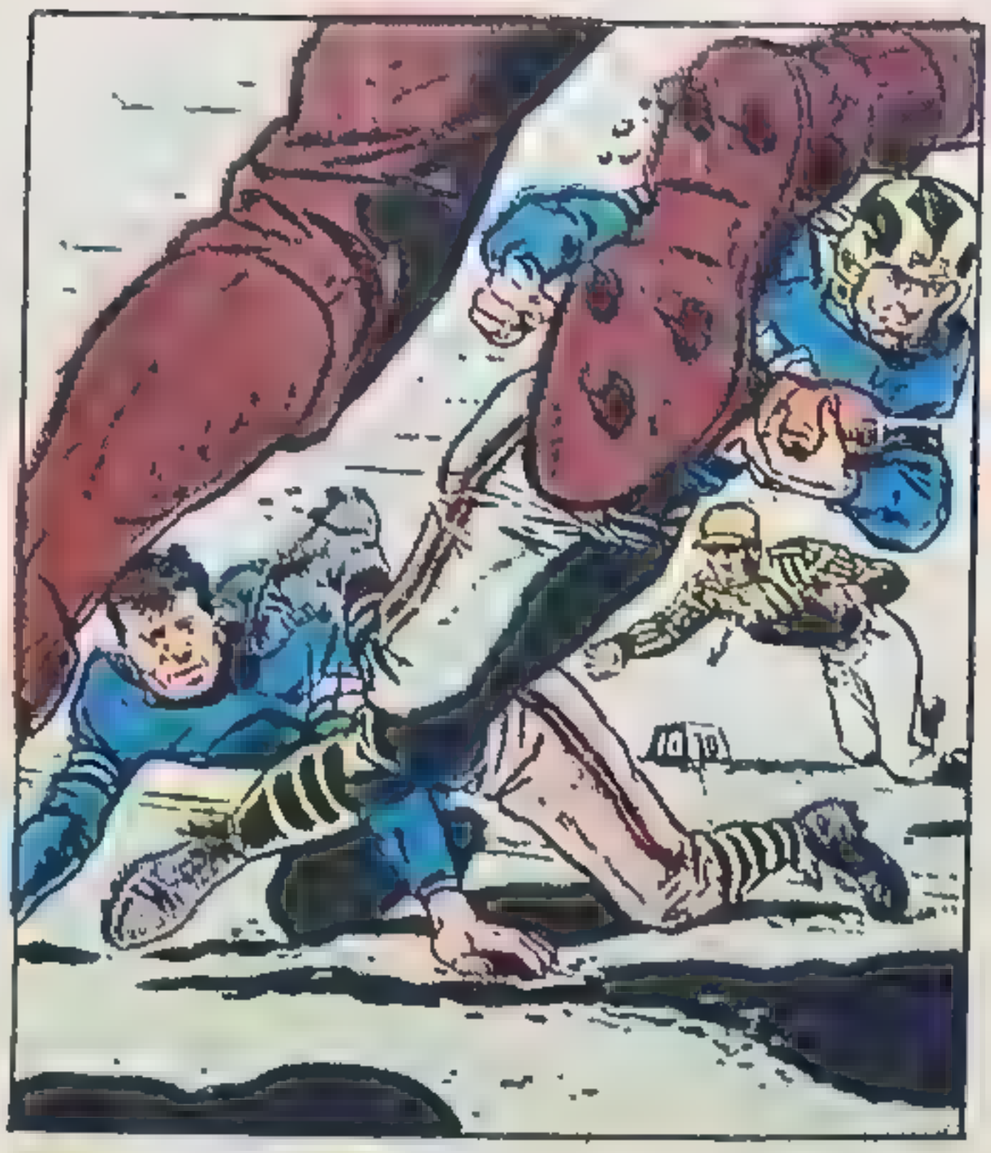
"A FEW MOMENTS LATER CLEVELAND FULLBACK MARION MOTLEY FUMBLED THE BALL AND LARRY BRINK OF THE RAMS SCOOPED IT UP AND RAN FOR ANOTHER SCORE. THE EXTRA POINT WAS GOOD! THE RAMS HAD SCORED TWICE IN 21 SECONDS, AND NOW LED, 28-20..."



"FIVE MINUTES REMAINED, AND IT LOOKED BAD FOR CLEVELAND. THEN GRAHAM FLIPPED TO REX BAUMGARDNER FOR ANOTHER SIX POINTS. GROZA CAME THROUGH THIS TIME, BUT CLEVELAND WAS STILL ONE POINT BEHIND. 28-27..."



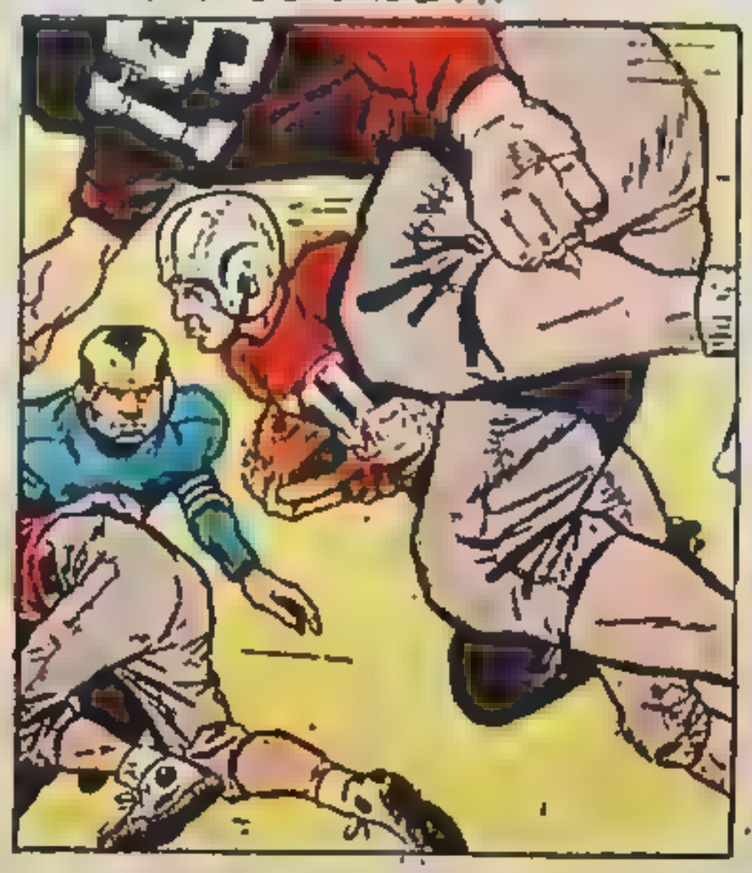
"THE RAMS TRIED TO 'RUN THE CLOCK OUT' BY 'FREEZING THE BALL' ON WIDE GROUND PLAYS. WATERFIELD WAS CONFIDENT HIS ONE-POINT MARGIN WOULD HOLD. THE CLOCK TICKED OFF ITS FINAL SECONDS..."



LOOKS BAD FOR THE BROWNS! ONLY A MINUTE AND 48 SECONDS TO GO!

YEAH! WITH 68 YARDS TO PAY-DIRT THERE'S LITTLE THEY CAN DO TO WIN!

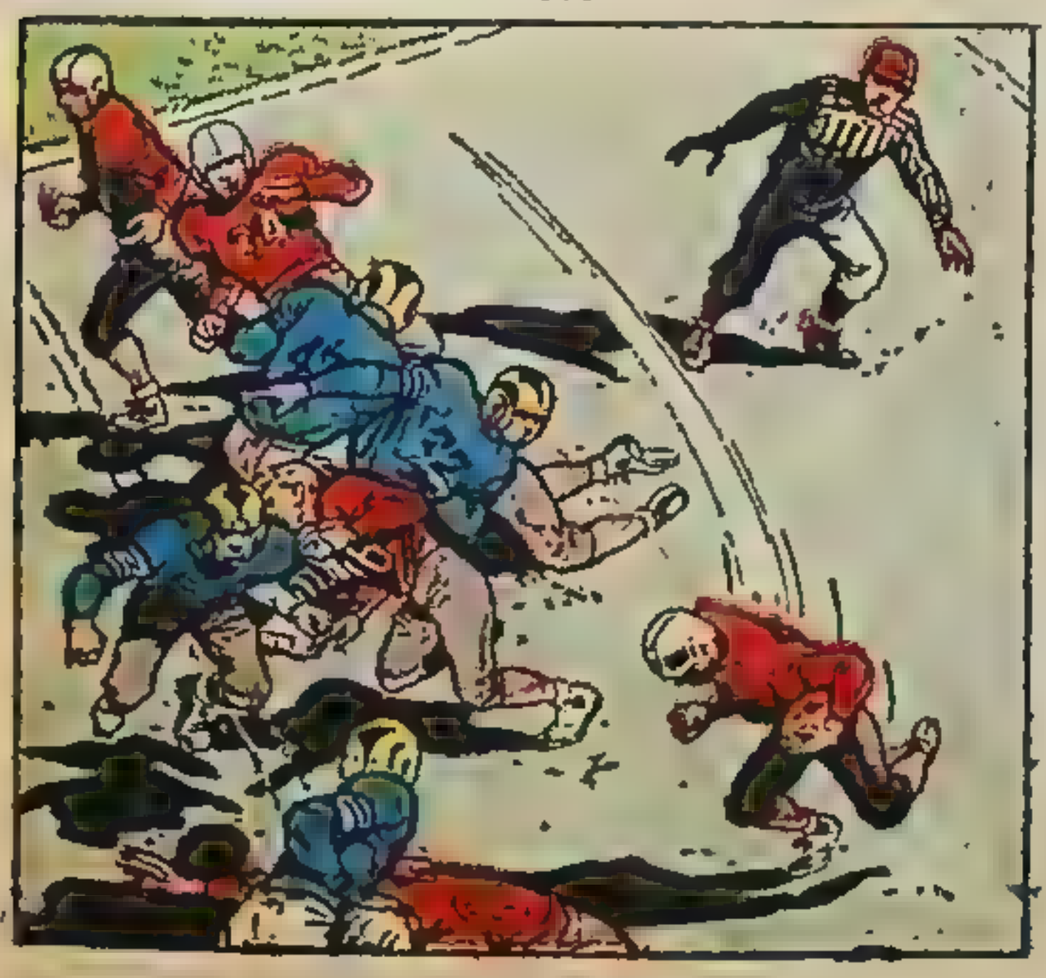
"GRAHAM HAD EVOLVED A BRILLIANT PLAN. BUT EVERYTHING DEPENDED ON GETTING THE BALL DOWNFIELD QUICKLY. RACING AGAINST THE CLOCK, HE PASSED AND RAN HIS WAY THROUGH THE RAM DEFENSE..."



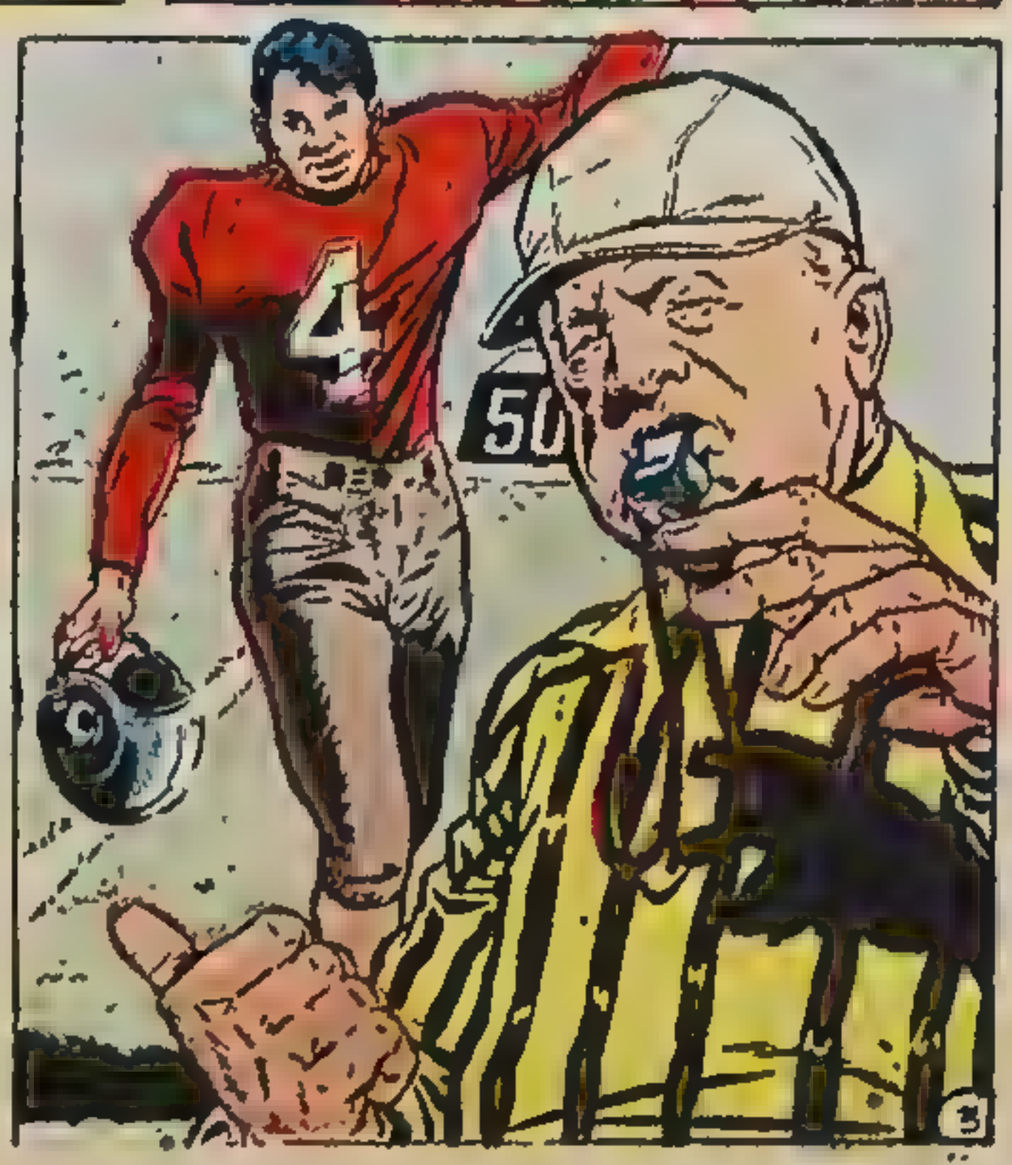
"IT WAS FIRST DOWN ON THE RAM 22-YARD LINE, BUT THE BALL WAS ALMOST FLUSH AGAINST THE SIDELINE..."

ONLY FORTY SECONDS TO GO! WE'VE GOT TO WORK THE BALL OVER TO MIDFIELD. SNAP IT TO ME AND HOLD TIGHT! THIS IS STRICTLY A **NO-GAIN PLAY!**

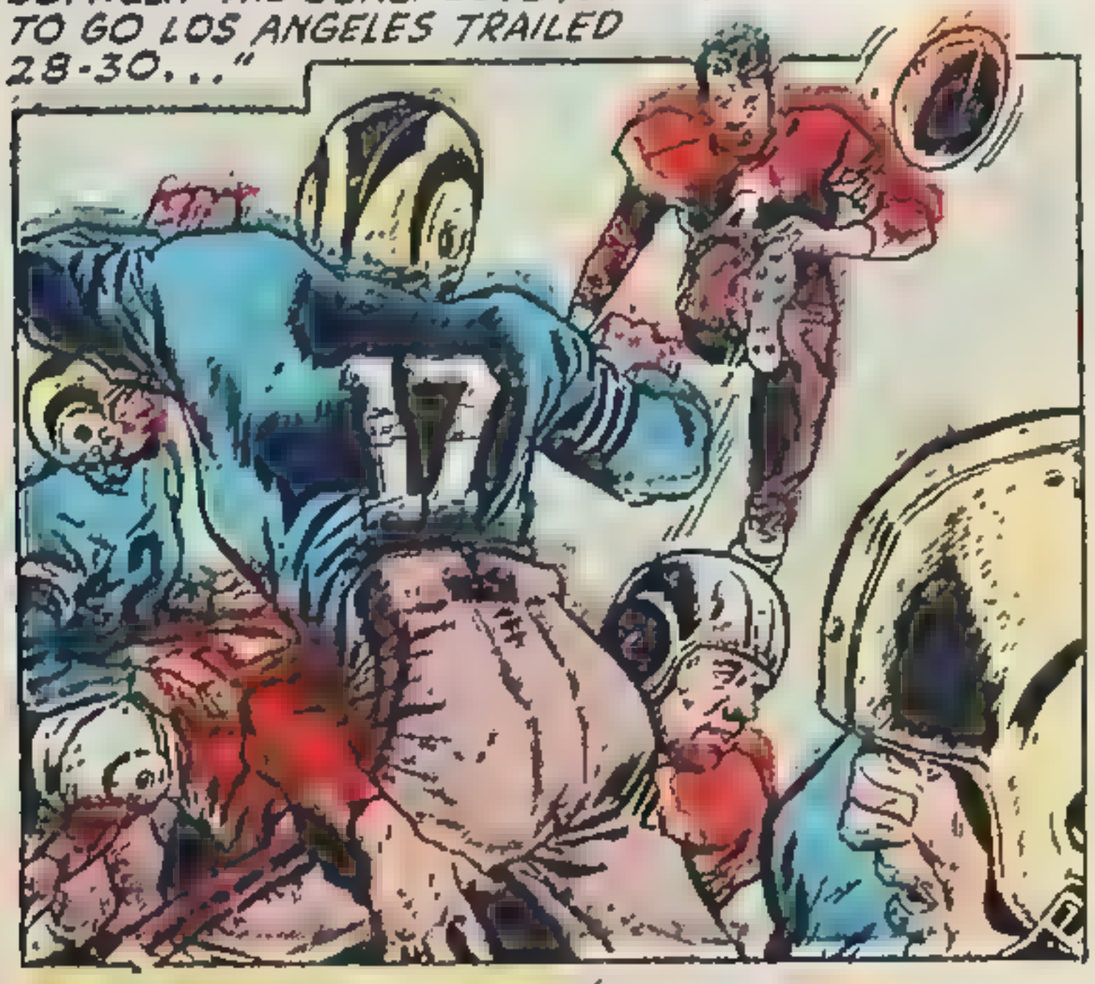
"OTTO TOOK THE SNAP-BACK AND RAN LATERALLY ACROSS THE FIELD UNTIL HE HIT DEAD CENTER. THEN HE CUT BACK INTO THE DEFENSE FOR A ONE-YARD GAIN..."



"A SIGNAL TO THE BENCH BROUGHT IN LOU 'THE TOE' GROZA, THE MOST FABULOUS FIELD GOAL KICKER IN HISTORY. NOW, GRAHAM'S STRATEGY WAS CLEAR TO ALL. A HUSH FELL OVER THE HUGE STADIUM..."



"THE TOE DID NOT FAIL. 29,000 HEARTS STOOD STILL. HE BROUGHT HIS RIGHT FOOT FORWARD AND SENT THE PIGSKIN SOARING BETWEEN THE GOALPOSTS, WITH ONLY 20 SECONDS TO GO LOS ANGELES TRAILED 28-30..."

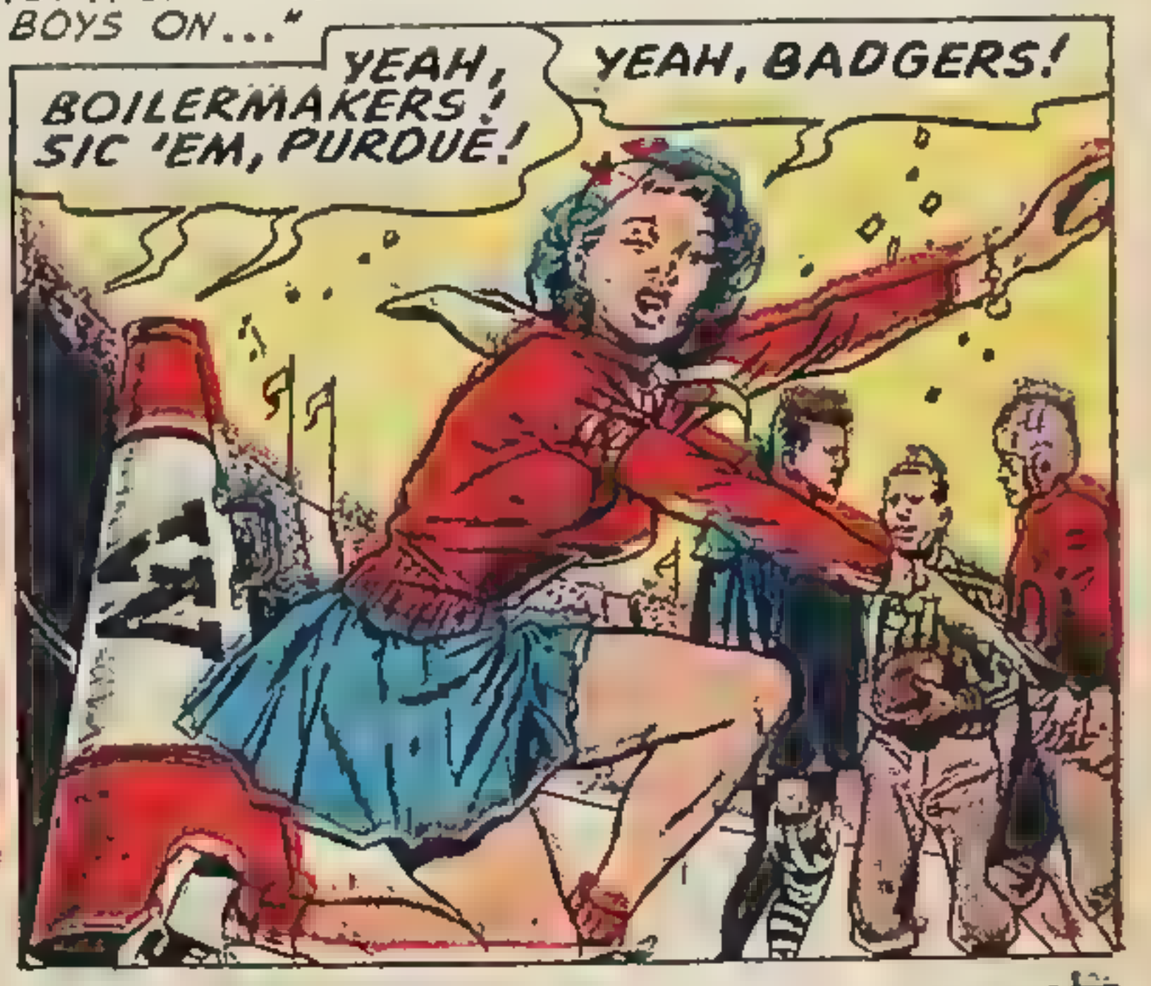


"WATERFIELD TRIED A LONG PASS IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO PULL THE GAME OUT. BUT THE BROWNIES INTERCEPTED AND THE BALL WAS IN THEIR POSSESSION. THE GAME ENDED SECONDS LATER. THE CLEVELAND BROWNS WERE **THE PRO FOOTBALL CHAMPIONS!**

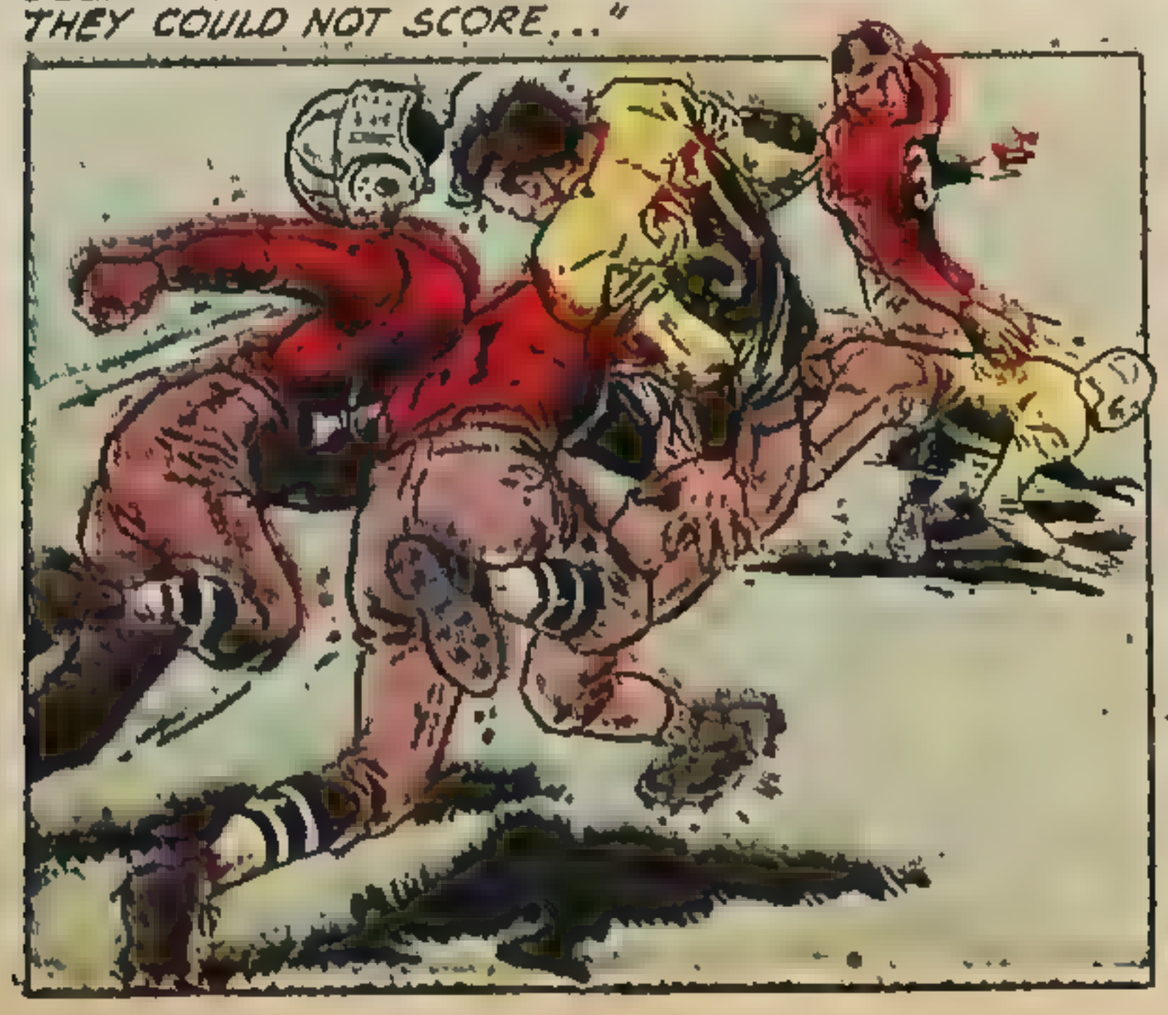
"OTTO GRAHAM HAD COMPLETED 22 OF 32 PASSES, FOUR FOR TOUCHDOWNS. THE BROWNS HAD WON A CHAMPIONSHIP DUE TO PERFECT PLANNING AND GENERALSHIP, NEVER FOR A MOMENT DID THEY GIVE UP--NEVER DID THEY LET THE SPEEDING CLOCK UPSET THEM. THE FIELD GOAL AND TOUCHDOWN DRIVES WERE NO FREAKS OF CHANCE, BUT EXPERT FOOTBALL WIZARDRY.

"BUT WHAT ABOUT THE COLLEGE MEN? LETS GO BACK TO LAFAYETTE, INDIANA, ON OCTOBER 26, 1940 WHERE THE **PURDUE BOILERMAKERS!** AND THE **WISCONSIN BADGERS** WERE SET TO ENGAGE IN THEIR ANNUAL RIVALRY. FOR THREE CONSECUTIVE YEARS THE BOILERMAKERS HAD DEFEATED THE BADGERS..."

"WISCONSIN HAD A POOR RECORD, AND ALTHOUGH PURDUE HAD A STRONG TEAM IT COULD GO NOWHERE IN THE POWERFUL WESTERN CONFERENCE. YET A CAPACITY CROWD WAS ON HAND TO CHEER THE BOYS ON..."

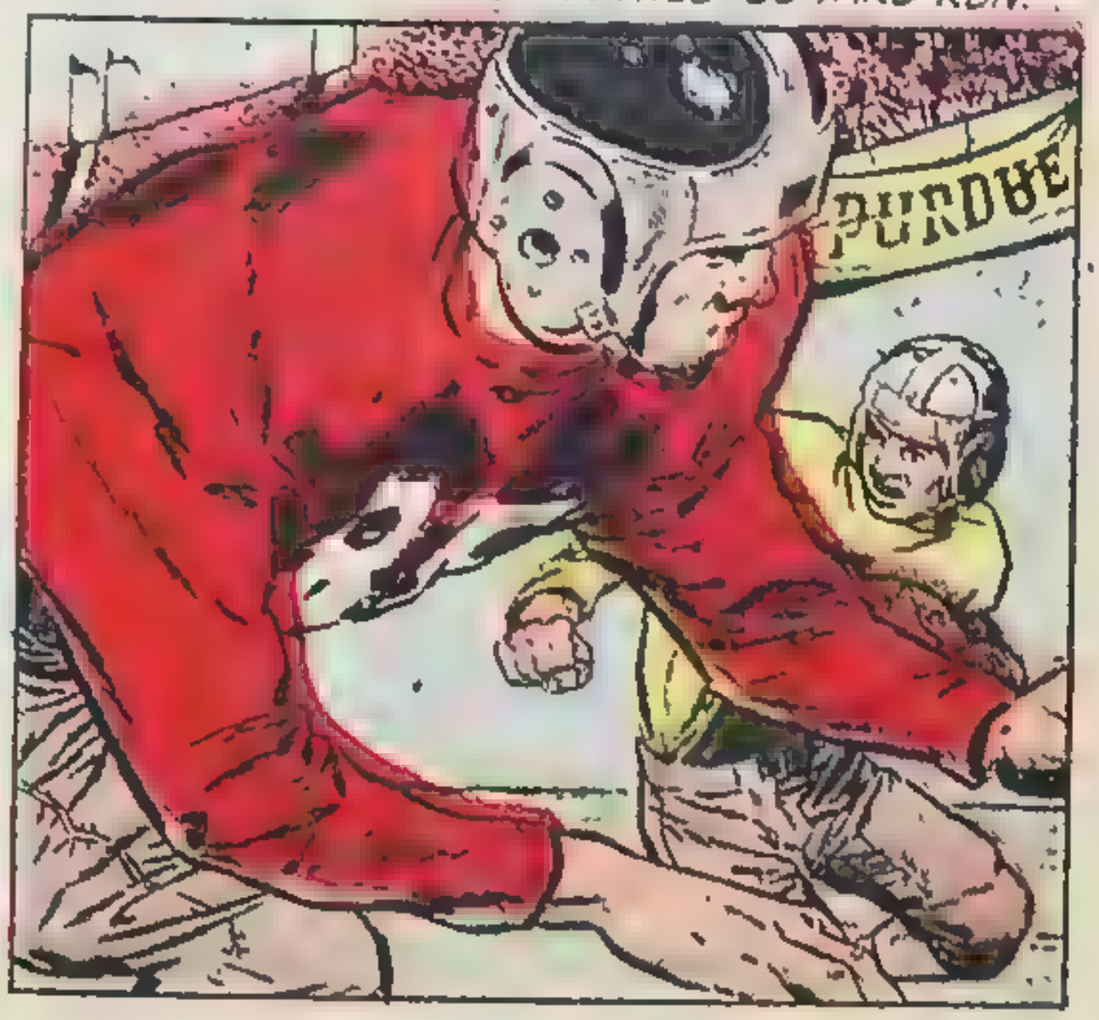


"FOR THREE FULL QUARTERS THE BOILERMAKERS SLASHED AND RIPPED INTO THE BADGER LINE FOR DEEP GAINS. BUT WHEN THE CHIPS WERE DOWN THEY COULD NOT SCORE..."

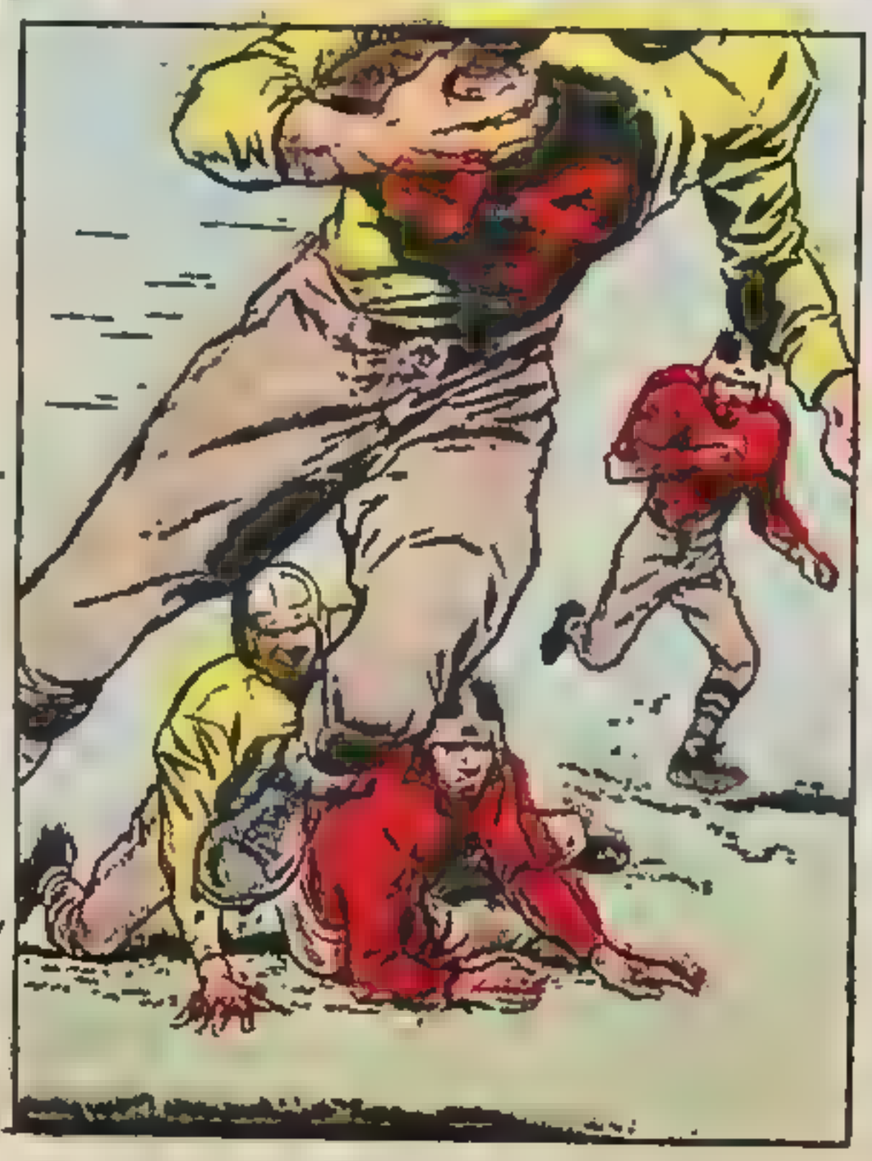


"THEN, IN THE FOURTH QUARTER, PURDUE'S JOHNNY GALVIN CLIMAXED A SIXTY-YARD DRIVE WHEN HE SCORED AFTER A 24-YARD RUN. THE CONVERSION WAS GOOD. PURDUE FORGED AHEAD, 7-0..."

"A FEW PLAYS LATER, PURDUE LIGHTNING STRUCK AGAIN AS SJE HALF-BACK PAUL ANDERSON SET OFF ON A WILD 63-YARD RUN.

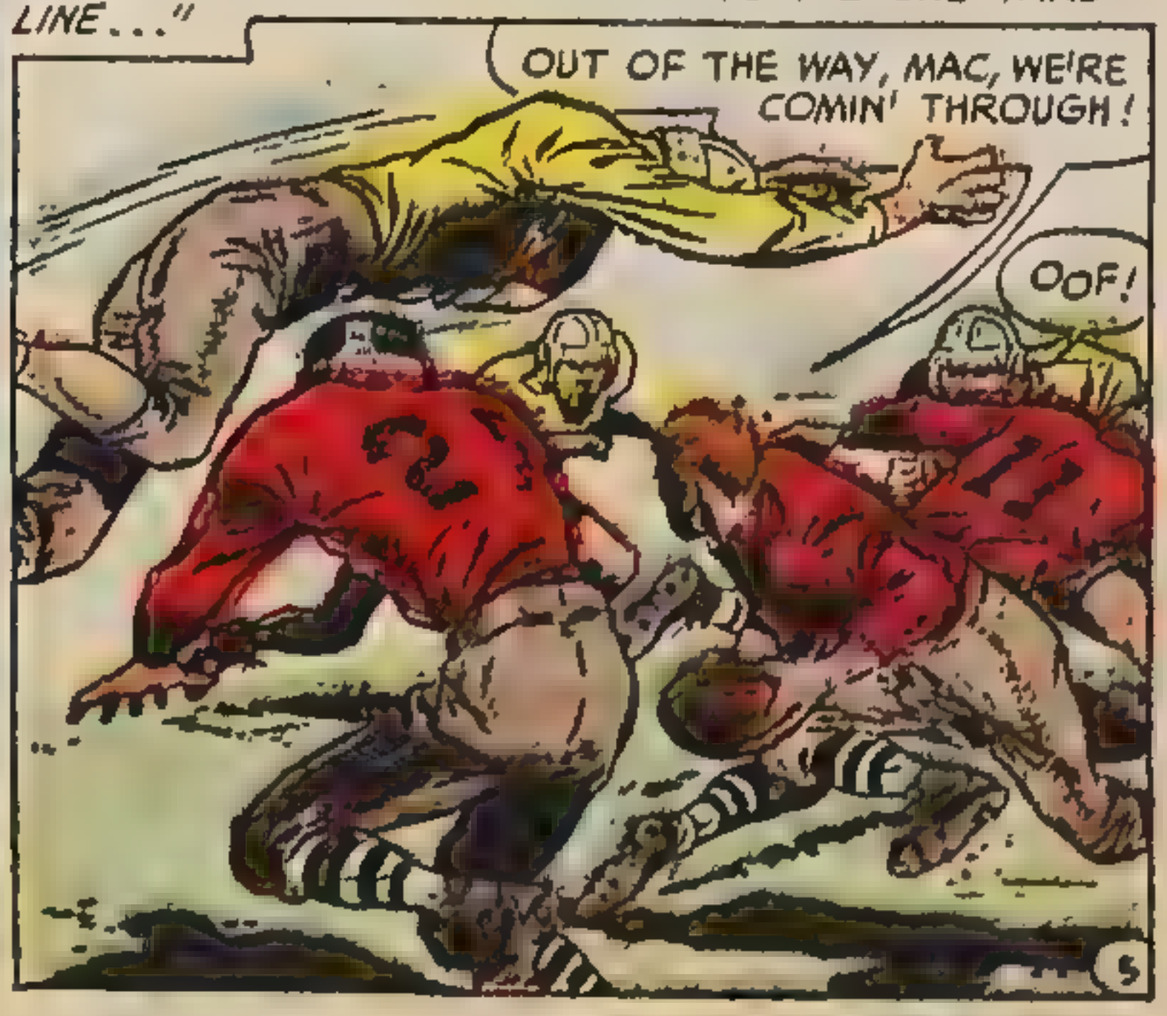


"ANDERSON SWIVEL-HIPPED HIS WAY DOWNFIELD IN A BRILLIANT DISPLAY OF BROKEN-FIELD RUNNING, AND CROSSED THE WISCONSIN GOAL STANDING UP. THE ATTEMPTED CONVERSION FAILED, BUT PURDUE LED, 13-0..."



"BADGER FULLBACK BOBBY RAY RALLIED HIS TEAM..."

"THE WISCONSIN LINE SUDDENLY CAME TO LIFE AND CRUSHED THE PURDUE DEFENSE. IN SIX PLAYS RAY BROUGHT THE BALL 84 YARDS TO THE ONE-YARD LINE..."



"THERE WAS NO STOPPING BOBBY RAY NOR THE BADGERS, NOW HE TORE THROUGH THE BOILER-MAKER LINE AND PLUNGED OVER FROM THE ONE. TACKLE FRED GAGE CONVERTED **PURDUE 13, WISCONSIN 7...**"

"THE TEAMS LINED UP FOR THE KICK-OFF, AND THE BADGERS SENT A LONG HIGH END-OVER-END TOWARD THE PURDUE BACKFIELD..."

WHEN YOU GET THE BALL, STALL FOR TIME! HEAD FOR THE SIDELINE, THEN CUT BACK! TIME IS RUNNING OUT! THEY NEED IT WORSE THAN WE DO!

WITH ONLY TWO MINUTES TO GO THE BOILER-MAKER STRATEGY IS TO RUN THE CLOCK OUT! THREE TIMES NOW THEY HAVE RUN THE BALL IN WIDE-END SWEEPS. THEIR SIX-POINT MARGIN LOOKS MIGHTY SAFE AS THE HANDS OF THE CLOCK MOVE INEXORABLY FORWARD...

"WITH LAST DOWN COMING UP, THE BOILERMAKERS WENT INTO A DEEP PUNT FORMATION. BUT AT THE LAST MOMENT..."

NO KICK! IT'S A RUN! WATCH THE ENDS!

"THERE WAS A TERRIFIC PILE-UP ON THE PURDUE 35. THE MEASURING CHAIN WAS BROUGHT IN. IF PURDUE SUCCEEDED IN GAINING A FIRST DOWN, THEN THE BADGERS WERE FINISHED..."

PURDUE FAILED TO MAKE A FIRST DOWN! THE BALL GOES OVER TO WISCONSIN!

35

"WISCONSIN QUARTERBACK JOHNNY TENNANT CALLED A QUICK HUDDLE..."

ONLY THREE SECONDS TO GO, GUYS! YOU KNOW THE PLAY! SIGNAL'S ON TWO!

40

HEADS UP, BOYS! THEY CAN ONLY TRY ONE THING! A PASS PLAY! DON'T LET THEM GET BEHIND YOU! IF NECESSARY LET THEM COMPLETE IT, BUT DON'T LET THEM GET BEHIND YOU! THEY'VE ONLY GOT TIME FOR ONE PLAY!

"BUT TO THE AMAZEMENT OF ALL, JOHNNY TENNANT GRABBED THE BALL AND RIPPED OVER HIS OWN RIGHT END..."

END RUN! HURRY UP AND SHIFT! IT'S A RUN!

"AS SOON AS THE SECONDARY DRIFTED TO ITS LEFT TO INTERCEPT TENNANT'S END RUN, THE SCRAPPY QUARTER-BACK STOPPED SHORT AND LOFTED A HIGH PASS DIAGONALLY ACROSS THE FIELD TO END RAY KREICK WHO WAS STANDING IN THE FLAT ZONE **ALONE!**"

"KREICK TOOK THE PASS AND BOUNDED OVER THE GOAL LINE UNMOLESTED, EVEN AS HE STARTED FOR THE GOAL LINE THE FINAL GUN WENT OFF. PURDUE 13, WISCONSIN 13..."

"THOUGH THE FINAL GUN HAD SOUNDED, WISCONSIN WAS ENTITLED TO ITS POINT-AFTER-TOUCHDOWN TRY. THE BADGER FANS SENT UP A CRY FOR THEIR PLACE-KICK SPECIALIST..."

WE WANT GAGE! WE WANT GAGE!

"BUT COACH HARRY STULDREHER, FORMER NOTRE DAME GREAT, PLAYED A HUNCH. HE CHOSE RAMPAGING BOBBY RAY TO KICK... DESPITE THE FACT THAT GAGE WAS ONE OF THE BEST KICKERS IN THE CONFERENCE, THE HUNCH PAID OFF! RAY SPLIT THE GOALPOSTS WITH A KICK THAT WON THE GAME 30 SECONDS **AFTER THE FINAL GUN HAD SOUNDED!** FINAL SCORE: WISCONSIN 14, PURDUE 13..."

WI...

The End

"THERE YOU ARE. WHAT DO **YOU** THINK, FANS? WHICH DO YOU LIKE BEST... THE COLLEGE OR THE PRO GAME? AND WHY? LET ME HEAR FROM YOU. WRITE TO: THE EDITOR, BILL STERN'S SPORTS BOOK, ZIFF-DAVIS PUBLISHING CO., 366 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

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